

The Enterprise.

VOL. 1.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1896.

NO. 43.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

5:54 A. M. Daily.
7:29 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).
9:15 A. M. Daily.
12:49 P. M. Daily.
2:14 P. M. Daily.
4:10 P. M. Daily.
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.

SOUTH.

7:20 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).
8:24 A. M. Daily.
10:24 A. M. Sunday Only.
11:13 A. M. Daily.
12:40 P. M. Daily.
2:05 P. M. Daily (except Sunday).
3:50 P. M. Daily.
5:59 P. M. Sundays Only. (Theatre Train.)
12:19 A. M. Sunday Only.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R. TIME TABLE.

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

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

STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abattoir, South San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.

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

POST OFFICE.

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

MAILS ARRIVE.

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

MAIL CLOSURE.

No. 5, South	8:30 a. m.
No. 14, North	9:50 a. m.
No. 18, South	2:30 p. m.
No. 6, North	6:00 p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

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

Sunday school at 9:30 p. m.

MEETINGS.

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

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT

Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City

TREASURER

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

TAX COLLECTOR

F. M. Grandger.....Redwood City

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

H. W. Walker.....Redwood City

ASSESSOR

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

COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER

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

SHERIFF

Wm. P. McEvoy.....Redwood City

AUDITOR

Geo. Barker.....Redwood City

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City

CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR

Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City

SURVEYOR

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

EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deeds and Mortgages Filed in the Recorder's Office the Past Week.

Kate Sweeney-Mahon and R. Anastasia Sweeney-Pescia to Charles Joselyn, lot 17, block 17, Sweeney's Addition to Redwood City..... 10

William Holder to Antonio Genocchio, 38 feet on Holder Street by 100 feet in depth, Union Park Land Company to Mollie B. Chase, Friedman, lot 16, block 17, Union Park Land Co..... 10

Alfred E. Blake and wife to Capital Building and Loan Association, part of lots 18 and 19, Blake Tract, Menlo Park..... 10

Wellesley Land and Improvement Company to Ellen N. Brady, lot 39, subdivision 2, Wellesley Park..... 180

Eugene A. V. and wife to Emma Z. Locke, lot 7, block 3, University Heights..... 10

Emma Z. Locke to D. McC. Gedde, lot 7, block 5, University Heights..... 10

E. A. Husing and wife to Charles P. Kerrell, lot 6, block 25, Western Addition to San Mateo..... 10

Abraham Green to Mary P. Rucker, lots 18, 20, and 22, Bellevue Tract..... 10

Thomas Hillis to Thomas McCrory, 120 acres, Pescadero..... 10

B. V. Weeks and wife to Alfred W. Goshon, administrator, part of NW quarter of NE quarter of Sec. 10, township 8 south, range 9 W..... 8

Kate Sweeney-Mahon and R. Anastasia Sweeney-Pescia to Cus'ave A. Thiel, north half of lot 12, block 17, Sweeney's Addition to Redwood City..... 10

James Johnston to John F. Johnston, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34 and 35, Johnston Ranch..... 10

MORTGAGES AND DEEDS OF TRUST.

Solomon Levy to the German Savings and Loan Society, 35 acres..... 10000

Arthur H. Stephenson of Philadelphia, Victor Dunrand of Smyrna, Del., and Charles A. Brothers of Dover, Del., single-tax speakers, have been released from Dover jail. They went at once to Philadelphia. They had served thirty days for blockading the streets of Dover by public speaking, contrary to an ordinance, and were fined \$10 each, but elected to go to jail instead. It is expected Judge Wales will give a decision in the United States Court on the question of the constitutionality of the arrests. Thirteen single-taxers are still in Dover jail.

Chino is shipping their new sugar to Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and Utah. Six or seven carloads a day are sent out.

ALONG THE COAST.

Interesting Occurrences From all Over the Coast.

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED

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

San Pedro had a \$5000 fire recently. Vallejo milkmen have organized for mutual protection.

Del Norte ranchers are all busy at present harvesting hay.

Marin county is soon to have a 15-mile driveway from San Rafael to Tiburon.

The Sausalito town trustees intend to enforce the ordinance against the pool-sellers.

The San Jose Board of Trade is getting ready for the County Fair on September 27th.

San Diego has been definitely chosen as the terminus of the new Japanese line of steamships.

An agent of Claus Spreckels is to examine the land in Yolo county to ascertain its fitness for sugar beet raising.

