

The Enterprise.

VOL. 3.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1898.

NO. 28.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:27 A. M. Daily.	
9:14 A. M. Daily.	
12:45 P. M. Daily.	
6:57 P. M. Daily.	
8:04 P. M. Sundays only.	
SOUTH.	
7:52 A. M. Daily.	
11:12 A. M. Daily.	
4:03 P. M. Daily.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	
7:58 P. M. Sundays Only.	
12:19 A. M. Saturday night Only.	

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

TIME TABLE FOR BADEN LINE.	
Leaving Time from Holy Cross.	Leaving Time from Baden Station.
8:55 A. M.	9:02 A. M.
9:10 "	9:40 "
9:50 "	10:20 "
10:30 "	11:00 "
11:10 "	11:40 "
11:50 "	12:20 P. M.
12:30 P. M.	
1:10 "	1:40 "
1:50 "	2:20 "
2:30 "	3:00 "
3:10 "	3:40 "
3:50 "	4:20 "
4:30 "	5:00 "
5:10 "	5:40 "
5:50 "	6:00 "

STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

TIME CARD.
Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abatoir, 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, 8:30 to 9:30 a. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North	A. M.	P. M.
North	7:50	4:30
South	7:50	10:20
South	10:20	3:50

MAIL CLOSURE.

North.....8:45 a. m.
North.....6:40 p. m.
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday, in Grace Church, Afternoon Services at 4 p. m., two Sundays in each month, and Evening Services at 7:30 p. m., two Sundays in each month, alternating. See local column. Sunday School at 3:00 p. m. Regular Choir practice every Friday evening at 7:45 p. m.

MEETINGS.

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

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every second and fourth Wednesday, at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

The Suez Canal Open to Belligerents.

Washington. — The Suez canal is open to belligerents and Spain can send a fleet through if she wishes. The principle of the neutralization of the Suez canal was applied by the convention of October 29, 1888, which was signed by the six great powers and by Turkey, Spain and the Netherlands. Strictly speaking, their action does not bind the powers that were not parties to the convention, but as none are of any importance except the United States and all have distinctly acquiesced in what was done, the practical result is much the same as if the whole body of civilized nations had formally expressed their adherence to it. The convention declares that the canal is to be open in time of war as well as in time of peace to all ships whether merchantmen or vessels of war, whether belligerent or neutral, but no acts of hostility are to be committed by either in the canal itself or in the sea to a distance of three miles from either end of it. The entrances are not to be blockaded. The stay of belligerent vessels of war or their prizes within the ports at either end is not to exceed twenty-four hours and belligerents are not to embark troops or munitions of war within the canal or its ports.

The liquidating trustees of the Standard Oil Company have declared a quarterly dividend of 3 per cent on the corporate stocks in their hands and an extra dividend of 5 per cent.

DEWEY'S VICTORY.

His War Cry Was: "Remember the Maine."

THE SPANISH FLEET DESTROYED.

One Hundred and Fifty Spaniards Killed and Two Hundred Wounded.—Americans Lost Neither Man or Ship.

Manila, Philippine Islands, (via Hongkong).—Not one Spanish flag flies in Manila Bay. Not one Spanish war ship floats, except as our prize. More than 200 Spanish dead and from 500 to 700 wounded attest the accuracy of the American fire. Commodore Dewey attacked the Spanish position at Cavite. He swept five times along the line and scored one of the most brilliant successes in modern warfare.

That our loss is trifling adds to the pleasure of the victory without detracting from its value.

The number of hits our vessels received proved how brave and stubborn was the defense made by the Spanish forces. Miraculous as it may appear, none of our men were killed, and only eight were wounded. Those who were wounded suffered only slight injury.

Commodore Dewey arrived off Manila Bay and decided to enter the bay at once. With all its lights on the squadron steamed into Boca Grande, with the crews at the guns. This was the order of the squadron, which was kept during the whole time of the first battle.

The flagship Olympia, the Baltimore, the Raleigh, the Petrel, the Concord, the Boston.

It was just 8 o'clock, a bright moonlight night, but the flagship passed Corregidor Island without a sign being given that the Spaniards were aware of its approach. Not until the flagship was a mile beyond Corregidor was a gun fired. Then one heavy shot went screaming over the Raleigh and Olympia, followed by a second, which fell farther astern.

The Raleigh, Concord and Boston replied, the Concord's shells exploding, apparently, exactly inside the shore battery, which fired no more.

Our squadron slowed down to barely steerage way and the men were allowed to sleep alongside their guns.

Commodore Dewey had timed our arrival so that we were within five miles of the city of Manila at daybreak. We then sighted the Spanish squadron, Rear-Admiral Montejó commanding, off Cavite (pronounced Kavetay, with accent on "vce"). Here the Spaniards had a well prepared navy-yard, called Cavite arsenal.

Admiral Montejó's flag was flying on the 3500-ton protected cruiser Rieta Cristina. The protected cruiser Castilla, of 3200 tons, was moored ahead, and astern to the port and to seaward were the cruisers Don Juan de Austria, Don Antonio de Ulloa, Isla de Cuba, Isla de Luzon Quiros, Marquis de Otero and General Lezo. These ships and the flagship remained under way during most of the action.

With the United States flag flying at all their mastsheads, our ships moved to attack in line ahead, with a speed of eight knots, first passing in front of Manila, where the action was begun by three batteries mounting guns powerful enough to send shells over us at a distance of five miles.

The Concord's guns boomed out a reply to these batteries with two shots. No more were fired, because Commodore Dewey could not engage with these batteries without sending death and destruction into the crowded city.

As we neared Cavite two very powerful submarine mines were exploded ahead of the flagship. This was at six minutes past 5 o'clock. The Spaniards had evidently misjudged our position. Immense volumes of water were thrown high in the air, by these destroyers, but no harm was done to our ships.

Commodore Dewey had fought with Farragut at New Orleans and Mobile Bay, where he had his first experience with torpedoes. Not knowing how many more mines there might be ahead, he still kept on without faltering. No other mines were exploded, and it is believed that the Spaniards had only these two in place.

Only a few minutes later a shore battery at Cavite Point sent over the flagship a shot that nearly hit a battery in Manila, but soon the guns got better range and shells began to strike near us or to burst close aboard, from both the shore batteries and the Spanish vessels.

The men striped off all their clothing except their trousers.

As the Olympia drew nearer to the Spanish fleet all was as silent on board as if the ship had been empty, except for the whirr of the blowers and throbs of engines. Suddenly a shell burst directly over us. From the boatswain's mate of the after five-inch gun came the hoarse cry, "Remember the Maine," and the chorus arose from the throats of 500 men at the guns. This watchword was caught up in the turrets and firerooms, wherever a seaman or fireman stood at his post.

"Remember the Maine!" had rung out for defiance and revenge.

Its utterances seemed unpremeditated but the thought was evidently in every man's mind, and now that the moment had come to make adequate reply to the murder of the Maine's crew every man shouted what was in his heart.

The Olympia was now ready to begin the fight. Commodore Dewey, his chief of staff Commander Lamberton, an aid, with Executive Officer Lieutenant Reese and Navigator Lieutenant Calkins, who conned the ship most admirably, were on the forward bridge. Captain Gridley was in the conning tower, as it was thought unsafe to risk losing all the senior officers by one shell.

"You may fire when ready, Gridley," said the commodore, and at 41 minutes past 5 o'clock, at a distance of 5000 yards, the starboard 8-inch gun in the forward turret roared forth its compliment to the Spanish fortifications.

Presently similar guns from the Baltimore and the Boston sent 250-pound shells hurtling toward the Castilla and the Reina Cristina, the accuracy of the aim being marvelous.

The Spaniards seemed encouraged by this fire to fight faster, knowing exactly our distance, while we had to guess theirs. Their ship and shore guns were making things hot for us. The piercing scream of shot was varied often by the bursting of time-fuse shells, fragments of which would wash the water like shrapnel, or cut our hull and rigging.

One large shell that was coming straight at the Olympia's forward bridge fortunately fell within less than 100 feet away. One fragment cut the rigging exactly over the heads of Lamberton and Reese.

Another struck the bridge gratings in line with it. A third passed just under Commodore Dewey and gouged a hole in the deck. Incidents like these were plentiful.

Our men naturally chafed at being exposed without returning the fire from all our guns, but laughed at the danger and chatted good humoredly.

A few nervous fellows could not help dodging, mechanically, when shells would burst right over them, or close aboard, or would strike water and pass overhead, with the peculiar sputtering roar made by a tumbling rifled projectile.

Still the flagship steered for the center of the Spanish line, and as our other ships were astern, the Olympia received most of the Spaniard's attention. Owing to our deep draught Commodore Dewey felt constrained to change his course at a distance of 4000 yards and run parallel to the Spanish column.

"Open with all the guns," he said, and the ship brought her port broadside bearing. The roar of all the flagship's five-inch rapid-firers was followed by the deep diapason of her turret eight-inchers.

Soon our other vessels were equally hard at work, and we could see that our shells were making Cavite harbor hotter for the Spaniards than they had made the approach for us.

Protected by their shore batteries, and made safe from close attack by shallow water, the Spaniards were in a strong position. They put up a gallant fight. The Spanish ships were sailing back and forth behind Castilla and their fire was hot. Open shot struck the Baltimore and passed clean through her, fortunately hitting no one.

Another ripped up her main deck, disabled the six-inch gun and exploded a box of three-pounder ammunition, wounding eight men.

The Olympia was struck abreast, the gun in the wardroom by a shell which burst outside, doing little damage.

The signal halyards were cut from Lieutenant Brumby's hand on the after-bridge.

A shell entered the Boston's port quarter and burst in Ensign Doodridge's stateroom, starting a hot fire, and fire was also caused by a shell which burst in the port hammock netting. Both these fires were quickly put out.

Another shell passed through the Boston's foremast just in front of Captain Wildes, on the bridge.

After having made four runs along the Spanish line, and finding the chart incorrect, Lieutenant Calkins, the Olympia's navigator, told the commodore he believed he could take the ship nearer the enemy with the lead going to watch the depth of the water. The flagship then started over the course for the fifth time, running within 2000 yards of the Spanish vessels. At this range even the six-pounders were effective, and the storm of shells poured upon the unfortunate Spanish began to show marked results. Three of the enemy's vessels were seen burning and their fire slackened.

On finishing this run Commodore Dewey decided to give the men breakfast, as they had been at the guns two hours with only one cup of coffee to sustain them.

The action ceased temporarily at 7:35 o'clock, the other ships passing the flagship and cheering lustily. Our ships remained beyond range of the enemy's guns until 10:50 o'clock, when the signal for close action again went up.

The Baltimore had the place of honor in the lead, with the flagship following and the other ships as before. The Baltimore began firing at the Spanish ships and batteries at 11:16 o'clock, making a series of hits as if at target practice.

The Spaniards replied very slowly,

and the commodore signaled the Raleigh, Boston, Concord and Petrel to go into the inner harbor and destroy all the enemy's ships.

By her light draught the little Petrel was enabled to move within 1000 yards. Here, firing swiftly but accurately, she commanded everything still flying the Spanish flag.

The other ships were also doing their whole duty and soon not one red and yellow ensign remained aloft except on a battery up the coast.

The Spanish flagship and the Castilla had long been burning fiercely and the last vessel to be abandoned was the Don Antonio de Ulloa, which lurched over and sank. Then the Spanish flag on the arsenal staff was shelled down and at 12:30 o'clock a white flag was hoisted there.

A signal was made to the Petrel to destroy all the vessels in the inner harbor, and Lieutenant Hughes, with an armed boat's crew, set fire to the Don Juan de Austria, the Marquis Duero, the Isla de Cuba and the Correo.

The large transport Manila and many tugboats and small craft fell into our hands.

"Capture or destroy the Spanish squadron," were Dewey's orders. "Never were instructions more effectually carried out. Within seven hours after arriving on the scene of action nothing remained to be done.

The following wounded, all on the Baltimore: Lieutenant F. W. Kellogg, Ensign N. E. Irwin. Enlisted men: Barlow, Budinger, Covert, O'Keefe, Ricciardelli and Snelgrove.

They were wounded during the first engagement.

MORET MAKES A BRILLIANT SPEECH.

Eloquent Defense of the Government's Course in the Congress Greeted With Cheers.

Madrid.—In the Congress Senor Moret, Minister for the Colonies, in a speech regarded as the best in his political career, and repeatedly interrupted by enthusiastic cheering, insisted that the throne, "occupied by only a young and promising monarch, and afterward by his widow and child, must not be blamed for the policy of different governments." The responsibility existed, he declared, as the burden of all, and each should bear his share instead of trying to shift the blame to a neighbor.

He defended autonomy, as "granted to Cuba," generously, under the friendly advice of the powers, in order to deprive the Americans of a pretext to foment discontent and rebellion. Autonomy, he maintained, had achieved much and improved the economic situation. He pointed, as proof of its success above all others, to the "loyal friendship and assistance of the Cubans in the present war against the United States."

With regard to the question of unpreparedness, Senor Moret candidly confessed that he had not believed until the very last that war would come, as he considered that the Americans were "incapable of attacking Spain without the slightest cause," but "when convinced that the United States was bent upon despoiling Spain then, with the entire Cabinet, he seriously prepared to repel an unjust attack, purchasing and fitting out war ships and procuring war material irrespective of cost," resolving to "make a strong stand, and converting a peace-loving people into a warlike Cabinet."

In pathetic terms Senor Moret cleared himself of the charges of a press which he said, "trying to load all the sins of the nation" upon him. He asserted that he yielded to none in patriotism and was always acting to secure what he thought best for his country's welfare. In conclusion he appealed to the patriotism of the nation and the chamber to "assist and advise the Government in its defense of the rights and honor of Spain," a task which was the work of all, with the collective after-responsibility of the Minister to the Cortes and the nation.

Senor Moret resumed his seat amid thunders of applause, Deputies crowding around him, loading him with congratulations.

In the Senate Senor Puigecerver refused any explanations as to the war intentions of the Government. In reply to a question whether measures had been taken in view of the industrial crisis due to the diminution of the stock of coal, he said the Government was inquiring into the question and if necessary would prevent the exportation of coal.

In the Congress Senor Capdepon, Minister of the Interior, asked the Deputies to suspend judgment as to the Manila engagement until detailed reports had been received.

It is announced that the floating debt of Spain was increased during the month of April last by 12,244,391 pesetas.

Senor Cassett, editor of the Imparcial, withdrew his proposal for the impeachment of Admiral Bermejo, the Minister of Marine, and Admiral Benger, Minister of Marine in the Cabinet of the late Senor Canovas. Admiral Bermejo, in reply to a question, expressed the opinion that "it ought to have been possible to have repulsed the Americans at Manila."

Senor Moret challenged a direct vote of confidence, and declared that the Government would resign if it were not carried.

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THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM Editor and Proprietor.

Prophet Totten says: "All great events occur in even years." That's odd.

Whether in a nation or an individual, empty pride is at least as bad as an empty pocket. There's nothing in it.

Even four hundred years ago when it ran up against America Spain hadn't any idea it was the great country it is.

Abdul Hamid isn't saying a word nowadays. The Spanish atrocities in Cuba evidently have shamed him into silence.

What's the use of sending an expedition out to search for Andree? Why not ask a Key West correspondent where Andree is?

A contemporary asks "Whom are missing?" Without attempting to answer this question we will wager that the list includes Lindley Murray.

A New York paper says that a man in that city has three wives living under one roof. That fellow apparently regards matrimony as a sort of three-ring circus.

We have no doubt that Laureate Austin would accomplish much better results if he would furnish the subjects only and hire somebody else to furnish the verse-making.

The Russian Emperor thinks Cuba a very small plot to fight over. He breaks off a chunk of the Chinese empire that is larger than the suffering island about once a week and adds it to his territory.

It is announced that thirty-one women have signified their willingness to marry General Cassius M. Clay. Before these negotiations proceed further the general ought to do a little business in divorce court.

The booksellers of Paris ordered 63,000 copies of Zola's "Paris" in advance of publication. The subsequent experience of the great painter of the woes of the poor and the injustice of the unthinking rich will not ultimately lessen the number of his readers.

The infelicity of ending a sentence with a preposition is pre-eminently pardonable in this note addressed to a collector of customs: "Find ten dollars which the writer defrauded the United States of." The English of sincere penitence is above criticism.

Arbor day is the antidote for the flood disasters in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. It will take many decades to make good the havoc of the woodman's ax, but persevere, and eventually equilibrium of nature may be restored and the devastations of the flood withheld.

A Boston girl who has been trying to find out why her bicycle often runs into objects she tries to avoid thinks she has solved the problem at last. She says: "It is hypnotic influence of concentrated attention, rendering the movements inco-ordinate, so that the rider becomes the victim of perverted reflexes of purposeless effort and the abject subject of an optical delusion." And perhaps she is right.

The hoisting of the Russian flag over Port Arthur and Tai-Lien-Wan undoubtedly marks the beginning of the end of the oldest empire in the world. Up to this time China, while passing through many vicissitudes as modern progress had crowded upon its ancient conservatism, has preserved its integrity and its sovereignty. It has been forced in some degree out of its seclusion, but it has remained a national entity. To-day it is regarded as the prey of European powers, and its partition among the earth-hungry Western nations has already begun.

Scraping the lining of a chimney to get gold and silver is a form of mining which the books do not recognize, but it may be profitable under certain conditions. The chimney of the Assay Office in Wall Street, New York, is nearly two hundred feet high. A new lining of fire brick has been put in it. The old lining, over forty years old, yielded almost fifteen hundred dollars. There were fifty-two ounces of gold and eight hundred and sixty ounces of silver in the scrapings. Smoke which has a market value through deposits of precious metal it makes ought to be treated with great respect.

A Wyoming stock-raiser, dissatisfied with his surroundings and in haste to be rich, recently sold his land and started for the Klondike. A few months later a French mineralogist discovered near the despoiled ranch a mine of cobalt, a rare and valuable metal. The whole district promises to become a new center of wealth. It was upon land sold to enable the former owner to start for the gold mines of California, that the great oil wells of Pennsylvania were afterward found; and both these incidents accentuate the fact that we are continually within reach of important discoveries and great opportunities, missing them by a hair's breadth of impatience, failure to observe or lack of preparation.

Why does not this great country have a national air? Not something borrowed or paraphrased from abroad, but an air of its own—original, characteristic, stirring, full of life and motion. What we want is something simple, bold, a swing, a dash, a clear, shrill, penetrating clarion note that rings like a

wind bell in the night and turns men pale with fervor. Why can we not have a battle song of our own? Why must we content ourselves with tepid messes borrowed from abroad, with dressed-up plous lamentations, with dismal chants and dirges? We are young, we are strong, we are full of virility and fire. Give us something that speaks for our splendid, palpitating nationality—something that jumps with our free stride and passionate ambition!

The career of Blanche K. Bruce, Register of the Treasury, who died recently, was one of singular vicissitudes. Born a slave in Virginia fifty-seven years ago, and obtaining in his boyhood only such education as he could get by stealth, few things could have seemed less likely than that he should enter the United States Senate at the age of thirty-four, only four years above the minimum age fixed by the Constitution. Yet he did this in 1875, as a Senator from Mississippi. Soon after the completion of his term in the Senate, he was appointed Register of the Treasury by President Garfield, the same office which he has held under the present administration. Mr. Bruce's native ability and his traits of character won for him the respect of his associates in public life.

Something entirely new in qualifications for suffrage is about to be given a trial in Louisiana. The provision finally adopted, not without opposition, requires an educational test for suffrage, but makes an exception where the illiterate voter possesses property or his wife has property. Exception is also made in case of a foreigner naturalized prior to the first of this year, and in the case of an illiterate voter whose father or grandfather was a voter in Louisiana or some other State previous to Jan. 1, 1867. With voting where suffrage is granted because of the elector's garden patch or his wife's mules we are familiar, for several States have similar property qualifications. But the plan of permitting a man who cannot read and has no mules to vote simply because his grandfather was a voter more than thirty years ago is a decided innovation. The proposal would be amusing were it not so serious. In business life young men frequently bank on the credit of their fathers, and in social life there is a tendency to rely on grandfathers or more distant ancestors. This, however, is the first suggestion of a hereditary qualification for suffrage in any American State. It certainly is not a suggestion of the surviving grandfathers, for few of them would care to continue voting indefinitely through illiterate descendants. This strange suffrage qualification is of doubtful validity. A majority of the delegates opposed it, but accepted it as a compromise. Both of the United States Senators from Louisiana have declared it unconstitutional from a Federal standpoint, and a number of other Senators consulted denounce it. If it is finally tried and sustained what new and strange suffrage qualification may we not expect from the next constitution-making body?

In Japan's new Cabinet are several young men who have imbibed much of the commercial spirit of the age. They are aggressive young fellows who are committed to the developing of the material resources of the Empire. Prime Minister Ito, who for the third time is at the head of the Cabinet, is disposed to give his young colleagues wide latitude in which to carry out their policy of building up the industries of the country. Last year over five hundred miles of new railway were constructed in Japan, and this year it is proposed to build even a greater mileage. All told, there are two thousand miles of railway in Japan, and in order to make them pay they must be fed with the traffic that springs out of commercial activity. These railways belong both to the government and private corporations, and connect the principal cities of the Empire. In order to stimulate manufactures, the new Cabinet decides to negotiate a commercial treaty. Germany has been selected as one of the countries which will be invited to enter such a treaty. The Japanese argue that Germany manufactures machinery which they need, and consumes the products which they manufacture. Therefore a commercial treaty with Germany is looked upon as a desirable acquisition. This eagerness, on the part of the Japs, to secure a commercial treaty, under which the products of the two countries thereto may be advantageously exchanged, ought to attract the attention of our government. Germany produces no machinery that we do not produce and she consumes no Japanese products that we do not consume. We can secure the trade of Japan if we go after it on terms that will be acceptable to the new Cabinet, but we cannot get it if we remain inactive and silent while Germany is pursuing the prize. We ought to furnish the Japanese the greater part of their railway iron, and their rolling stock, but we furnish them only a small fraction of what they use. We ought to furnish them the machinery they use in their cotton and silk mills, but we do not furnish any to speak of. We ought to have a market there for our machinery, agricultural implements, etc., but the foreigners on the other side of the Atlantic enjoy a monopoly of what we ought to share. The Japanese like us. They are trying to make their system of government analogous to ours, so far as it is possible to make a monarchy resemble a republic. In view of this we ought to compete with Germany for the trade of the Japanese, and if necessary make such concessions as would secure for us a continuing market for our staples, and the products of our mills and factories, which now glut the channels of home consumption. Japan wants to trade with the outside world; why not have her trade with this country?

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

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

Grandpa's Way. Somehow, of all the day we children used to dread

When night would come, and mother'd say: "Now, children, go to bed!" Till grandpa came to visit us. He was a soldier, and you see

He's just as good and pleasant as ever he can be. The very first night he asked mother with a smile

If the children ever marched to bed in good old soldier style. Then he commenced to count, "One, two, one, two." I tell you, it was fine, and you don't know how quickly we all fell into line.

Since then, all day we kind of look ahead for night to come, when we like soldiers can march away to bed. And grandpa says, if we've a task, we'll find it just the same—

It's so much easier to do if it has a pleasant name. Orange Judd Farmer.

Oldest Doll in America. The most interesting doll in this country is to be seen at Reading, Mass., and is the property of Mrs. H. O. Brown. She was brought from Canton, China, to Salem, Mass., 172 years ago, by Capt. Gamaliel Hodges, as a present to his little daughter. She has passed down from generation to generation remarkably well preserved and does not show her age at all. At every entertainment when old-fashioned things are brought out, she appears and could tell some startling experiences, no doubt. She was of quite mature age when Washington became President of the United Colonies, and was nearing 100 years of age when the war of 1812 broke out. We do not know how she was dressed at first, but now she wears a Louis XIV. costume.

Bootblack Honor. A few weeks ago a gentleman, going through a crowded part of the city of Glasgow, Scotland, noticed a pale-faced little bootblack waiting for hire. Touched by the delicate look of the child he thought he would give him the backing of his boots to do. Accordingly, he gave the little fellow the signal. The boy at once crept lamely toward the gentleman, and as he pulled himself along, was nimbly supplanted by another little bootblack, who was immediately at the gentleman's feet and ready to begin.

"What's this for?" said the gentleman to the intruder somewhat angrily. "It's a' right," said the newcomer, brightly. "Jamie's jist a wee while out o' the hospital, and the rest o' us take turn about o' brushin' for him."

Jamie smiled pleasantly by way of assuring the gentleman that his comrade's story was true. The gentleman was so gratified by this act of brotherly kindness that he gave Jamie a friend a whole shilling for his work, telling him to give sixpence to Jamie and keep the other sixpence to himself.

"Na, na, sir," quickly replied this little hero, giving the shilling to Jamie and hurrying from the spot. "na, na, sir; nae o' us ever take any o' Jamie's silver."—Christian Record.

Boys Build a Locomotive. Edwin H. Warren and Ernest C. Warren are two Montvale (Mass.) boys, aged respectively 17 and 15. They are students at the Woburn High School, from which they will



SMALL BUT RELIABLE. probably be graduated two years hence. Unlike most boys of their years, they care little for base ball and less for the mad scrimmages of the football field. Their home is on rising ground near the railway station, and their newest toy is a locomotive which they, with the aid of their father, Mr. Herbert A. Warren, constructed and placed in operation on a 120-foot track. The locomotive weighs about a ton and a half, and were such engines animals that developed like cows this one might very aptly be called a yearling.

It is an out-and-out locomotive from headlight to cab. The wheels on the bogie truck once did duty as pulleys in a mill. They are twenty-two inches in diameter. The drivers once were pulleys, but they are larger, measuring thirty inches. There is no connecting rod, but in its stead a belt is compelled to impart power to the drivers from the force induced by the twin cylinders under the fore part of the boiler.

The boiler is three feet long and two feet bore. It was originally intended for a heating apparatus, and the three feet of the fire-box makes the iron part of the locomotive about six feet in length.

AN ERRATIC PRINCESS.

Louise, Daughter of Belgium's King, Who Eloped with an Army Officer.

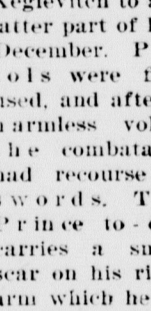
Princess Louise of Belgium, who some time ago left her husband, Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg, a nephew of Queen Victoria, for a lieutenant of the Austrian Hussars, and her new lover are being much talked about. This eccentric daughter of Belgium's dissipated monarch, King Leopold, has two grown children, one of



LT. KEGLEVITCH, whom Princess Maria Dorothea, is shortly to be married. She is over 40 years of age and is certainly old enough to know better.

Princess Louise and Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg were married at Brussels Feb. 4, 1875. Their married life was a stormy one from the first. For years she has figured in scandal after scandal, and has kept her husband busy fighting duels on her account. She has long cut a wide swath in the gay life of European capitals, but her last escapade set the tongues of two continents wagging. This was her elopement with Lieut. Mattachich Keglevitch of Austria.

It had been known for some time previous to the elopement that the lieutenant was a favorite of the Princess. Their conduct reached such a stage that Prince Philip challenged Lieut. Keglevitch to a duel. They met in the



latter part of last December. Pistols were first used, and after a harmless volley the combatants had recourse to swords. The Prince-to-day carries a small scar on his right arm which he received from the princess. Lieut. Keglevitch left for Paris. From there they went to Nice, where they rented an elegant villa. The Princess then tried her luck at Monte Carlo. Her winnings at first were the talk of the place, but luck at length changed and she lost all. To-day she is a bankrupt princess, with an impecunious lover and a host of clamoring creditors.

Princess Louise herself has not been all that a dutiful husband should be. He will apply for a divorce, it is said, after the marriage of his daughter, Princess Maria Dorothea, to the youngest brother of the German Emperor.

ENGLISH INTRODUCTIONS.

Some of the Customs Prevailing in Society There.

I find that English people object to our habit of over-introducing in society. They think it vulgar, even when guests are assembled to dine together. "Of course," said a London man-of-the-world to me, quite recently, "you are always made to know the lady whom you have been desired to take down to dinner." (This constant phrase, "take down to dinner," comes, of course, from the fact of all London drawing-rooms being on the floor above that of the dining-room.) "The lady on your other side? Why on earth should an introduction to her be requisite? You interchange conversation with her, of course, while the dinner progresses; some of my most agreeable moments have been spent in quietly finding out who she is and letting her quietly find out who I am." "But would it not be more agreeable for both," I ventured, "if the sociality of your hostess had previously made you acquainted? If you had also been presented to the other lady?"

My interlocutor here scowled, then merely smiled. "Pardon me," his reply came, "but that word 'presented' does so grate on English nerves! We haven't it here; we never use it; we think it very bad form." It was my turn to smile. "You think it American?" I asked, demurely. "Well, yes, if you won't be offended," he said; "we do think it a transatlantic importation. I know you'll forgive me if I say to you that it was lugged over here by certain American girls, who have chosen to use it with a great airiness and empressment. They speak of having Lord This and Mr. That 'presented' to them. Of course, we English laugh in our sleeves at all this. Why not? We can't help it. One is 'presented' here to royalty alone. The word is never employed in any other sense. When it is so employed we think the impulse is shockingly bad taste. You are 'presented' to the Queen, the Princess of Wales; you are 'presented' at the drawing-rooms in Buckingham Palace and all that sort of thing. I can't tell you what amusement it causes us to hear chits of American girls prattling about the personages who have been 'presented' to them. The plain old English word 'introduce' is what we always use."—London correspondence in Collier's Weekly.

Strange Money in the Mountains.

"The strangest money I ever saw," said a drummer for a Main street house the other evening, "was in the mountain districts of Kentucky and West Virginia. Last summer I was making my semi-annual tour through this district and I stopped one day at a little grocery and saloon, not to sell goods, but to get a drink of the 'mountain dew.' While I was pouring out my drink a big, husky mountaineer entered the place and called for a drink. As he finished gulping it down he reached into a big, bulky pocket and drew forth what looked to be a coon skin. He laid the skin on the counter, the barkeeper took the skin, and, opening a drawer, hauled out a rabbit skin, which I suppose was the change. The mountaineer picked up the rabbit skin and started to the front part of the store, which was the grocery. He there bought a twist of tobacco and tendered the rabbit skin in payment. He received a big twist of long green, and I was surprised to see the storekeeper reach in another drawer and tender him a squirrel skin. The mountaineer tucked the squirrel skin in his pocket, walked out, unhitched his horse, and rode away.

"I became interested and engaged the proprietor in conversation. He told me that sometimes he would go months without seeing any real money and that the mountaineers used the skins in all kinds of trades, such as buying horses, etc. He said that four times a year a hide buyer from Lexington or Cincinnati visited the country and bought up all the skins, which were generally concentrated in the few stores in the vicinity."—Louisville Dispatch.

Cushion Horseshoes.

A cushion horseshoe just placed on the market has flanges formed in a pad to surround the shoe, with air chambers extending around the pad in position to bear against the shoe and support the horse's weight.

It is said that gold is so malleable that it can be beaten as thin as the ham in a railway sandwich.

A woman can sharpen a pencil as quick as a man can thread a needle.

THE DANGERS OF HEALTH.

French Scientist Fears that Population Will Increase Too Fast. The Marquis de Nadaillac, a French scientist, tolerably well known here through his work on "Prehistoric America," has been recently engaged in calculations that are curiously suggestive. They concern the dangers of health. Since the memory of man runs not to the contrary, or, more definitely, since the late Jeremy Bentham inaugurated the doctrine of the greatest good of the greatest number, there has been an effort, tentative yet perceptible, to get things ship-shape, to provide through arbitration against war, to improve sanitation, to fell disease, to foster matrimony and simplify existence.

One does not need to be prophetic to assume that ultimately the effort will succeed. But consider the result. What with universal peace, universal sanitation, the fanging of the microbe and continuous matrimony, in no time at all—in two centuries at least—De Nadaillac declares that the earth will be overpopulated and that there won't be enough food to go around. If he is right, then, indeed, the struggle for life will begin in earnest, and not of individual with individual, but of nation with nation, a struggle such as history has never known and which will result in the survival of the fittest—providing always survival there be. It will be the clash and clatter of empires and republics contending, not for principles, but for bread; a gigantic upheaval in which whole races will disappear, and all because humanity is in love with an ideal that is not in love with it, because peace is not a blessing and because the microbe is a boon.—Collier's Weekly.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

Reasonable women are about as rare as peaches without fuzz. A girl's idea of a man's revenge is to fall in love with the chaperon. A woman's real troubles never worry her half as much as the ones she gets up about.