Arthur Scott, a wealthy rancher, is hauling his grain into Los Angeles by mule teams rather than pay the S. P. exorbitant rates.

The Society of California Pioneers will celebrate at El Campo on the 9th of September. S. M. Shortridge will deliver the oration.

Stephen Zadu has been indicted by the U. S. Grand Jury in San Francisco for sending a threatening postal card through the mails.

California makes the best sole leather in the world, yet the people of this coast are sending over \$20,000,000 east for shoes every year.

The big flouring mills at Colton, owned by J. F. Suman, are to be removed to San Bernardino. The new location is at Fourth and B streets.

Russian River Valley owners of hop yards have contracts at fair prices running for a period of years to come, and are not affected by the decline in the hop business.

Admission day will be celebrated in San Francisco at the Mechanics' Fair with a native baby show. Cups will be given to best boy and girl babies, twins and triplets.

The contractors for the jetties on Humboldt bar completed the first three months of this season's work August 8th, during which time they have put in 88,800 tons of rock.

Alameda is considering the economy of building a storehouse to hold feed for the fire department horses, and to purchase the feed in a lump instead of advertising for quantities at intervals.

A letter has been intercepted by the Folsom penitentiary authorities, in which S. D. Worden, the condemned train wrecker, was promised that poison would be sent him to commit suicide.

A melon tree or Papaya, in one of the college of agriculture hot houses at the State University is growing large melons several feet from the ground. The tree is a native of the tropics.

Professor C. F. Holder, of Pasadena, has started to explore the channel islands, especially that of San Nicholas. The earthquakes of last year are said to have tossed out antiquities and closed the harbor.

The Chinese trouble at Sisson, which came near stopping work on the Sisson & McCloud River Railroad, has been adjusted. The railroad company has been limited to the employment of seventy-five Chinese.

Testimony was taken by Inspector Birmingham relative to the grounding of the steamer Point Arena off Point Reyes on August 10. Captain Johnson testified that Mate Wickman who was on watch, was drunk.

Horace Poole of San Diego recently jumped from a tower 93 feet high into the ocean at La Jolla before a large crowd, alighting in 8 feet of water unhurt. The best previous record is claimed to be 89 feet some inches.

Francisco Yndart, a concert hall singer at Los Angeles, brought suit to recover \$100,000 from the Coronel estate. The trust document upon which he based his claim has just been declared a forgery in Judge Shaw's court.

Reports from the landowners of Monterey county show that nearly 15,000 acres have been pledged for the growing of beets. It requires 30,000 acres to supply the new refinery that it is intended to build at Salinas, and it is thought that this number will soon be reached.

Frank Miller, formerly butler in the residence of J. L. Franklin, of San Francisco, has been arrested in Santa Barbara upon the charge of abducting Hattie Aber, a 15-year-old girl, who lived in San Pedro. Miller was supposed to have killed a burglar in protecting his master's house.

Dr. Jordan is said to have discovered a new variety of kelp fish off the coast

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Condensed Telegraphic Reports of Late Events.

BRIEF SPARKS FROM THE WIRES

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

Engineers are soon to meet at El Paso, Tex., and talk over the construction of the International Dam.

President Cleveland will make no special preparations to entertain Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Ambassador.

Colonel Charles Greene Sawtelle of Maine has been made Quartermaster-General of the Army by President Cleveland.

The chemical laboratory building, one of the group on the grounds of the University of Illinois, was almost totally destroyed by fire recently.

In Buffalo, N. Y., a fire truck, responding to an alarm, collided with an electric car. Seven firemen were more or less injured, and two so badly they cannot recover.

Three hundred of the all-night employees of the Adams Express Company have gone out on a strike. Their grievance is that union men have been unjustly discharged.

Three men were killed, sixteen more injured and several buildings demolished by the recent explosion of twenty-five pounds of dynamite at New Island, Pennsylvania.

The steamer Three Friends has arrived at Jacksonville, Fla., and the Government officials there have ordered an investigation into the filibustering charges against her.

Oscar W. Neeb, who was prominently connected with the dynamite troubles in the Chicago Haymarket, and who narrowly escaped execution at that time, has just deserted his wife and eloped with another woman.

A letter written to Governor Bradley of Kentucky severely criticizing the appointment of Mrs. Cantrell and Mrs. Charles as delegates to the Tennessee centennial, has caused such hard feeling that a fight may result.