There are some ideas which a woman can never express properly except with her mouth full of hairpins. No girl has any idea how much she cares for a man till she begins to have an idea how little he cares for her. When a man has curious little dents in his shirt-bosom they were generally made by the round ends of hairpins. A woman never cries so hard when her little child is lost that she hasn't strength left to spank it when it's found.

A woman's opinions on politics are just about as pronounced and reliable as her opinions on the women her husband knows that she doesn't. The average woman can do more with a hairpin than a man can with a box of tools and less with a box of tools than a man can with a hairpin. A woman is pretty sure to see that the whole family hears her when she tells her husband he ought to be ashamed to talk so to her before the children.

Loyal Denial.

The literal person is sure to furnish amusement so long as he inhabits this "terrestrial ball;" and that, it is safe to say, will be while the human race exists.

Mr. W. M. Shoemaker says, in his account of a voyage in southern seas, that one night, after leaving a harbor, one of the passengers, an Englishman, remarked on the fact that the vessel had listed materially to the port side. "Oh," said a mischievous American, "that's because we have got rid of all those heavy English newspapers."

The loyal subject of the crown protested. "Oh, I say, now," he cried, "they don't weigh any more than the New York Herald, do they now?"

Too Quick.

When a man is peculiarly quick to see a possible advantage, and uses his clear-sightedness solely for his own benefit, other men are apt to be afraid of him. That was how it was with Ralph Bernal, a print connoisseur. He was so quick to see a valuable thing, and appropriate it before anybody else real-

That Tired Feeling

What does it mean? As tired in the morning as at night, can't get rested, nervous, sleepless, dull, languid.
It means that the blood is poor. Muscles cannot be elastic and strong, nerves cannot be steady, energy and vigor cannot be felt when the blood is impure, impoverished, without nourishing power.
Hood's Sarsaparilla imparts to the blood the qualities it lacks when that tired feeling troubles you. It makes the blood rich, pure, full of vitality. It cures spring languor and eradicates all foul taints from the blood, thus guarding against future danger from fevers, malaria, and other serious illnesses. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

America's Greatest Medicine. 51; six for \$3. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Croquettes.

The secret of having croquettes firm, lies in their being mixed for a long time. The meat should be chopped very fine after being freed from all fat and gristle, and about a half pint of milk allowed to each pint of meat. The milk should be put over the fire while a tablespoonful of butter and 2 tablespoonfuls of flour are rubbed together. The hot milk is then added, and the whole cooked to a thick, smooth paste. Meantime, to a pint of chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, the grated rind of a lemon, and a teaspoonful of onion juice, if that is liked, or some cooks simply rub a halved onion over the mixing bowl. The seasoned meat is then stirred into the paste and the whole turned out to cool. The meat should be allowed to stand for at least 2 hours before it is molded into croquettes. Dip first in eggs, then in bread crumbs, and fry in smoking hot fat. Powdered shredded biscuits will be found a pleasant variety to the bread crumbs. It is a caution, by the way, in the use of these biscuits, where bread crumbs are required, that they are very unsuccessful in escalloped tomatoes. They are too starchy, evidently, to be of use there, and they form a gummy mass that is not appetizing.—New York Post.

TRY ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes them feel easy. Cures swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Ten thousand testimonials of cures. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Sent by mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark. I, Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look carefully at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1917. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

AFTER being swindled by all others, send us stamp for particulars of King Solomon's Treasure, the ONLY renewer of manly strength, MASON CHEMICAL CO., P. O. BOX 747, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1895.

German factories can sell war material to Spain; but the more important question is "What will Spain buy with it?"

Directions

in every package of Schilling's Best tea.

Follow them—no matter what tea you use.

Mail Orders filled the day received.

"Summer Specials,"

Our book that tells what will be worn this Spring and Summer—just what you want—profusely illustrated—free on application to

Mail Order Dept. The Emporium and Golden Rule Bazaar San Francisco.

California's largest—America's grandest Shopping place.

ANECDOTE AND INCIDENT

The Temple Magazine publishes an interview with Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, who says he once left his things scattered about in an Indian tepee and asked the chief if they were safe. "Yes," said the chief, "perfectly safe; there is not a white man within 100 miles."

A certain medical specialist was in the habit of using a note book to assist his memory. In the course of time his aged father died. The worthy doctor attended the funeral as chief mourner, with due solemnity. At the close he was observed to draw out a note book and cross out the words: "Mem.: Bury father."

It is related of a certain man that he once had occasion to discharge a gardener for dishonesty. The man made an unsuccessful attempt to vindicate his character and, failing in this, said mournfully to the vicar: "Ah, sir, you will miss me before I be gone half an hour!" "I shan't mind that," answered his employer, cheerfully, "if I don't miss anything else."

Bishop Short, who held the see of St. Asaph, occasionally put questions to candidates for ordination that apparently had no connection with the discharge of their parochial duties. On such a question as: "Which has the greatest number of legs—a cat or no cat?" As might be expected, this created a fitter, but the bishop repeated the question and desired some one to solve the problem. At last one of the candidates, smiling, said: "I should think, my lord, a cat." "No," retorted the bishop, "there you are wrong, for a cat has four legs and no cat has five."

Saint Foix, the French poet, who was always in debt, sat one day in a barber's shop waiting to be shaved. He was lathered, when the door opened and a tradesman entered who happened to be one of the poet's creditors, and angrily demanded his money. The poet composedly begged him not to make a scene. "Won't you wait for the money until I am shaved?" "Certainly," said the other, pleased at the prospect. Saint Foix then made the barber a witness of the agreement, and immediately took a towel, wiped the lather from his face, and felt the shop. He was a beard to the end of his days.

Justice Miller, of the United States Supreme Court, undertook some years ago to arrest the flow of eloquence of an attorney who was arguing his first case, an appeal from the circuit court of a Western State. The young lawyer was declaiming on some of the simplest principles of law, and becoming weary after awhile, Justice Miller interrupted the speaker in a sarcastic tone, inquiring: "I hope the learned counsel will give the court the credit of knowing the rudiments of law." "I beg the pardon of your honor," replied the attorney, in the blandest manner, "but I made that mistake in the lower court."

William Wetmore Story, the sculptor and poet, was one of the few men who presumed to call Lowell "Jim" to the end; and Miss Mary E. Phillips, in her "Reminiscences of William Wetmore Story," tells, in Story's own words to her, the following tale of the two young men: "James Lowell and I were very angry with Webster for staying in old Tyler's Cabinet, and as he was to speak in Faneuil Hall on the evening of the 30th of September, 1842, we determined to go in (from the Faneuil Law School) and hoot at him. We show him that he had incited to pleasure. There were three thick as people there, and we felt sure that they would hoot with us, using as we were. But we reckoned without our host. Mr. Webster, beautifully dressed, stepped forward. His great eyes looked, as I shall always think, straight at me. We both became as cold as ice and as respectful as Indian coolies. I saw James turn pale; he said I was livid. And when the great creature began that most beautiful exordium, our scorn turned to deepest admiration, from abject contempt to belief and approbation."

When the Duchy of Baden was occupied by Prussian troops after the insurrection of 1849, the officers were warned against playing at Baden-Baden. One summer evening, King (then Prince) Wilhelm strolled into the gaming-rooms and noticed an officer in civilian's clothes sitting at play. He had won twice on the red, and was about the pick up his money, when he caught sight of the prince watching him. Terror-stricken, he sat quiet, not daring to reach out for his winnings. The red turned up a third and then a fourth time. As the maximum was quickly reached, the prince touched the officer on the shoulder and said, gently: "Take up your money and go, lest one of your chiefs should find you here." Of course, the soldier got out immediately. Two days later there was a review, during which Prince Wilhelm sighted the culprit, and sent for him. "Lieutenant —," he said, "after you went away the red turned up four times more. I prevented you from winning four times the maximum, which you would certainly have staked. You will draw on me for that amount. But take my advice, do not gamble again." The memoirs of an old German general who lived to see his last victory at Sedan have stated as follows: "It was the kindness of the lesson that cured me of gaming. For me it was better than a year's imprisonment."

Adventures of a Royal Cradle.

The oak cradle in which Mary Queen of Scots was rocked is very handsome and well preserved, though it has passed through many vicissitudes. She

was born on the 7th day of December, 1542, at Linlithgow palace, which was the favorite residence of James V. of Scotland and his young wife Mary of Guise. The royal father never saw his child, for he was on his deathbed at Falkland palace when she came into the world. The palace at Linlithgow was burned by Gen. Hawley's dragoons after they had been defeated by the Highland army under "Bonnie Prince Charlie" in 1746, and the oak cradle was most likely "looted," and got into the hands of a woman who used it for her own babies and passed it on to her children's children. From her granddaughter it was, states a writer in the Quiver, obtained about sixty years ago by Mr. Joseph V. Paton, a well-known Scottish antiquary of Dunfermline, who made a fine collection of antique furniture. His daughter, Mrs. D. O. Hill, gives the following account of it: "A man whom my father employed to look out for any old carved furniture in the neighborhood of palaces went into a house near Linlithgow palace, where a woman was rocking a child in an old oak cradle without one of the rockers. The man said, 'What are ye doin' jumblin' your bairn's judgment in a thing like that?' She answered him, 'Eh, mon! Do ye no ken that was the Queen's cradle?' He said, 'You'll be asking a lot for it?' She replied, 'I wouldn't tak a pound note for it.' The man, on his return, told my father about this, but thought the woman was asking too much for it. My father went off at once to Linlithgow, and gave the woman a good price for it, and it has been in possession of the family ever since."—Pall Mall Gazette.

IF THE DOG COULD TALK.
He Might Explain Why the Bachelor Failed to Return to the Reception.
The man is a bachelor who has passed the half-century post. He has a large circle of acquaintances. He would be in a social function every night if he had an opportunity. He is fond of young folks. Sometimes they are fond of him. Two persons, a young woman and young man, preferred to be alone and sought an unobserved nook, as they thought, in the house where the reception was a brilliant one. The old bachelor saw them. They saw him, but not in time.
"We shall be rid of him in ten minutes if you will excuse me when I ask him to my room," said the young man.
When time was up the young man introduced the subject of dogs. The bachelor prided himself on his knowledge of animals. The young man said of his dog and wanted the bachelor to see him. They were excused and went to the young man's room in the adjacent building. The dog was a Dane and great in strength. After the pedagogue was discussed the young man excused himself for a moment. As he passed by his dog he said to him: "Watch him."
The young man returned to the reception. There was no intrusion after that. He was the young woman's escort to her home, and her home was two miles away. As he was leaving she asked: "What became of him?" "I left him in my room."
The young man returned to his room and found the bachelor reading and evidently enjoying himself. The side-board was well stocked. The young man was profuse in his apologies. So many things had occurred to keep him and he had no opportunity to send a message.
"But why didn't you come?" he asked. "Why did you remain here?"
The bachelor put up a brave front. He had become interested in a book. And the whisky was great; the cigars were delicious. Then he said he must go, and he did. The young man saw him to the cab, and said the proper thing, and the bachelor went off in the dark.
The young man returned to his room and his dog greeted him effusively. His master stroked his head and looked into his eyes and said:
"Ah, my fine fellow, if you could talk you would tell a story that would make that parrot and money story an unallied-for number."—New York Sun.

"Are They Any Laundry?"

Queer turns the abuse of the English language will take on the American continent as well as in the heart of the British capital. The other day, from the passage-way where a certain domestic assistant occasionally gets to make inquiries of the mistress of the house, the listener heard this question asked: "Are they any laundry?"
What the woman meant, put into the fewest plain words, was this: "Is there a parcel to go to the laundry?" The phrase was pure American, and was used by a native of our great and glorious country. Among some of the people the word "laundry" means not merely the place where washing is done, but the articles washed, taken collectively. Not long ago the listener saw in the window of a man's furnishing store—a beg pardon, a gent's furnishing store—a placard which read, "Don't forget to leave your laundry!"
This perversion of the ancient word "lavendary" takes a curiously different turn from Sir Hugh Evans' use of the word in "The Merry Wives of Windsor":
"There dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry-nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer."

Sent a Substitute to Jail.

An ingenious German tradesman, sentenced to eight weeks' imprisonment for some slight offense, hired an acquaintance who was out of work to take his place. The change was found out, and both men received three months for "Intellectual falsification of records."

LITERARY LITTLEBITS

Mr. Kipling has finished his new novel, "The Burning of the Sarah Sands." It is described as a stirring historical tale of maritime adventure.

The London Idler has been purchased by Mr. Dent for \$13,500. Messrs. Austen, Barrie, Pain, Austin Dobson and other good men are to be contributors.
Frances Hodgson Burnett used to do all her writing seated on a low chair or stool, with an atlas on her knees for a desk. Lately, however, she used a table in her library.

"I went back upon my accounts and found that in fifteen years I had lost nearly £1,200." Such was Herbert Spencer's experience of publishing the "System of Philosophy." It is satisfactory to find that the tide turned later and that the books have been paying and paying well for many years.

Stephen Phillips, whose book of poems recently published by Mr. John Lane attracted so much favorable notice, has inaugurated in London an interesting course of comparative readings in the works of the great masters of English verse. Mr. Phillips is evidently a modest young man. Other poets prefer to give readings from their own poems.

"The Gospel of Freedom," by Robert Herrick, professor of English literature in the University of Chicago, is the title of a novel to be published shortly by the Macmillan Company. The motif of the story is that of personal independence in its appeal especially to the restless, eager, egotistic woman of our new American civilization. The scenes are laid in Paris, Chicago and Florence.

Mrs. Mannington Coffyn, better known as Lola—whose new novel, "Poor Max," is out—was born in Tipperary. Spending her early years in the country, she elected to become a hospital nurse and underwent a year's training. After her marriage she accompanied her invalid husband to Australia and lived there for several years, writing occasionally for the papers. She is fond of riding and following the hounds and takes keen delight in watching polo. Her best known book is "The Yellow Aster," which created a considerable sensation when it made its first appearance four years ago.

The third of the Critic's new series of "Authors at Home" is devoted to Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, one of the most famous of living American physicians. Like Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Dr. Mitchell is no less eminent in letters than in medicine and bids fair to become even more so. Unlike Dr. Holmes, however, it is in fiction that his greatest success has been made, and there are many who regard "Hugh Wynne" as one of the finest historical novels ever written in America. Dr. Mitchell's father was a physician, who dabbled in verse and prose, one of the grandsons is a poet and playwright and another a physician. The family home is in Walnut street, Philadelphia, and the account of the author's home life is written by Harrison S. Morris, director of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. The late Frank Holl's remarkable portrait of Dr. Mitchell accompanies the article.

Dumb Actors on the Stage.

The number of animals who make a living on the theatrical stage is very large indeed. Just now eight English fox terriers are delighting all Paris with the part they take in "La Jeunesse de Louis XIV.," and there is no doubt that they are the "men of the moment." Dogs, it seems, are the best animal actors, and cats are the worst.
Only last year a St. Bernard died for whom a theatrical manager had paid \$6,000 solely because he was "so splendid in melodrama." Lions, bears and elephants have done well on the stage; lizards and serpents (vide Mme. Sarah Bernhardt) have also been covered with stage glory, and mice have come to the fore with great credit to themselves and their trainer. But, says Tit-Bits, while so many "dumb things" have been excellent actors, one of their number, at least, has been immortalized through failure.
Mollere himself was the actor who brought about the unrehearsed scene between himself and his ass. The play was "Don Quixote," and Mollere played Sancho. Some minutes before he had to appear on the stage he was waiting in the wings, mounted on his ass. But the later suddenly forgot his part and insisted upon appearing on the scene without delay. Nor was it of any avail that half a dozen assistants hung round his head and clung desperately to his tail. The ass, with Mollere on his back, dashed wildly among the actors on the scene and the fiasco would have been complete had not Mollere saved the situation by shouting to the audience while jogging along:
"Pardon, gentlemen; pardon, ladies. But this confounded beast has come on against my wishes."
The public responded at once with roars of laughter and applause, but Mollere never again mounted an ass.—Exchange.

Making Petrified Men.

Petrified men and women are made to order in Minnesota. It has just been discovered at a place appropriately called Crookston that a colored woman named Phenie Finn had a cast of herself made, which was to be sold to a museum of natural history as a genuine human form in a state of petrification.
Few girls can carry a basket of provisions to a poor family without making it a point to pass along the main street in doing it.

The Same Old Story.

"Grandfather," said the young humorist, "can you spend the afternoon with me tomorrow?"
"I think so," replied the old man.
"But what's the object?"
"You are no doubt aware," answered the young man, "that I occasionally write humorous articles for the newspapers."
"Yes, I know," said the old man, with a sigh, "and I have always hoped that you would some day see the error of your ways and reform. But what has that got to do with my spending the afternoon with you?"
"I received a letter from a magazine publisher this morning," replied the alleged funny man, "requesting me to contribute to the humorous department of his publication matter similar to that to which his readers have been accustomed, and in order that I may meet the requirements I want you to tell me some of the jokes current during your boyhood days."—Chicago News.

Postage Stamps.

Stamps were put on the market in August, 1847, but were so little used that the government had to pass a law enforcing prepayment of postage, which went into effect in 1855. Before this action was taken scarcely one letter in a dozen was found with a stamp affixed. Today the postoffice of the country sell 4,000,000,000 stamps (counting postal cards, stamped envelopes and stamps of all kinds), valued at \$75,000,000, during a single year.

BAD PAY AND HARD WORK.

The bad pay and hard work of trained nurses has often been the subject of benevolent remonstrance by eminent medical men and non-professional philanthropists. It is well for an invalid, before he gets so bad as to need a nurse or doctor, to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters if he has chills and fever, constipation, rheumatism, dyspepsia and nervousness. Use it regularly.

A law recently enacted in Norway makes girls ineligible for matrimony until they are skilled in sewing, knitting and cooking.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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Thousands of Egyptians live in old tombs, eating, sleeping, wooing, loving, laughing, dancing, singing, doing all their deeds of daily life and household work among the mummies and sarcophagi.

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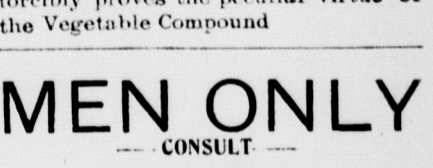
FIBROID TUMOR

Expelled by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. B. A. LOMBARD, Box 71, Westdale, Mass., writes: "I have reason to think that I would not be here now if it had not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cured me of a fibroid tumor in my womb. Doctors could do nothing for me, and they could not cure me at the hospital. I will tell you about it:
"I had been in my usual health, but had worked quite hard. When my monthly period came on, I flowed very badly. The doctor gave me medicine, but it did me no good. He said the flow must be stopped if possible, and he must find the cause of my trouble.
"Upon examination, he found there was a fibroid tumor in my womb, and gave me treatment without any benefit whatever. About that time a lady called on me, and recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; said she owed her life to it. I said I would try it, and did. Soon after the flow became more natural and regular. I still continued taking the Compound for some time. Then the doctor made an examination again, and found everything all right. The tumor had passed away, and that dull ache was gone."

It can be truthfully stated that such a result can be accomplished by no other remedy upon the market, and forcibly proves the peculiar virtue of the Vegetable Compound.

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E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

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SATURDAY MAY 14.

The issue of the Santa Maria Graphic of May 6th was edited and published by the Ladies' Literary Society in the interest of the local library fund. To say that the number was a most excellent one is but faint praise.

A Nebraska correspondent writes: "I fear our 'Boy Orator' is making the mistake of his life in not offering himself instead of his mouth to the country." Wrong, my boy. In freely laying his mouth upon the altar of his country the Boy Orator of the Platte has given all he has, and no man can do more than this.

A Nebraska reader of The Enterprise writes us to remark, "You seem to do things differently in your burg from the rest of the world; you hold elections on Saturday and have your society and sporting events on Sunday, which probably accounts for your having an earthquake along in the middle of the week."

Right, my boy, the California quake is an accommodation disturbance, and avoids interference with political, social and other high functions.

The naval appropriation bill marks an epoch in the evolution of the United States of America as one of the great naval powers of the world. The bill calls for the expenditure of \$32,000,000, more than the appropriation for the current year.

The future policy of our country will aim at the thorough fortification of our coasts and the maintenance of a powerful navy with absolute control in the western half of the world as the ultimate object and purpose of such policy.

The Philippine Islands have an aggregate area of 114,356 square miles with a total population of 7,670,000 persons. The chief products are sugar, hemp, coffee and indigo. There are large coal fields in the islands which are now being opened.

These islands have been under the dominion of Spain for more than 400 years. The brilliant victory of Commodore (now Admiral) Dewey in the harbor of Manila on the first day of the present month may result in the permanent loss to Spain of these islands with their rich revenues.

There is a steady and growing demand in this town for cottages and small buildings suitable for dwellings for workmen and their families. The Hansbrough Block, an apartment building, is occupied to its full capacity. The Merriam Block, designed for an office building, is also full. There are no vacant cottages or dwelling houses to be had. Every day inquiry is made for a house to rent by some employe who wants to bring his family here, but is unable to do so because there are no houses vacant. Some of the lot owners here have now an opportunity to turn their vacant lots into revenue-producing properties by building small houses to rent. In the near future the demand for a large number of additional dwellings will become urgent by the completion of the Fuller factory plant and the addition of a large number of workmen to our present population. Here is a chance for a paying investment.

We have received from the United States Department of Agriculture, Division of Statistics, the final report on the crops of 1897:

The total reported production of corn in the United States in 1897 was 16.7 per cent less than was reported in 1896.

The total area of production was 80,095,051 acres, as compared with 81,027,156 acres in 1896, a decrease of 932,105 acres or 1.2 per cent.

The total value of the crop, estimated on the basis of the farm price on December 1st was \$501,072,952, as compared with 491,006,967 in 1896, an increase of 10,065,985, or 2.1 per cent.

The crop of 1896 was the largest on record and the diminished production

of 1897 is over 100,000,000 bushels in excess of the average of the last ten years.

The report shows that the total production of all the great staples was less in 1897 than in 1896, but that the total value was increased. The report is a most interesting and instructive public document.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Too Much Johnson, the Indiana Congressman who is opposing all war measures, thinks he will not be a candidate for renomination. As his constituents think so, too, there is a fine opening in Mr. Johnson's district for a patriot.—S. F. Chronicle.

We have heard so many talks by women on the suffrage question, we are somewhat unsettled in our views. We used to think that women must march up and demand the ballot of their brethren at the point of a broomstick, but now we are told that there is nothing men will not do for the woman who knows best how to use the brush end of the broom.—Santa Maria Graphic, May 6th.

There are always a few who are forever finding fault with the powers that be. In time of peace they demand war, and in time of war they cry for peace. They can wield their tongues most dexterously, but they will never be in danger of cutting their throats with a sharper weapon. The men who volunteer to draw their swords for a cause are always the brave men of a nation whether the cause be a good one or a bad one.—Santa Maria Graphic of May 6th.

AN UNMASKED POPULIST.

We wish the Southern Californians, especially the Populist remnant there, joy of Congressman Barlow. He was elected, by a small majority, on a platform which declared in set terms against monopolies and railroad corporations and in favor of more rigid official honesty. Yet the first notable thing Barlow did after his election was to enter into a corporate lobby scheme, the details of which came out afterwards in a lawsuit. Now it appears that he has been kind enough to the railroads to load down the mails with ancient public documents, which no one asked for or wants, just at the time the mails are to be weighed by the Government to determine a basis of railway compensation for carrying them. If a plutocrat had done these things Mr. Barlow's party would hold him up as a frightful example of corruption, but what it will do with its own black sheep is problematical. Perhaps, since the Populists in Congress voted against the tariff bill, there are not enough members left in Southern California to do anything.—S. F. Chronicle.

Very Tall Kneeling.

One of the officers of the rebellion had a private in his company whom the boys jestingly named "Little Mack," because of his bigness. He was the tallest man in the company—about 6 feet 3 inches—and one of the bravest in the regiment.

On one occasion when the men were ordered to kneel down behind a stone fence in preparation for an expected assault the officer, who was preparing a surprise for the enemy, on inspecting the line was astonished to see one large, serene face above the top of the fence. He shouted out angrily, "There, you—you man with the head up, kneel down, sir!" The man did not move, and again the officer thundered, "Why don't you kneel down, sir?"

Oblivious to any danger and blind to the significance of his head being exposed, "Little Mack" answered, "I am kneeling down."

"Then," shouted the officer, "put your head down, or you will have it shot off, confound you!"

Thereupon "Little Mack" curled down behind the fence, grieving because the captain had howled at him.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

His Resources.

Judge Ermston tells a good story about a man he was questioning as to his being good to go on a \$600 bond.

"What property have you to the amount of \$600?" asked the judge.

"I have \$200 in a building association," replied the witness.

"Well, and what more?"

"I have stock in trade to the amount of \$300."

"Go on."

"I have household furniture worth \$90."

"Well, we still want \$10."

"I have your note, judge, for that amount, which you gave me seven years ago at College Corner."

Tableau!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Pony in Franz-Josef Land.

At an early stage in our journey our difficulties began. The pony broke loose the second night out, and, unfortunately, gorged herself with dried vegetables. These, together with dog biscuits and a few pounds of oats saved from the previous sledging, were her usual fodder, owing to the lack of legitimate horse food, which had quite run out more than 12 months before. As I expected, the surfeit of dried vegetables brought on a serious illness, to remedy which Armitage and I clubbed together the small supply of pills which we had with us. He produced, I think, two varieties of pills, and I had a number of podophyllin; so we made up a dose of 22 in all, which I administered to our invalid pony, mixed up in some frozen fat from our frying pan. This, I am glad to say, had the desired effect of all events partly restoring her to health.—Geographical Journal.

A TRAINMAN'S RISKS

FIGURES WHICH GO TO SHOW THAT THEY ARE OVERESTIMATED.

Brakemen, and the Old Hands Among Them, Are Oftenest Victims—But the Statistics Quoted May Be Exceptional. Benefits From Safety Appliances.

It has been estimated, and, in fact, railroad men frequently make the remark, that the average life of a man actively engaged in train service is about seven years. In other words, that they are either crippled up so as to render them unfit for service again in a like capacity or are killed on an average in that time. It has been found by looking over the records of one of the leading railroads entering Louisville that this is untrue. During three years, on one of the busiest roads entering the city, there were only 2 killed and 158 injured, all of whom were brakemen except two, and they were freight conductors who had assumed the duty of brakemen, one by making a coupling and the other by assisting in unloading freight.

It would seem that inexperienced men would be most apt to get injured, but the figures show differently, as indicated by the following: Eleven, or 9.56 per cent of the total number of trainmen, were injured during their first year of service; 18, or 12.16 per cent, were injured who had been in the service two years; 15, or 11.11 per cent, had been in the service three years; 22, or 16.35 per cent, four years; 26, or 20 per cent, five years; 27, or 21.77 per cent, six years; 13, or 9.63 per cent, seven years; 5, or 3.90 per cent, eight years; 3, or 2.47 per cent, nine years; 5, or 4.16 per cent, ten years; and 12, or 8.89 per cent, over ten years, some of whom had been in the service 15, 18 and 22 years.

It will be noted that the largest average of injuries occurred after the employee had been in service six years, and the figures given would indicate that employees as a general rule are careful up to the time when they have been in the service three to four years and then become more careless until about their eighth year of service, when the indications show that they again become careful, as those who had worked over ten years have a very small comparative per cent of injuries compared with those who had worked six years. With the completion of the equipment of all box cars with automatic couplers, airbrakes, etc., the liability of a trainman being injured will have been reduced to a minimum, as the record goes to show that at least two-thirds of the injuries were caused by attempting to couple automatic drawbars with a link and pin to the old fashioned solid or skeleton drawbar, which is very dangerous even to the most experienced railroad man. Other causes were on account of uneven drawbars, some being as much as three inches higher than others. All this will be rectified with the law which requires all drawbars to be of a standard height. A great many trainmen were injured by stepping upon stones or links in jumping off to throw switches, etc., quite a number by being thrown off on account of the icy condition of the tops of the cars.

There was one case where a brakeman was standing near the end of a car when another out of cars struck it, and he was thrown from the top of the car to the ground, alighting squarely upon his feet and "stoving him up" severely, as will be readily understood. A few were compelled to jump from the top of cars in cases of derailment. Others had their feet mashed by attempting to shove an automatic drawbar over a few inches to enable it to come more squarely in contact with the automatic coupler. This is one of the serious objections to the automatic drawbar—that it will not couple readily on a curve, and it is necessary for the trainmen either to pull one of the drawbars over or shove it over with their feet.

One of the most general causes of pinched fingers was on account of the pin failing to drop all the way down into the hole when coupling with a link and pin. The brakemen invariably reach over to give the pin a start so it will drop into the hole, when the cars frequently roll one way or the other just a few inches and catch the pin just before it gets all the way down, causing it to tilt back and catch the fingers between pin and end sill of the car.

A few were injured by holding the grab iron on the end of the car—recently added to all freight cars by an act of congress—and attempting to make the coupling when long lumber or bridge iron would be extending over the end of the car to be coupled to, and catch their hands between the timber and end of the car. However, this dangerous method of coupling cars together that have lading projecting over the ends of them will soon be a thing of the past, as it is becoming a general rule for all companies not to permit the loading of cars in this manner. Whenever there is long timber to load the companies require the use of two cars instead of one, as heretofore.

With the taking effect of the new law compelling railroads to have all cars equipped with automatic drawbars and have the drawbars of equal height from rails, the position of railroad brakeman will not be such a hazardous one.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Death Grip on a Satchel.

James Whitcomb Riley, the great Hoosier poet, never burdens himself with much baggage while he is traveling. He once explained his views on baggage by saying: "I am continually haunted by the fear that my trunk will be lost, so I go about the country with a grip. I keep a tenacious hold on it all day long and never feel quite safe about it at night. In case there is ever a fearful railway accident, and among the debris is a valise with an arm attached to it firmly, they may bury it without further identification as the fragments of the Hoosier poet."

Black and White Effects.

Black and white effects again figure largely in the domain of both fashionable dress and millinery. Black and white silks, satins and brocades just brought from over the sea are set forth by leading importers. Black and white taffetas, surahs, failles and other fancy silks and liberty textiles appear. Black and white checks and plaids are being formed into stylish spring costumes by the fashionable dressmakers, and Frenchwomen are now wearing black and white satin broadcloth waists with their stylish black cloth skirts. Waists of black and white or gray and white stripes or dots are always good style, whether made in the manner of the cotton shirt waists or with full fronts turned back with white revers over a tucked chemisette of fabric to match. A full blouse of cream white silk or satin, covered everywhere with a drapery or veiling merely of jetted black net, often proves the most becoming of all waists a slender woman of indifferent complexion can select. Sometimes cream ribbons matching the blouse are the most satisfactory additions she can make to the waist; again, a bow of soft pink or brilliant cerise satin works wonders of improvement.—New York Post.

Live With the Dead.

Thousands of Egyptians live in old tombs, eating, sleeping, wooing, loving, laughing, dancing, singing, doing all their deeds of daily life and household work among the mummies and sarcophagi.

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LOCAL NOTES.