Many inquiries have been sent to the United States Treasury officials relative to the financial question, to all of which the orders are that only cold facts be given, accompanied by nothing that might be construed into an opinion.

The telegraphers of the Union Pacific route have brought suit against the company at Omaha, Neb., alleging that it has violated the agreements of the wage schedule of 1894 and reduced their wages without an order from the court.

A brilliant aurora was seen at Chicago lately. It was in the form of an arch and was like a well-drilled regiment in its alignment and marvelous in its beauty. Prof. Burham, the astronomer, said that it was a meteorological and not an astronomical phenomenon.

Passengers on the second section of the California express, that was wrecked near Pueblo, Colo., recently by heat causing the rails to spread, were scratched and bruised but none seriously hurt. Engineer Davenport and Fireman Reppert, both of Pueblo, perished.

Mrs. Marley of Auburndale, Mass., will sue the Rev. A. B. Simpson of the Christian church for the recovery of a fine gold watch which she, in a moment of religious exaltation, gave to the cause of foreign missions at a camp meeting in Old Orchard, Me., at which \$100,000 in contributions were raised.

The Miners' Union of Leadville, Col., has adopted resolutions to the effect that they will accept for the district the scale of wages fixed by Judge Owens for the Weldon mine, now in the hands of a receiver. The miners demanded \$3 all around, but the Judge allowed only \$2.50 for surface men.

As the steamer Naustria, from Naples, with 400 Italian immigrants on board, was nearing New York on a recent trip, a gigantic waterspout swept by the ship, while deafening thunder claps smote the ears of the terrified immigrants, and flashes of lightning made the sky appear like a sheet of flame.

The big general maps of the United States issued by the General Land Office for this year have just been issued. The result of the work of engraving and printing is one of the most complete and finely finished sets ever issued by the government. The feature is the division of the country into sections, marking the various cessions and purchases from other governments.

Bids were recently opened for \$3,433,033 of 3½ per cent gold bonds of the city of New York. Of the total amount of bonds \$1,519,300 are non-taxable, and for these there were tenders aggregating \$3,897,342, while for the other bonds, amounting to \$2,913,733, the tenders footed up only \$1,861,500. The highest bid was 1.0125. Two bids which name prices below par were thrown out under the law. No award was made.

A Santa Ana man declares that people could have heavy crops of apricots if they would turn loose five or six colonies of bees to fertilize the bloom when apricots are in flower.

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SAN BRUNO Meat Market

F. SANCHEZ, Proprietor.

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

SHOP—MILLER AVENUE, NEAR GYPSY SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.


M. F. HEALEY,

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

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Moderate Charges. Prompt Service.

LINDEN AVENUE,
Between Armour and Juniper Avenues.
Leave Orders at Postoffice.



Detroit Livery Stable

EXPRESS AND TEAMING

OF ALL KINDS.

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

I. GOLDTREE & CO.,

Commission Brokers,

(Casserley's Seven-Mile House,)

SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL.

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

PIONEER GROCERY

GEORGE KNEESE

Groceries and Merchandise Generally.

BAKERY.

Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

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

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

GEO. KNEESE,
206 GRAND AVENUE.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

GENERAL :: MERCHANDISE.

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

:: Free Delivery. ::

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

Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.
Corner Grand.....and.....San Bruno Avcs

THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM.
Editor and Proprietor.

The pivotal States this year will be Illinois, Indiana and Iowa—the I's have it.

Cuba's sugar crop last year was worth \$50,000,000; this year it will not reach \$10,000,000. War is a costly luxury.

The crank who attempted to assassinate President Faure with blank cartridges evidently thought he was fighting a French duel.

A man has been discovered in Maryland who "has lived eighty-five years on frogs' legs exclusively." Lucky dog! How can he afford it?

Arthur J. and Gerald Balfour have been declared failures, so far as British politics is concerned. They are nephews of Lord Salisbury. Comments upon the subject of hypnotism are unnecessary.

Some sympathy is expressed in certain English circles over the fact that the allowance of Princess Haud is not large enough to be really and truly royal. As she will receive about \$80,000 a year out of the sum granted the Prince of Wales by Parliament it is not likely the young woman will suffer. If the royal worshippers in England are really sorry for the Princess there is nothing in the world to prevent them from adding to her income by contributions from their own private purses.