Patronize your home merchant.
Jno. Fitzgerald was in town Monday. No vacant houses and no idle men in town.
John Riley of San Francisco was in town Wednesday.
The Goggin cottage, on Grand avenue, is looming up nicely.
School re-opened on Monday after a vacation of one week.
Fresh stock of goods at People's Store for sale at city prices.
Send your local items in for publication not later than Wednesday.
For fire insurance apply to E. E. Cunningham, at postoffice building.
Mr. and Mrs. Lachele's little boy Charley has been quite sick the past week.
Jack Vandenberg has bought out the meat market and route owned by E. I. Watkins.
The Court saloon has been newly painted and papered and looks as fresh as a daisy.
George R. Hudson was in town on Wednesday shaking hands with old acquaintances.
Mr. Ike Abrams has been ill the past week and unable to attend to his business in the city.
Over \$800 road poll-tax was paid in last week by the employees of the Spring Valley Water Company.
Mr. Blanchette is making preparations to build on his lot, corner Maple and Commercial avenues.
Wm. Rehberg got his new sprinkling wagon from the city Wednesday. It is A No. 1 in every respect.
The church social will be given on next Saturday eve, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Martin.
Who will be the next among our local wage earners to join the ranks of free and independent home-owners?
Rev. George Wallace will hold services at Grace Church tomorrow (Sunday) at 4 p. m. Sunday-school at 3 p. m.
It is estimated that the Kelso grading contract on Fuller factory site will be completed by the 20th of the present month.
Martin Raab has rented a flat in the J. W. Hansbrough building and furnished the same as a residence for himself and wife.
On Saturday, May 7th, there was born to the wife of A. Sorenson a daughter. Life in the little one was but a feeble spark and the infant died on Sunday, May 8th.
News continues to come at intervals from our Klondike contingent. The last report from Ed Daniel and Gene Miner was that they were about the head of navigation and would soon sever connection with postoffices and mail routes and go gliding down the waters of the Yukon towards the gold fields.
Plans for three large brick buildings for the Fuller factory—one of them four stories in height—have been submitted to contracting bidders. Bids are to be opened today, and the contract will be let on Monday. The plans call for nearly one and a-half million of brick and about five hundred thousand feet of lumber.
On Saturday last Driver Dooley was "caved down the bank" into the bay. In this instance the phrase does not mean that Dooley was the recipient of a salute to his conscience. It must be taken in its literal sense. Dooley was dumped with the old sprinkling wagon over a ten-foot bank into the cold waters of the bay. Dooley extricated himself without unnecessary delay, but the wagon was not recovered until the following day.
Upon examination made by Chief Newman and Mr. Jorgenson on Wednesday the fire hose was found in bad condition. The hose had not been overhauled nor moved for several months. Chief Newman has made several efforts to get members of the hose company to turn out, but without success. A meeting of Hose Company No. 1 was called for Wednesday evening, but no one responded save Chief Newman and one or two others. Something must be done. We suggest calling a meeting of all citizens to take some action. There should be a regular monthly fund provided to pay for proper care of the hose.

TWO MILLIONS A YEAR.

When people buy, try, and buy again, it means they're satisfied. The people of the United States are now buying Cascarets Candy Cathartic at the rate of two million boxes a year, and it will be three million before New Year's. It means merit proved, that Cascarets are the most delightful bowel regulator for everybody the year round. All druggists 10c, 25c, 50c a box. Cure guaranteed.

UNION PARK COURSING.

Rusty Gold Goes Lame, But Lands the Prize.
Rusty Gold was the king of the seventy-two greyhounds that contested yesterday for the rich prize at Union Park. Cavalier, the original favorite, broke a toe in his course with The Turk and was withdrawn. The runner-up of the Merced meeting was then installed as favorite, and, though limping after every course, he never sold on the short end. Bad Shot, a fifteen-month-old puppy, proved himself eligible to the ranks of the top-notchers by his remarkable showing with Mountain Beauty. The talent clung to Mountain Beauty, but Bad Shot worked her in a long course and got the winning flag. The puppy was then too tired to cope with the fresh Liseak in a bye. The results of the

day's coursing were as follows:
All age-stake, first ties—P. Gorman's Kingston beat Simmons & Donahue's Moore's Prescription, E. Scott's Lord Byron beat Curtis & Son's McKinley, D. J. Healey's Rusty Gold beat W. C. Glasson's Rusty Gold, W. H. Hinchman's Chiquita beat Seller & Well's Sharkey, George Whitney's Theron beat E. V. Sullivan's Blackstone, S. E. Portal's Laurelwood beat Pasha kennels' Arapahoe, S. E. Portal's At Last beat J. M. Letitch's Glenwood, Curtis & Son's Cavalier beat F. P. Courtney's The Turk, E. V. Sullivan's Royal Buck beat Curtis & Son's Chartist, J. Warren's Sweet Lips beat T. J. Burke's Little Pete, S. Hansens' L. S. Conley beat E. V. Sullivan's Fear Not, J. McNeil's Sportsman, beat Simmons & Donahue's Amorita, A. Johnson's Tod Sloan beat Healey & Callaghan's Skylight, Larkey & Rock's Hercules beat Ryan & Ryan's Montana, J. J. Edmond's Move On beat W. H. Hinchman's Clipper, W. C. Glasson's Sylvanus beat E. V. Sullivan's Mercy May, A. Johnson's Mountain Beauty beat C. S. Young's Tip, B. & S. kennel's Bad Shot beat D. J. Healey's Pastime.

Second ties—Lord Byron beat Kingston, Rusty Gold beat Chiquita, Theron beat Laurelwood, At Last lost a bye to Fireball, Royal Buck beat Sweet Lips, Sportsman beat L. S. Conley, Hercules beat Tod Sloan, Move On beat Sylvanus, Bad Shot beat Mountain Beauty.
Third ties—Rusty Gold beat Lord Byron, Theron beat At Last, Royal Buck beat Sportsman, Hercules beat Move On, Bad Shot lost a bye to Liseak.
Fourth ties—Rusty Gold beat Theron, Royal Buck beat Bad Shot, Hercules lost a bye to Fireball.
Fifth ties—Rusty Gold beat Hercules, Royal Buck lost a bye to Arapahoe.
Final—Rusty Gold beat Royal Buck.

EVERYBODY SAYS SO.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

SCHOOL CENSUS.

The school census recently taken shows that there are in this San Bruno school district 201 children between the ages of 5 and 17 years and under the age of 5 years, 100.

A SURE THING FOR YOU.

A transaction in which you cannot lose is a sure thing. Biliousness, sick headache, furred tongue, fever, piles and a thousand other ills are caused by constipation and sluggish liver. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the wonderful new liver stimulant and intestinal tonic are by all druggists guaranteed to cure or money refunded. C. C. C. are a sure thing. Try a box to-day; 10c., 25c. 50c. Sample and booklet free. All druggists.

PRESS NOTES.

MILDEW ON ROSES.

Supposing the theory advocated by the Tree & Vine for this fungus has been carried out, which is to slightly continue to dust sulphur over the branches, trunks and leaves from November till March, the plants are in a healthy condition and free from mildew. If not complied with and plants are troubled with this fungus begin the use of the sulphur. This cannot help the diseased leaves, but it will prevent the new growth from being infected.

APHIS ON ROSES.

Tobacco water is useful against aphis on roses. Tobacco dust may also be used. Spray with strong jet of cold water night and morning is also good. We clean our chrysanthemums in the same way.

Cannas are from India, dahlia from Mexico, gladioli from Cape of Good Hope, tuberoses from Brazil, and lilies from all parts of the world.

Rose infected with green aphis, should be smoked with tobacco stems or sprayed with tobacco water.—Tree & Vine.

BEAUTY IS BLOOD DEEP.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

The Quality of Real Fun.

One man said to another in an elevated car about something that he had just read. "Now, that is actually funny," and then he read it over again. The inference from this is, of course, that many of the things written in fun are not really funny, and, making due allowance for lack of appreciation, it is doubtless true that much of the matter written as fun actually does lack the true spark. It may be well intentioned, good natured, even cheerful, and yet lack the peculiar filling, satisfying, energizing, refreshing, uplifting quality of real fun.
The man who has this kind of fun in his heart and who has besides the power of communicating it to his neighbor need not go to the Klondike for his reward.—New York Ledger.

BROWNSON'S SMILE.

A STORY OF THE COMMANDER THAT SAILORMEN LOVE TO TELL.

How the Detroit Broke Up What the Insurgent Admiral Called a "Blockade." An Incident That Pleases Men Who Have Seen Smiling Men Fight.

It was in January, 1894, that the civil war in Brazil was coming to a climax in the harbor at Rio. Admiral da Gama of the insurgents was in the harbor with several ships-of-war. The government held the city, but while the insurgent admiral held the water no shipping could go up to the front as long as he said it couldn't, and he said no. Various governments were affected by this embargo—"blockade" the admiral called it. Great Britain was concerned chiefly, but the United States was a good second, with Germany and other nations as well.

Europe looked to America to do something in the matter and was naturally diffident about interfering in family rows on this side of the water. At last Admiral Benham was sent down to take charge of the United States fleet in Rio harbor. The flagship was the San Francisco, and on Sunday, Jan. 28, Admiral Benham called on his captains to come aboard. Among them was Commander Brownson of the Detroit. It is said that after the conference this commander came back to his ship smiling. However that may be, he certainly smiled next morning. Just after 5 o'clock that evening—it was calm as could be, almost—the Yankee naval ships were seen to be in a haste. The canvas awnings faded away, and in the night certain sounds were heard aboard them, at which various listeners put their hands cup shaped behind their ears to listen harder. On the morning of the 29th there was a change in the appearance of the Yankee fleet. It had taken off its coat, waistcoat and shirt, so to speak, and was just eyeing itself when day dawned to see how good its training had been.

The insurgent ships Aquidaban and Tamandare were up the bay above Vianna island with their cables short, ready to trip. The Trajano and Guanabara, as well as the fleet of armed tugs, were crowded with men from the garisons of Cobras and Villeagalon. The Liberdade flew the little blue ensign, for Admiral de Gama was aboard her, lying with the Trajano and Guanabara north of Enchados island, a few yards from the American bark Amy, one of the boats kept out by the blockade. The Parahyba was lying with its teeth, so to speak, at the throat of the Yankee barkentine Good News.

Commander Brownson on the Detroit got his ship under way, having hoisted anchor at 6 o'clock, and headed toward the city between Enchados and Cobras islands. Her crew was at her guns, and as eager a lot of men as one could see anywhere at that time. The anchor got fouled in the Detroit's hawse hole, and that was ample excuse for proceeding slowly, which was convenient, while a couple of insurgent tugs made a sputter at the northern littoral of the city, as they had been doing a long time. After a couple of men had been killed aboard the tugs they drew back, and the Detroit, with everything clear, rounded Enchados island and came along starboard side to starboard of the Trajano. The men looked through their sights and then up at Commander Brownson on the bridge. The story of what they saw is a tradition in the navy now and always will be so long as men like Brownson are in command. The commander was smiling.

A man on the Trajano raised a musket and fired a bullet over the heads of sailors pulling away in a boat with a line from the Amy to a ship at anchor that the Amy might be warped to the forbidden docks. Two heavy insurgent tugs came around with their rams pointed at the side of the Detroit. On the San Francisco the red flag of battle had been run up to the fore truck in steps. A quartermaster stood with his hand on the halyards eager to break it out, with his eyes fixed on the admiral, who was looking at the Detroit for the sign which would cause him to give the quartermaster the order so ardently desired.

When the insurgent shot was fired, Commander Brownson turned to the gunner at a one pounder, and with a scarcely perceptible increase of the smile ordered the man to shoot into the Trajano at the water line six feet abaft the stern. The order was misunderstood, and the shot went across the insurgents' bows. Thereupon Captain Brownson hailed:

"Trajano, ahoy!" he shouted. "If you fire again, I will return the fire, and if you persist I will sink you."
The Trajano's crews were excited. If a nervous finger had pulled a trigger, the fight would have been on.

But the shot did not sound. The sailors on the Amy's yawl waited to see what they were to do next.

"You go ahead," Commander Brownson shouted, "and I'll protect you!"
The sailors went.

"Aim at the Guanabara!" ordered Commander Brownson. And the greasy black muzzles of the Detroit's broadside and the two pivot guns swung around, looking bigger and bigger every moment, till they stopped, leveled at the cruiser. One particularly nervous gun crew aboard the insurgent was conspicuous. Commander Brownson waved his hand, with a half smile, and this crew fell back.

Then the Yankee ships led the way to the docks, with other ships crowding in with them, and after awhile the rebellion collapsed. But the sailors who were on the Detroit at that time have told the story of Commander Brownson's smile to other sailors, and these still others, till it has rippled to every water where the starry flag flies, and it is heard with marked interest by men on the ships of other nations—men who have seen smiling men fight.—New York Sun.

AT DAWN OF DAY.

Unbroken silence, brilliant eastern skies, Without a stirring leaf, Incessant from celestial chaises, About in mid-air brief Giving to mortal sight and sense New beauties, rich and rare, To the thoughtful mind a moment For reverent praise and prayer.

Praise for our great Creator, Prayer for our wayward hours, Hope for fulfilled promises, Trust in benignant powers, Mid-are inspiring silences, As night shades pass away, New life in slow procession Proclaims the dawn of day.
—Clark W. Bryan in Good Housekeeping.

NEWSPAPER REPORTERS.

A Defense of Their Fair Mindedness, Reliability and Integrity.

A very common error is prevalent that the work of reporters, given in newspapers, as a rule is not entitled to respect or credence. It is generally assumed that the reporter writes chiefly or wholly to make a sensation or to interest some readers without regard to facts, while just the reverse is the truth in all reputable newspaper establishments.

It is safe to assume that the statements of reporters given in the leading reputable journals of the country are quite as truthful as are the general statements from the pulpit when the minister gets outside of strictly religious teachings, and very much more truthful than are the public expressions of most if not all of the leading professions. With very few exceptions the management of our leading daily newspapers enforce truthfulness and fairness as the supreme attribute for a newspaper writer, and yet it is common for all who are displeased with any reportorial statement to say that "it's a mere newspaper story."

It is true that there are a few conspicuous exceptions to the rule that governs the reputable newspapers of the country.

Not only are the managers of our leading newspapers entitled to great credit for the scrupulous care they inforce on their reporters and correspondents to present the truth with as exact fairness as is possible, but the public little know the ceaseless care that is exercised in every reputable newspaper office to prevent the publication of even the truth when it would be more harmful to publish than to suppress it. There is not a week, indeed hardly a day, that the newspapers of this city do not suppress the facts proper for public information which would make a most interesting story solely because it would bring a flood of sorrow to the innocent and helpless and cast an imperishable shadow upon their lives. With all the errors necessarily committed in a newspaper office by reason of the haste with which the articles must often be prepared, the public little know with what thorough integrity the newspapers, as a rule, protect the innocent even at the cost of suppressing legitimate and interesting information. The skeletons of hundreds of households are carefully guarded in the newspaper offices of the country, and generally without even the knowledge of the people who are thus protected.—Philadelphia Times.

Forest Protection in Idaho.

The miners as well as the mine owners operating in northern Idaho are peculiarly interested in rational and effective methods of forest protection to what remains of the public timber lands, and as producers of national wealth have a right to demand it. They have the result of years of wanton forest destruction before their eyes and can see themselves confronted with a timber shortage before many years that threaten their commercial and industrial life. That such a condition is fast approaching needs no prophetic vision to foresee.

The extent of burned forest land the past 16 years as developed in these regions is an evidence that requires no supporting argument to make effective. That many thousands of acres of forest still exist in the Coeur d'Alene basins does not weaken the fact of an impending timber shortage. Under the present conditions two or three dry seasons would suffice to wipe out the larger portion by far of what remains of the forests in this part of the state. There is not yet adequate protection or supervision, and public sentiment upon these points is not yet sufficiently aroused.—Forester.

A Tough Route.

"Somewhere in the south," says Congressman Sulloway, "a bright colored boy appeared before the civil service commission to be examined for the position of letter carrier. 'How far is it from the earth to the moon?' was the first question asked by those who were to determine the young man's fitness for the place he sought. 'How far am it from the earth to de moon?' queried the applicant. 'My Lawd, boss, if you'll gwine to put me on dat route I don't want de job.' With that the young man grabbed his hat and left as though he were chased."

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Luigi Raffetto, Deceased.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, Angelo Raffetto, administrator of the estate of Luigi Raffetto, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at the office of "The Enterprise," in the town of Baden, County of San Mateo, State of California, the same being his place for the transaction of business of the said estate in the said County of San Mateo, State of California, or at the option of claimants or creditors, such claims may be presented to said administrator at the office of A. Knut, Esq., attorney at law, No. 402 Montgomery street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
Angelo Raffetto, Administrator of the estate of Luigi Raffetto, deceased.
Dated at Redwood City, San Mateo County, April 28, 1898.
A. RUEF, Esq.,
Attorney for Administrator,
402 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

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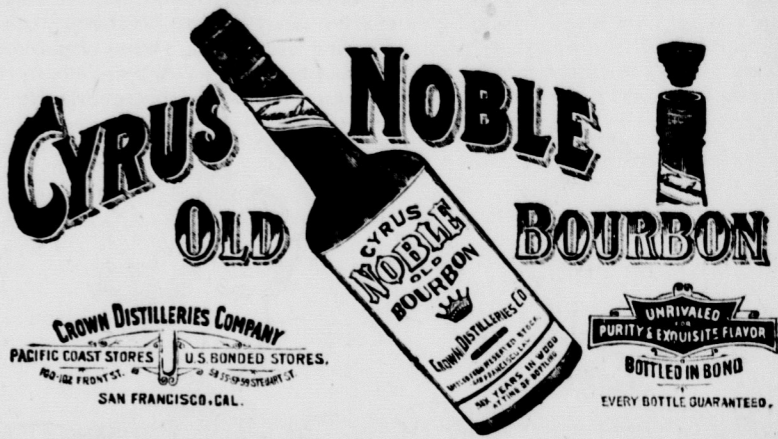
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Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c., 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market is easy, some cases lower.
SHEEP—Desirable sheep of all kinds are in demand but at lower prices.
HOGS—Desirable hard fed hogs are selling at steady prices.
PROVISIONS are in good demand at steady prices.
LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are \$ 10 (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.
Cattle—No. 1 Steers 7@7 1/2c.; No. 2 Steers, 6@6 1/2c. No. 1 Cows and Heifers 6@6 1/2c. No. 2 Cows and Heifers 5 1/2@6c. thin cows, 3@4c.
Hogs—Hard, grain-fed, 130 lbs and over, 3 1/2@4c.; under 130 lbs. not wanted rough heavy hogs, 3 1/2c.
Sheep—Desirable Wethers, unshorn, dressing 50 lbs and under, 3 1/2@4c.; Ewes, 3 1/2@3 3/4c. shorn 3/4 to 3/8 less.
Lamb—1 1/2 to 2 1/2 lbs per head, or 4 1/2 live weight.
Calves—Under 250 lbs. alive, gross weight, 3c@3 1/2c.; over 250 lbs 3@3 1/2c.
FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:
Beef—First quality steers, 6c; second quality, 5 1/2c@6c; First quality cows and heifers, 5 1/2c@6c; second quality, 5@5 1/2c; third quality, 4@4 1/2c.
Veal—Large, 4@5c; small, 5@6c.
Wethers—Wethers, 7 1/2@8c; ewes, 7@7 1/2c; lambs, 8@9c.
Dressed Hogs—6@6 1/2c.
PROVISIONS—Hams, 9 1/2@10 1/2c; picnic hams, 6 1/2c; Atlanta ham, 6 1/2c; New York shoulder, 6 1/2c.
Bacon—Ex. L. S. C. bacon, 12c; light S. C. bacon, 11 1/2c; med. bacon, clear, 8 1/2c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 9c; clear light, 10c; clear ex. light bacon, 10 1/2c.
Beef—Extra Family, 11 1/2@12 1/2c; do, h. h. 10 1/2@11 1/2c; Extra Mess, 11 1/2@12 1/2c; do, h. h. 10 1/2@11 1/2c.
Lard—Prices are 7 1/2@8c.
Compound 5 1/2@6c; 5 1/2@6c; 5 1/2@6c; 5 1/2@6c.
Cal. pure 7 1/2@7 3/4; 7 1/2@7 3/4; 7 1/2@7 3/4; 7 1/2@7 3/4.
In 3-b tins the price on each is 1/4c higher than on 5-b tins.
Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 25@28; 18@20; Roast Beef, 25@28; 18, \$1 60.
Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

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ALL FLUFF AND FUSS

LIGHT AND AIRY BODICE CREATIONS FOR SPRING.

Puffs and Frills, Shirring and Smocking, Are Used with Great Profusion on This Season's Sweetest Waists—Some Very Pretty Popular Models.

What Is Fashionable in Gotham.
New York correspondence:



UST ABOUT half sham are some of the ingenious affairs that are classified as bodices in the newest fashions. Little caplets are shown, for instance, that are nothing more than an elaborated collar. At the back with only a point appearing from the throat to between the shoulders, said point widening to the shoulders, nothing but a collar is pretended. In front a pair of long tabs sloped and fitted in to the waist, and revers showing at the neck at each side of the vest effect that may be either a part of the caplet or what is allowed to show of the under bodice. The whole gives quite the appearance of a close-fitting coat. Sleeves of the under bodice show, with perhaps a shoulder frill added that belongs to the caplet.

Such a covering is just the thing to put on over one of the new gauze bodices that, with all their simplicity of cut, have the look of being so elaborate. It is a wonder how much trimming can be accomplished in a small space now that shirring, smocking and puffing have reached such a point of profusion

being simply a maze of smocking. Wonderful effects are gotten now by the use of cross threads, and material comes by the yard pleated into the most elaborate smocked effects, but beware! If you should be caught in the rain, or even stand around in the damp, all this pressing will come out and the beauty of your bodice be gone forever. Orange silk gauze that had cross threads of white was used here, the whole body being smocked, puffed white chiffon gave the yoke, and sleeves and belt were orange silk. High neck and long sleeves are the rule for this sort of garment.



BLUEBIRDS THAT ANNOUNCE SPRING.

ment, and so made, though neck and arms may show through the gauze, the garment is admissible for house, theater or garden wear. So such a bodice is a good investment just now, because of the many uses to which it may be put.

Because of their perishability these bodices are not so attractive to women who must practice economy as were other sorts that Dame Fashion has brought. As yet they are susceptible of being twisted to that everlasting ques-



OF SILK GAUZE, BUT THAT'S NOT HALF THE STORY.

ness. The entire space between throat or yoke line and belt often extending straight across the sleeves to below the bust line, is worried into a series of puffs and tiny frills of the most lacy and charming delicacy. Three or four rows of tiny pinched up puffs, then a conventional design followed by a tiny gauzy frill or by narrow lace made just as full as it can be, or by baby ribbon frilled first and then set along the lines of the design. Then come rows of puffs, another row of frilled pattern, and so



HERE THE FLUFF WAS CHIFFON.

on to the belt. The result is delicious. As a rule the puffs are picked up of the material of the bodice—that is, they are real puffs, but sometimes little puffs or frills of colored gauze are set on the white or black gauze foundation. In the bodice of this type that appears at the left in to-day's large picture, the material was white silk gauze, and the trimming, all of which was of the set-on sort, consisted of puffs and black silk muslin. The black satin belt had sash ends, but these were not fringed, a fact that goes to show that fringing for sashes is waning. Above the yoke line of this bodice the skin showed through the gauze, and in many such the arm shows all the way to the shoulder.

As the companion model to this indicates, it is sometimes the yoke portion of the gauze bodice that is made elaborate by dainty lines of smocking or shirring, below the yoke the bodice

tion of saving. Think a moment; will not these pretty transparent bodices make charming covering for a silk bodice of a past season? Silk does split, alas! especially the taffeta that has been so much worn for the past few seasons, and which makers have vied with each other in making inexpensive. Now, no matter how much split a silk bodice is, it can be mended and serve very nicely under a shirred gauze waist. And especially since the bare arm under the gauze is admitted, this scheme can be charmingly carried out. The gauze waist is not supposed to fit closely, and it is often made on a foundation of very fine lawn or net, so that it can be slipped on over various foundations. The next bodice is a good one to keep in mind in this kind of contriving. It was white chiffon over turquoise blue silk, sleeves shirred to the puff, and collar and belt of the blue silk.

In all but her headgear the tailor-made girl of this springtime builds her faith on severity of finish. She may be correct—indeed, may not otherwise be very stylish—in millinery that is more fanciful than anything she would have dared to wear for several seasons. But below her chin all outward show is not showy. Yet this very same young woman delights in surprising her observers, knows full well that she can do it in no more thorough way than by suddenly flashing a touch of dainty femininity upon them, and does it in just that way whenever she can. Now, bodices like those of the last three pictured models may be worn with plain tailor skirts and concealed by equally plain jackets. A woman may know from evidence about the throat the nature of what is within, but male admirers are all unsuspecting. So when she throws back the jacket and discloses the inner elaborateness and fluff, he is at once subdued to just the point she wants to keep him. With this idea in view, she will choose for her spring suit a serge or something plainly utilitarian in a stylish shade, so that the association with the delicate bodice may be all the more striking a contrast.

Plain skirts and jackets like those in the concluding cut are usually accompanied by some form of inner layer that permits the use of starched linen. These two suits were blue; the left one a blue shade, the jacket with box front, fitted back and trimming of stitching; the other on the turquoise order, the blazer trimmed with bias folds of the goods and disclosing a waistcoat of canary cloth.

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HOW WAR AFFECTS RIGHTS.

Status of Property and Persons in Belligerent and Neutral Nations.

The effect of a state of war upon the rights of persons, whether native or alien, and upon contracts, property and trade is a matter of great interest. The leading authorities upon this subject are Henry Wheaton, Theodore D. Woosley and Francis Wharton, and from the works of these masters of international law the following information is extracted:

During a state of war neither belligerent has the right to sue in the courts of the other to enforce a contract or collect a debt. The citizens of the parties, of course, come under the same prohibitions. Contracts made with an enemy during a state of war cannot be enforced in the courts of either nation after war is concluded.

The general rule as to treaties is that they are abrogated by war. But certain treaties are exempted from this rule. Privateering treaties are an example of such exemption.

An enemy's property after war is declared may be seized wherever found, except when it is located in the territory of neutrals. It is not customary, however, in more modern times to seize the property of noncombatants who are subjects of the enemy, temporary domiciled. To confiscate stocks, bonds or the real estate of a noncombatant would be sure to call forth reprisals and would thus react upon the belligerent who took the first step in this direction.

Generally a certain period is fixed within which citizens of a belligerent leave the territory of its opponent after war has been declared, and in case they leave the country within this specified time their property is safe from confiscation during their passage to their own or some other country.

Strictly speaking, belligerents have the right just as soon as war is declared to seize each other's ships and cargoes in their respective ports as "droits of admiralty," but here again modern practices have established the custom of giving notice of the time in which shipping must be removed. This time was fixed at forty days at the time of the Crimean war. The ship of one belligerent, if it sails before war is declared for one of the ports of the other is belligerent, is safe from seizure. If, however, a ship sails to a neutral port she is liable to seizure. During hostilities all inhabitants, native and alien, are compelled to discontinue all intercourse with the inhabitants of the country at war with the one in which they live.

The property of the citizens of either belligerent who live in the country of the other belligerent is looked upon as a part of the property of their adopted land, and, being regarded as such, is liable to the reprisals authorized by their native country. Such property as this class of persons may have in the trade of their adopted country may be seized by their native country until such time as they declare their "national character." In this case a declaration of intention is not enough, since mere declarations might be made with the intention of escaping all liabilities to either party to the conflict.

GOVERNMENT JEWELS.

Precious Stones in Store in Treasury Vaults at Washington.

At Washington, in the bond vault of the treasury, is a great store of diamonds and other precious stones that belong to nobody. Most of them have been in the custody of the officials for about sixty years, but some of the gems have been there much longer, and their history rests mainly on hazy tradition.

There is a bottle four or five inches long filled with diamonds, there are various other loose stones, and there are many set in gold ornaments. The value of the whole lot is variously estimated, the computations ranging from \$50,000 to \$100,000.

Most of these gems were sent as a present to President Van Buren by the Imam of Muscat in 1839. This Asian potentate conceived the idea that he had received some service from this country, and this was his way of acknowledging his obligation. President Van Buren could not accept them, for there is a clause in the constitution forbidding any person connected with the government from accepting any present or decoration from any foreign power or ruler.

But the Oriental's present could not be returned; he would look upon that as an insult. So at last the jewels were turned over to the treasury to keep till something was done about them, and nothing ever has been done.

In similar ways has the entire collection accumulated: Kings and Princes are frequently not as familiar with the constitution of the United States as they should be, and government officers of various grades have sent here gifts they have received, and found it inconvenient to return and impossible to keep.

In the bond vault they must remain till Congress "takes action" on their situation.

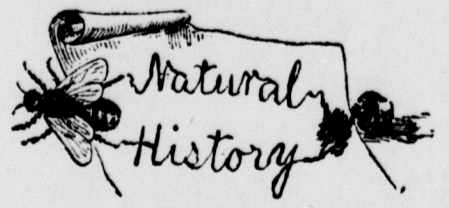
Washing the Tiger.

A good story has been copied in the papers from La France du Nord about a Cossack, ignorant of the French language, and equally ignorant of fear, who was hired at Moscow by the flatterer, Pezon, to clean the cages of his wild beasts. Their understanding or misunderstanding was arranged by means of gestures and dumb show, as that unfortunate Tower of Babel hindered intelligible speech between the Frenchman and the Cossack; and Pezon thought that the man thoroughly understood what he had to do.

The next morning the Tartar began his new duties by entering, with bucket, sponge, and broom, not the cage of a tame beast as his master had done,

but of a splendid untamed tiger, which lay asleep upon the floor. The fierce animal awoke and fixed his eyes upon the man, who calmly proceeded to wet his large sponge, and, unterrified, to approach the tiger. At this moment Pezon appeared upon the scene, and was struck with horror. Any sound or motion upon his part would intensify the danger of the situation, by rousing the beast to fury; so he quietly waited till the need should arise to rush to the man's assistance.

The moujik, sponge in hand, approached the animal, and, perfectly fearless, proceeded to rub him down, as if he had been a horse or dog; while the tiger, apparently delighted by the application of cold water, rolled over on its back, stretched out its paws, and, purring, offered every part of its body to the Cossack, who washed him as complacently as a mother bathes her infant. Then he left the cage, and would have repented the hazardous experiment upon another savage from the desert, had not Pezon drawn him off with difficulty.—Lippincott's.



Miss Emma Thursby, the once famous singer, owns a minor bird, whose health is carefully inquired after by Miss Thursby's friends. In fact, a child of the household could not receive more attention. Minor was given to Miss Thursby in Germany. He is a plain, black little fellow, with a yellow beak, and has the entire run of the apartment in which Miss Thursby lives. What he lacks in beauty he makes up in intelligence, but his humor most always be consulted. When it pleases him he will sit on the rack of the piano, sing snatches from "Romeo and Juliet," trill beautifully, and make imitations of the banjo. Minor is full of partiality, and calls "cranky, cranky" to those whose appearance is not to his taste. He also is devoted to children, and when those that are visiting Miss Thursby go away he takes it as a personal injury and sulks for a long time.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll deems the dog to be the natural servant and companion of man. To his favorite dog Rusk the Colonel communicated much of his intelligence, and the dog responded to him as to no one else. In fact, it was rather a joke among the Colonel's friends that Rusk knew better than to exhaust his gray matter on any but his master. Rusk, as he grew old, was greatly troubled with rheumatism in his shoulder, so that he found going up stairs painful to him. He would, therefore, walk to the elevator in the Colonel's old house on Fifth avenue and wait patiently for some one to come and pull him up. During the last three years of his life he was attended regularly by a dog doctor, and when he died his funeral was a large one. He was taken by the family up to their summer home at Dobb's Ferry and laid at rest in a beautiful spot overlooking the Hudson. His grave is now marked by a pretty tombstone.

Richard Croker, of New York, the famous Tammany leader, in common with many other well-known men, has a fondness for pets. His selection of them also shows him to be without superstition, for he is especially partial to a parrot, and a black cat, and declares that, although the parrot is supposed to be inhabited by an evil spirit, it is an amusing bird. The parrot which Mr. Croker owns is very remarkable. He paid \$150 for her and named her Kate, in harmony with her gay, dashing personality. She sings, dances, is coquettish, and has a keen sense of humor.

Besides the usual repertoire, Kate sings as her piece de resistance "Sweet Marie," giving it the true intonations of devotion. Neither does Mr. Croker agree with the ideas prevalent in Germany about black cats, where they are shunned as omens of evil, especially if they pass the cradle of a sleeping child, and are supposed to foretell the approach of death by appearing at the head of a sick person. To Mr. Croker a black cat suggests success. In the days of old Tammany Hall one was always to be seen prowling about, and as guardian of the good luck of the place was treated with the utmost consideration. The cat appreciated his position, and was the expert boxer of the neighborhood.

Jests of Great Wits.

The recent cablegram Mark Twain sent to the effect that the report concerning him is all a lie and he has not paid his debts recalls the jests of other great wits. Artemus Ward used to put at the bottom of his programs: "N. B.—Mr. Ward will pay no bills of his own contracting." For that matter, neither would Whistler, the eccentric artist. A few years ago the creditors of the genius had a meeting and submitted to him a proposition which was refused. Another meeting resulted in another proposition, and Mr. Whistler likewise refused to consider that. "But, Mr. Whistler," at last spoke up one exasperated man, "we are merely trying to get you out of your difficulties." "My difficulties," Whistler replied, appearing greatly astonished. "My difficulties, did I understand you to say? Why, gentlemen, these are not my difficulties, they are yours!"

It takes so much to repair a bicycle and run a kodak that no one owning either can hope to save enough for the Paris exposition.

Women have transacted the church business so long that it is startling to see a man at it.

You can't temper a criticism of your partner's whistle enough to keep it from hurting.

SKATING IN HOLLAND.

Rivers Present a Quaint and Picturesque Sight in Winter.

In Holland a winter seldom passes without good skating, which, being not only a pastime with the Dutch, but a serious and ordinary mode of travel, the ice on the canals and "grachts" is kept in good condition, and it is common to see a small army of sweeping peasants putting the ice in order for the day. There is a skating club in every town in Holland, and all these clubs belong to the Dutch Skating Association. The largest clubs are probably the Amsterdam and Rotterdam Ice clubs, and in the season many excursions are made by these associations to the neighboring towns—for example, from Amsterdam to Leyden via Vogelzang and Haarlem; from Amsterdam to Monnikendam, Edam, Hoorn, Enkhuysen, Alkmaar, and even across the Zuyder Zee, when it will bear, to Marken, and even Urk.

The way the whole country is moated with canals, with huge windmills overlooking the ice like Leviathan implements of ordnance, is calculated to appeal to the lover of the picturesque. Then there are the graceful light sleighs, propelled by skillful skaters and containing red-checked, bright-eyed peasant girls in immense lace caps and dangling temple ornaments, flying over the ice at a great speed. On the Maas, a few miles east of Rotterdam, lies a famous skating resort known as Slikerveer, and brought into notoriety in recent years by the international skating contests which are held there. Anyone fond of that exhilarating form of exercise can hardly find a more interesting experience than to be had during a winter trip to Holland.

In the season the boat leaves the Rhine station pier for a sail up the Maas. The steamer plows her way through the floating ice and at length leaves you at a high pier on a huge dike, which separates the river from the low-lying country. A short walk brings you to a large inclosed expanse of ice, obtained by artificially flooding a large area. Here a huge horseshoe course is marked out for the racers. And on either side of this stretches the free portion, for the onlookers and those who wish to practice the exhilarating art. Fashion is beginning to drive out the picturesque costumes of the peasants, who are becoming ashamed of their distinctive dress. So year by year there is to be seen less and less of the lovely, quaint and sometimes bizarre headdress and the queer coats and breeches of the men and boys.

There is little fancy skating to be seen. The great length of the runners of the Dutch skates, and the way in which they turn back in huge curves over the toe, are effectual checks upon all figure skating involving sudden or short turns. An attempt to do the outside edge backward would involve disaster. The Dutchman can go quicker over long stretches upon his skates than the Englishman, because of his extra long runners. It is a charming sight to see the long string of skaters sailing along with a swing that reminds one of the flight and dip of the swallows. Sometimes, too, they use a sort of sail, with which, by clever handling, they can make headway close up to the wind. The most usual figure seen is what is styled the Dutch roll, in which long lines of skaters throw themselves off upon the right and left foot alternately, in curves of twenty-five to thirty feet, at an incredible speed. There is much shouting and boisterousness and some of the byplay is not in the best taste, but on the whole the scene is most interesting and entirely unique.

The First American Duel.

In the year 1630 occurred the first duel known to have taken place on American soil. The principals, Edward Doty and Edward Leister, were servants of a Mr. Hopkins, one of the New England colonists. The men had quarreled over some trifling matter and resorted to the field for its settlement. The affair was stopped by the authorities, but not before one had been wounded in the thigh and the other in the hand. There was no law covering such matters, but the governor of the province decided that the men should be punished, nevertheless. At his orders they were sent to have their heads and feet tied together, and lie in that condition twenty-four hours without food or drink. They suffered so much, however, that they were released at the end of an hour.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Legacy to Paris Horses.

Mme. Chassegras, who died in Paris in her 63d year, left the whole of her fortune, amounting to about \$600,000, to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. In her will, which was said to be drawn up in due legal form, she stipulates that the society shall engage the services of twelve new inspectors for Paris, charged with the duty of preventing the ill-treatment of horses in the streets, and that it shall create additional stations for horses at the bottom of hills, and also take the necessary measures for the improvement of the pounds.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Orient Wants Our Cotton.

There is such a demand for American cotton in both Japan and China that the steamers from San Francisco to those countries have room for nothing else. They are loaded down with cotton. This, it is to be noted, is raw cotton. Japan and China have their own mills now and are making their own goods in constantly increasing proportions.

Train Loaded with Baking Powder. A train of twenty-one cars all loaded with baking powder, recently left Richmond, Va., over the Southern Railway for various points in the South.

The telephone girl has a speaking acquaintance with a great many people that she doesn't recognize.

HIS MINE BLEW UP THE MAINS.

English Electrician Who Declares He Sold Engine of Death to Spain.

This is J. P. Gibbins, the English electrical and mining engineer, who declares he sold a submarine engine of death to Spain. He says Spain has had no submarine mines since 1886-'87, except those manufactured under his patents, and that in 1896 the Spanish Government ordered a fresh supply of him. Mr. Gibbins also says: "In direct contradiction of the assertion of the secretary of the Spanish legation at Washington and Gen. Weyler that there are no submarine mines



JOSEPH PAULL GIBBINS.

in Havana harbor I absolutely affirm that I shipped the above mines for Havana and Ferrol in a Spanish ship, the property of the Spanish Government and officered by Spanish naval officers, with two captains, at the West India dock, London. My mines are in electric connection with the shore, and it is quite impossible that they could be exploded except by design. I am convinced also that the explosion of the mine which destroyed the Maine was the work of one or two men." And he gives his reasons in detail.

MASCOT OF THE WABASH.

Eight-Year-Old Sherwood Picking of the Recruiting Ship.

Eight-year-old Sherwood Picking is the mascot of the United States recruiting ship Wabash, anchored off the navy yard, says the Boston Herald. He has never received any certified commission from the Navy Department, yet he says he is the "captain of the



MASCOT OF THE WABASH.

captain's launch." He is the son of Captain Picking, and is 8 years old. "Sherd," as he says his short name is, goes to school every day and returns on board with great dignity every afternoon. Besides being a dignified and popular ship's mascot, he is a born naval fighter.

Monster Railway Station.

Among the monster railway stations of the world that of St. Louis is the largest. It has an area of 424,200 feet, thirty-one tracks, and twenty-four roads running into it. Its capacity is almost double that of the Boston and Maine Station, at Boston, the second largest in the world. Two hundred and sixty trains pass in and out of the Union Station every day, 130 each way. They average 100 passengers to a train. This means that a total of 26,000 passengers pass through the station every day. Taking the daily average of 26,000 passengers as the basis of this calculation, 780,000 travelers pass through Union Station in a month, which is more than the entire population of West Virginia. The yearly average is 9,360,000, and this sum is equal to the combined population of the States of New York and Illinois.

Encouraging.—Myrtle—Oh, dear! I wish I could think of some new way to say no. I've had to refuse so many men lately that I am positively becoming weary of the old way of declining. Alice—I wouldn't worry about that, dear. The fellows probably enjoy the joke just as much as if you said something original each time.—Chicago News.

Suffocation.—If this annexing and land-grabbing keeps on, the maps of the future will show some strange departures from those of the present.—Slumberson—Yes; all there will be in the world will be Russia, England, New York and Chicago.—St. Louis Dispatch.

He—Does your father show any signs of—helping us along a little? She—He sends us his best wishes in his letter. He—Great Scott! We've got more wishes now than anything else.—Olmstead Equivocal.

HATS OFF!

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky;
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colors before us fly:
But more than the flag is passing by.

See fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the state;
Wear marches, and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and days of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong;
Pride and glory and honor, all,
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
And loyal hearts are beating high,
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!
—Youth's Companion.

AN ARTISTIC ENDING.

THE sun shone under her hat and made her shade her eyes with her hand, as she looked up at me, standing by the edge of the river.

"Now, Mr. Conway," she said, "are you quite sure you can manage a canoe?"

"I'll promise you a new frock, Miss Delia, if I upset you," said I, gallantly.

"Don't be rash," she laughed; "perhaps I'll think a new frock well worth a wetting."

"I said—if I upset you," I replied; "if you upset yourself, I cry off the bargain."

"I'm sure you'll never be so mean as to argue the cause of the damage," said Delia; "anyway, I'll risk it."

"I feel a little afraid," she said, as I gave her my hand to help her aboard. I am inclined to think, however, that her hesitation was not altogether due to nervousness, but was a little influenced by the fact that she has the prettiest little feet in the world and was wearing the very daintiest of brown shoes, which showed to the best advantage, as she stood in timid uncertainty, one foot on shore and one poised over the canoe. I confess the attitude was fascinating to me, more especially as it necessitated a very distinct pressure of my steady hand.

I was the more convinced that the timidity was affected when she eventually settled herself among the cushions in the bow of the canoe, for all the world as if to the manner born. Indeed, as I stepped warily in the center of the craft I am sure I was really the more nervous of the two, but then I could judge of my shortcomings as a canoeist far better than she.

"Now, then," I said, "are you quite sure you are comfortable?"

She gave a last smooth to the folds of her brown skirt, gave a little pat to the sleeves of her white blouse, and lay back against the red cushions with a sigh of content.

"Yes," said she, sweetly; "I am ready."

I let go the tuft of grass to which I had been clinging, pushed off gently with my paddle, and we were fairly about.

The sunshine sparkled on the water, the leaves of the trees waved ever so softly in the breeze, the bright colored dragon flies darted hither and thither, while along the bank the bees flew languidly from flower to flower, as if they only kept themselves awake by incessant buzzing.

"Isn't it delightful?" murmured Delia.

"It is, indeed," I assented, but would have done so more truthfully if the bow of the canoe had not displayed so great a reluctance to keep straight up the river.

The splash of the water from the paddle was wonderfully soothing, and my fair companion closed her eyes. Directly she did so, politeness no longer debarred me from gazing my fill at her upturned face.

I looked admiringly, taking mental stock of her charms. How softly her dark eyelashes swept her cheek—how coquettishly curved her mouth—how dainty the suspicion of a dimple either side her lips—how delicately turned her chin—how becoming the red cushion to her wealth of black hair—yes, undoubtedly her nose was reticent, but a fig for your stately Greek beauties! there is a fascination in the—crash into the bank went the bow of the canoe, and the subject of my reverie opened her eyes with the start.

For the life of me I cannot steer a canoe and think of something else at the same time. By the greatest good luck we were not upset.

"I am most awfully sorry," I stammered.

"I was nearly asleep," she said.

"I can't think what happened; it was dreadfully careless of me."

"O, it really doesn't matter," she replied, with a great good nature.

I paddled clear of the bank and vowed such a collision should not occur again. Delia, however, made no further attempt to go to sleep.

"How smoothly the river runs," she said thoughtfully.

"Unlike the course of true love," I added, rather weakly.

It was not a very apposite remark, but then I knew the topic of love was a dangerous one for me, and so, foolhardily I courted it, as the moth the candle.

There was a pause in the conversation, while I successfully negotiated a sudden bend in the river.

"It's a great pity, isn't it?" said Delia.

"What is?" I inquired.

"Why, that the course of true love never runs smooth."

"O, but it does sometimes, really," I asserted.

"I suppose the love isn't really true, then," said she. "Nowadays, books and plays nearly always end unhappily."

"O, well," said I, philosophically, "there are two sorts of love; there is a passionate love, full of presentment, which makes a man morbid and melancholy, and forces him a thousand times to curse the fate that brings it to him, but this sort of love is too lofty for a workaday world, and the only artistic ending is a tragic one."

"I am afraid I bored Delia now and again by holding forth in this way, but she only gave the politest possible yawn, as she said, "And what about the other?"

"The other," I went on, taking care to watch the course of the canoe, "is a tender pastoral love, which makes a man cheerful and take rosy views of life, causing him to thank heaven every day that such a love has fallen to his lot, and the artistic ending is wedding bells and domestic happiness."

"Dear me, Mr. Conway," said Delia, smiling, "you seem to know a great deal about it."

Delia has the sweetest gray brown eyes, and it is an extraordinary pleasure to look into them longer than is actually necessary while listening to, or making, a remark; only, speaking of artistic endings made me feel quite certain there was a more artistic ending to such a look than mutually to drop our eyes.

I was just thinking about this, and how very graceful some girls look in a canoe, when, like a fool, I let my paddle catch in a weed. I endeavored as gently as possible to extricate it, but the weed proved obstinate. Delia grew nervous and sat up in the canoe.

"O, please be careful, Mr. Conway," she cried.

I pulled a trifle harder, but to no purpose. Then I lost patience. I gave the paddle a sharp jerk, the weed gave way all too suddenly. Delia gave a little scream, and I clutched wildly at the side of the canoe in a vain attempt to keep my balance. It was all over in a moment, and when I say all, I include Delia, myself, and the canoe. Fortunately, we were close to the bank and the water was shallow. I scrambled ashore and helped Delia on to dry land as best I could.

"Really, Miss Delia," I said, feeling unutterably foolish, as I caught the painter of the canoe and rescued the floating paddle, "I'll never forgive myself for this; I wish you were a man and could swear at me."

"What an awful fright I must look," said poor Delia, putting back her wet hair from her face.

I murmured of "Venus rising from the sea," but indistinctly, suddenly doubting the propriety of the allusion.

"Don't forget your bargain, Mr. Conway," said she, shaking the water from her bedraggled skirt; "will you order the frock or shall I and send you in the bill?"

I know it was not a very suitable occasion to do anything so serious as make an offer of marriage; also, that it was a very prosaic way of putting it, but, upon my word, I couldn't help it.

"I wish you would give me the right to pay your bills," I said.

Delia blushed and then she laughed. "I don't think I mind if I do," she said.

We were both very wet and both very muddy, but I looked into those aforementioned brown eyes, and this time she didn't turn away, for I discovered the more artistic ending—I put my arm round her waist and kissed her.—Madame.

MUCH-COVETED SPOT.

Clipperton Island, in the Pacific, Has Many Claims.

Few persons even know of the existence of Clipperton Island, and probably not one in a hundred could point out its position on a map. Yet it is one of the most coveted portions of this earth's surface, and its ownership is disputed by Mexico, France, the United States and England. Clipperton Island itself is a mere speck in the Pacific Ocean, about four miles in circumference, and with but two palm trees on its barren surface. It is a coral island, or atoll, very difficult of access, lying about 800 miles west of the Mexican coast.

If this has been all the existence of Clipperton Island would, in all probability, have remained unknown. But it is the home of millions of seabirds and tens of thousands of tons of guano are to be found on its surface. The various claims to its possession have been dormant for a long time and have not disturbed the harmony of nations.

But now this is all changed. An English guano company appeared on the scene and commenced operations. From all quarters at once claims to the rightful possession of Clipperton began to come in and the company found itself in a somewhat embarrassing position. It was willing and anxious to pay a royalty on the guano removed, but the question was to whom should it be paid. Mexico appeared to have the greatest right, but this was disputed by the United States. No sooner were the claims of Uncle Sam disproved than another claimant put in an appearance. France protests against the action of Mexico and insists that the island rightly belongs to her.

Probably the best solution of this international tangle would be for the present handful of inhabitants to solemnly declare their independence and establish a republic which would rival in minuteness those of Andora and San Marino. This would avert the possibility of the addition of a furthest eastern problem to the troubles of a world which is already burdened with an eastern and a far eastern question.—London News.

HAVANA.

Gay and Picturesque Cuban Capital Has a Famous History.

HAVANA, the capital of Cuba, is a world-city, known wherever the fame of cities has reached, and deserving of its fame, too, for like all great cities of industry and art, it is unique. Cuba's capital is soeval with the Mediterranean conquest of the Western hemisphere. The name of the city is characteristic of the religious Latin races, for when Diego de Velasquez laid its foundations, in 1515, he christened it San Cristobal de la Habana—St. Christopher of the haven or harbor—in honor of Columbus, the discoverer of the island. This name, bestowed upon the city by the conqueror of the island, has remained unchanged, and it is still officially so called. But its popular name has been shortened to Havana in Spanish and Havana in other tongues. The city has a population of about 200,000.

Havana is sited on the west side of the bay of its own name—one of the most beautiful bodies of water of its kind found anywhere. The city stands on a sort of peninsula that is formed on one side by the waters of the bay, and on the other by those of the gulf. In olden times it was one of the strongest of the places of the civilized world. When ships of war were of wood and carried a few guns whose bullets were repelled by granite masonry, Havana was impregnable. But the "oak levitians" and the "rock-built cities" of Lord Byron are now historical. On the one hand the recent destruction of the Maine indicates the cause why granite walls are no longer needed, and on the other it is seen how the submarine mine and torpedo have developed gun powder, which enables a ship to stand miles without a harbor and land shells in a city's heart.

Yet if it were not for Spanish poverty and decline, Havana to-day might have been as relatively strong as when, in 1585, it drove the fierce Sir Francis Drake away from its coasts. The fact is that the Spaniards have not kept step with the march of progress. The insanity of attempting to defend Havana with the same implements and methods

of warfare that were successful three centuries ago is in perfect keeping with Spain's anachronism in civilization. The town, as has already been said, is unique. It is not Spanish, it is not Oriental, it is not European, nor does it at all resemble anything in the United States. It is Cuban. The bay, ordinarily, is one of the most vividly beautiful sights to be seen anywhere. Humboldt's description of the approaches to Havana falls to do it justice, and that distinguished traveler



BLANCO'S PALACE.

women religiously attend. In Cuba the church and her children are a woman's life. She soon loses her husband as her companion in the home. She does not read. She never heard of a new woman. She has her little circle of friends like herself, and some day dies. But she has been faithful to the church, and the most striking thing about a service in the great cathedral is the presence of the women of Havana and the absence of the men. It is said here that most men go to church but three times in their life—when baptized, when about to be married and when dead—and the church is as rigid in its requirement of the first two visits as the departed is to be received there at last.

The cathedral is really one of the finest edifices in Havana. It is built to

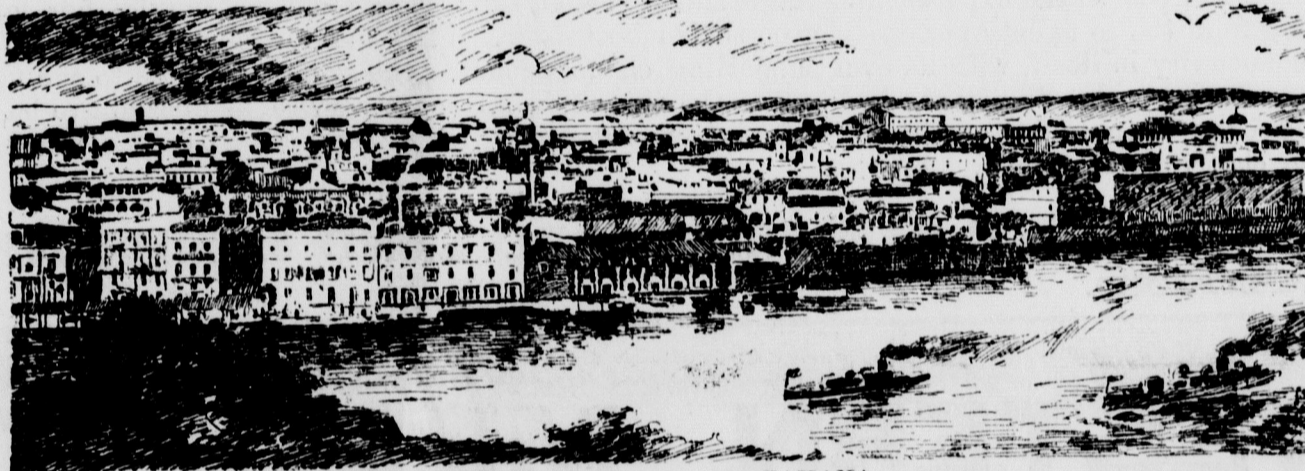
block, and it is all under a single roof. There are numberless booths in which are exposed for sale all the fruits of the tropics, sea fish, fresh water fish, meats, game, leather goods, jewelry and such curios as only a seaport visited by the commerce of the world can pick up. There are seen men, women and children of every nationality upon the earth. The wonder is how so small a town can gather to itself such a wide range of humanity.

The population of Havana is mixed and its morale is very low. The condition of the women remind a widely traveled man of the women of the Orient. They are close-kept and live in tropical idleness. Miscegenation is common, and it is no rare matter to find a Cuban family of very good social position and of considerable wealth composed of persons that would be classed

as quadroons in America. Havana is a city of grand surprises for the foreign visitor. A political mite as it is in comparison with London, there are slums in Havana that cannot be matched in the metropolis of the world.

As Place of Residence.

Havana has infinite charms as a place of residence. Its climate, its vegetation, the cheap rate at which one can buy all the delicacies of the table, the romance in the very air, the ease with which a little labor will yield a large return, the proximity of the sea, its middle distance between the invigorating north and the tropical countries of the southern continent, the profusion of its fruits and flowers—all these things make it a most desirable



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HAVANA.

last for ages. In it are the remains of Christopher Columbus—that is, the tomb is there, beside the altar and the inscription. It is also duly authenticated that the remains are there, too, but even Spaniards nod doubtfully when asked, "Is it true?"

The lottery is the curse of Havana. One of the first cries heard on the street in the morning is the shrill voice of a Cuban yelling that he has lottery tickets for sale. It is often the last sound heard at night. It would seem that all Cuba must gamble to support so formidable a company of fakirs.

All the storekeepers are courteous and unobtrusive. A visitor experiences great difficulty in purchasing anything characteristically Cuban in the stores, but that is because Cuba produces only two things, sugar and tobacco, and buys everything she uses—even buys back her sugar refined.

The easiest thing to buy is cigars, and they cost astonishingly less than in the States. There is an experience in buying them, because the great cigar factories of Havana, producing brands that are known to smokers all over the world, are interesting institutions. They occupy buildings so nearly resembling the ordinary dwelling house that they would be mistaken for them by a stranger except for the odor.

Quaint Cuban Houses. The Cuban house of the better class is of the ordinary, typical construction. It is enormously heavy, built of adobe or soft stone, to withstand earthquakes and to resist heat. The rooms are enormous, with ceiling from fifteen to twenty or twenty-five feet high, all floors, even in the bedrooms, being of stone, and the windows covered with great iron bars.

The houses of the lower class look no different from without, but are awful within, and there the cause of Havana's scourges of yellow fever is at once apparent. The city is badly drained. The bay, with no free course of water, and comparatively little tide, is a reservoir, uncleaned, of the city's offal. It breeds disease, and in squalor where personal uncleanliness is added to the perils incurred by municipal neglect, the houses of the poor have become the incubators of pestilence. Havana has many beautiful parks, squares and public places. The squares are all ornamented with royal palms and here and there an orange or banana tree, and here and there an Indian laurel.

No city in the world is furnished with such an abundance and variety of foods as Havana, with the possible exception of San Francisco. The earth and the sea give to its people all the best of their fruits. The great market of Havana is without an equal, surpassing, as it does, the famed French market of New Orleans. This market covers an area equal to that of an American

place to live, and there is no doubt that thousands of Americans had been there long ago were it not for the blighting and depressing rule of Spain—a rule that tends to ruin commerce and enterprise wherever it has sway.

In 1550 the seat of Spanish officialdom in Cuba was transferred from Santiago de Cuba to Havana, an early recognition of the city's importance. One year later pirates under the leadership of the notorious Jacob Sores attacked the town, sacked its church and the dwellings of the wealthy and compelled the commander of the fortress to surrender. Sores soon grew tired of the place and withdrew. But his example was frequently followed, and numerous attempts were made by buccaneers to capture the city and loot it. Notable among these efforts was that of the English buccaneer, Sir Francis Drake, who assaulted Havana in 1585, but was compelled to retire. The first scourge of yellow fever appeared in the shipping during the summer of 1761. In 1762 Admiral Pooock, with an English squadron, attacked Havana and forced it to capitulate. For two months the city put up a brave defense. In 1793 Havana was restored to the Spanish by the treaty of Paris.

The first newspaper published in Havana was *La Gaceta de la Habana*, which appeared in 1782. In 1789 the Jesuits were expelled from the city, and their church was converted into the cathedral of the diocese. This is the church in which it is said the ashes of Columbus were deposited in the year 1806. In 1818 Havana was opened to the commerce of the world.

Col. Hawkins—Uncle Mose, I hear you and your wife had a little dispute again last night. Which came out ahead this time? Uncle Mose (dubiously) feeling a lump on the back of his head—"I's powerful glad to say dat I kin out ahead, boss; but she mighty nigh overtook me.—Harper's Bazar.

We want it understood right now that we never count ourselves among "the friends of the family who want to see the remains."

Woman was born to love and he loved and she fights it out on that line.

TOBACCO FROM AUSTRALIA.

Weed Is Being Cultivated by Farmers in the Antipodean Island.

Australia has at last set about making a serious effort to cultivate tobacco. For thirty years or more the weed has been grown in limited areas in New South Wales, Queensland and Victoria, but it can scarcely be said to have been cultivated. Not at any stage has the industry been backed by scientific knowledge—at least, not until experts were sent over from this country. Victoria secured the services of Mr. Bondurant, a Kentuckian. If we mistake not, New South Wales those of Mr. Howell, also from the south. The former has been at the antipodes for two or three years, and the latter only a few months. Sufficient, however, has been done by Mr. Bondurant in Victoria to demonstrate that a good marketable article can be grown there, and that in future tobacco will figure much more prominently in the list of Australian exports than was thought likely a few years back. It was the success which attended the efforts of Mr. Bondurant as a practical instructor that induced the government of New South Wales to follow Victoria's lead and also turn to the States for a scientific teacher. And now we learn that the agricultural department of Queensland is assisting its growers by importing the best American seed procurable. The expert, it is presumed, will follow in due course.

There is no doubt whatever that tobacco can be profitably grown in all the Australian colonies. The product may never rival Vuelta Abajo—not even equal that of our New England States, but the fact that the governments have decided to push the enterprise for all that it is worth means that tobacco in large quantities will eventually be produced and placed on the markets of Europe.

The government expert is very well pleased with the results attained at the experimental farm at Edl, where he planted a large number of varieties of plug and cigar leaf tobacco. Mr. Bondurant's chief object has been to determine what varieties of leaf were best adapted to Victorian soil and climate, and this, it is claimed, he has done. Next season a larger crop is to be set out, and should that prove a commercial success the tobacco-raising industry will be fairly launched. In all human probability it will be years before Australia becomes a competitor of ours in this field, but once it has been proved that tobacco is a profitable crop to grow, and the farmers have learned to handle it, then we may have to bestir ourselves.—Tobacco Leaf.

MAORIS BECOMING EXTINCT.

New Zealand Colored Race Is Fast Succumbing Before the Whites.

The Maoris of New Zealand seem to be doomed to extinction in spite of the fact that all the conditions surrounding them appear to be favorable to their survival. The quarrel between the races is ended, and large tracts of land are reserved for them. The young men are educated, 90 per cent of them being able to read and write. Their chiefs in many cases derive large incomes from rents of land, and are represented in the legislature. A great Maori college stands at Te Autei, Hawke's Bay, and not a few of the cleverer Maori youths have passed through the classes of the New Zealand university. And yet the Maoris, under that mysterious law which makes a colored race vanish before the breath of the all-conquering whites, are passing away.

A conference of educated Maoris was held a short time ago, and papers were read on the condition and prospects of the race. These are now published in pamphlet form, and make a very melancholy bit of literature. It is declared that 90 per cent of educated Maoris go back from their schools to mere savagery. The race, these representative Maoris declare, is lower both in morals and in vitality than it has ever yet been, and threatens to perish. Yet physically and intellectually the Maori is—or was—the finest colored race in the southern hemisphere.—New York Evening Post.

Russian Gold Production.

Russia holds the third place among gold-producing countries. Gold is only found in large quantity in the Ural mountains and east and west Siberia; the very limited output of washed gold in Finland is not of any importance. It is only natural that the Russian government should do all in its power to advance the gold-mining industry. Its plan is to train up a staff of mining engineers, and to let these experts visit North America, south Africa and Australia. It is also proposed to attempt a second extraction of gold from some of the vast quantities of residue, etc., in the various mining districts.—Philadelphia Record.

Prayers for Columbus.

Prof. Park of Andover figures rather amusingly in the reminiscences of the late Prof. Schaff, just published. In 1842 Schaff, being a privat-docent at Berlin, introduced Park to his German friends, among the rest to Kahnis. He relates that, under the continuous pelt-ing of Park's questions, Kahnis finally exclaimed in despair: "God forgive Christopher Columbus for discovering America!"

Oldest Piece of Glass.

The British museum contains the oldest specimen of pure glass which bears any date. This is a little lion's head, having on it the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty.

One Bank Failure.

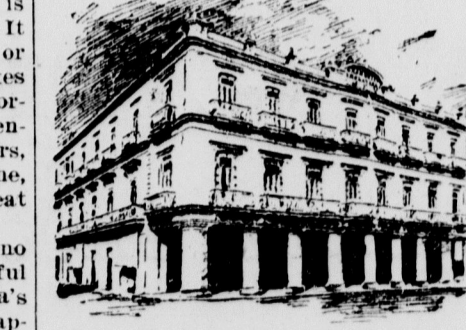
San Marino, the little republic in the Apennines, has proved that it is up to date by having a bank failure and arresting all the directors for fraud.

Woman was born to love and he loved and she fights it out on that line.

place to live, and there is no doubt that thousands of Americans had been there long ago were it not for the blighting and depressing rule of Spain—a rule that tends to ruin commerce and enterprise wherever it has sway.

In 1550 the seat of Spanish officialdom in Cuba was transferred from Santiago de Cuba to Havana, an early recognition of the city's importance. One year later pirates under the leadership of the notorious Jacob Sores attacked the town, sacked its church and the dwellings of the wealthy and compelled the commander of the fortress to surrender. Sores soon grew tired of the place and withdrew. But his example was frequently followed, and numerous attempts were made by buccaneers to capture the city and loot it. Notable among these efforts was that of the English buccaneer, Sir Francis Drake, who assaulted Havana in 1585, but was compelled to retire. The first scourge of yellow fever appeared in the shipping during the summer of 1761. In 1762 Admiral Pooock, with an English squadron, attacked Havana and forced it to capitulate. For two months the city put up a brave defense. In 1793 Havana was restored to the Spanish by the treaty of Paris.

The first newspaper published in Havana was *La Gaceta de la Habana*, which appeared in 1782. In 1789 the Jesuits were expelled from the city, and their church was converted into the cathedral of the diocese. This is the church in which it is said the ashes of Columbus were deposited in the year 1806. In 1818 Havana was opened to the commerce of the world.



HOTEL INGLATERRA, RESORT OF FOREIGNERS.

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Col. Hawkins—Uncle Mose, I hear you and your wife had a little dispute again last night. Which came out ahead this time? Uncle Mose (dubiously) feeling a lump on the back of his head—"I's powerful glad to say dat I kin out ahead, boss; but she mighty nigh overtook me.—Harper's Bazar.

We want it understood right now that we never count ourselves among "the friends of the family who want to see the remains."

Woman was born to love and he loved and she fights it out on that line.

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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.

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

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

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