There has been an awkward pause in the revelation of newly discovered heirs to large estates, but it is broken by a report from Texas that amply compensates for the intermission. Thomas B. Watts, a youth of 20, is the beneficiary. He is at present in the hay business at Arcadia, and he has been informed that "property worth \$18,000,000 in the heart of New York City" has been waiting for him for six years. If this fortune proves as tickle as others of the kind Mr. Watts can soon be congratulated on a marked addition to his stock of experience, even if he is forced to sacrifice some of his stock of hay to acquire it.

The popularity of hazing at West Point has received a temporary but serious set-back. The young man who obtained so much entertainment out of the torture of a fellow cadet will have a year of confinement within the limits of the barracks in which to think the matter over. This severe sentence will undoubtedly deter other cadets from indulging in similar cruelty, and should be an instructive object lesson to parents of other young men who practice hazing in colleges where the only punishment is expulsion. If a few fathers would administer a little retributive justice to their hazing sons a college education would be robbed of much of its present terrors.

If any one finds a stray church organ held under suspicious circumstances it is probably the property of the congregation of the Pleasant Valley Church, Barton County, Kan. That is believed to be the only church in the United States to-day that has lost its organ by theft. The crime is somewhat unusual, as ordinarily church organs would be regarded as too bulky to be successfully concealed by robbers. It is particularly heinous in this instance, as the instrument represents the results of numerous social and church festivals. There is no suspicion that the music emitted by the organ has had anything to do with its abrupt taking off or that the singing inspired by the organ has aroused any latent predatory instincts in any of the congregation. The sole theory entertained is that some aggregation of persons simply stole the organ either because they wanted an organ or needed the money it would sell for, and that is the kind of a person chiefs of police have been notified to look out for.

One of the most interesting and picturesque characters in American history is removed by the death of Gen. George W. Jones. Probably there is no man now living who has taken a more notable part in the early development of the country than did Gen. Jones. He was a drummer boy in the war of 1812. He saw active service in the Blackhawk war of 1832. His life covered nearly the whole range from the earliest period of the nation's history to the present time. He knew the Marquis de Lafayette, and he was an intimate friend of Jefferson Davis, being one of the pall-bearers at the latter's funeral only a few years ago. When the complete history of the development of the United States comes to be written, the name of this pioneer in the nation's growth will hold a peculiar and not inconspicuous place. Far back in the '30s Gen. Jones became a delegate to Congress from what was then the territory of Michigan, having for his associates James K. Polk, Alexander H. Stephens and Abraham Lincoln. It was he who presented the bill for the formation of the territory of Wisconsin, naming the region after the river which Father Marquette called the Outisconsin. Immediately afterward he was elected a delegate from the new territory, although at the time acting as a delegate from Michigan territory. He also introduced the bill making Iowa a territory, and when that Commonwealth became a State, in 1846, he was made one of its first Senators. Gen. Jones, indeed, was one of those pioneers in American history whose lives, covering the most vital period of the nation's growth, are inseparably connected with the story of the United States. There are several of these men, who, like Gen. Jones, disappeared from

public notice in later years, but who were none the less important factors in the national progress. But the distinguished Iowa citizen was typical of the class. And to men of his stamp, who paved the way for the oncoming civilization, posterity will always be compelled to acknowledge its indebtedness.

It is a wholesome sign of returning reason in the criminal world to read that a stage coach has been held up in Colorado with a strict observance of all the traditional rites and ceremonies. Three masked men, the usual equipment of the good old days, did the business with a graceful deference to the timidity of the four ladies in the party and an uncompromising insistence on the strict attention of all the fourteen men. The eighteen passengers were aligned in the road with almost military precision, according to the reports, and the transfer of cash and jewelry was conducted with fastidious bandit propriety. At the conclusion of the performance the coach resumed its journey with its newly enlightened and lightened occupants, and the three relics of a decadent industry "bowed themselves" away into the woods. This revival of an ancient custom on its native heath is reassuring to residents of cities who feel they have been overworked by the transplanted practice bunglingly indulged in by callow imitators. If robbery is to flourish in any honorable guise it must be in the far West and limited exclusively to stage coaches.

A feature of the International Socialist Labor and Trade Union Congress in London will be the discussion of arbitration and war in their relation to workingmen. Resolutions under consideration condemn all war with the exception of that waged in defense of the home country against invasion; call for a gradual reduction of military service in European armies by means of an international convention, and call upon all governments to adopt a system of arbitration in place of war for the settlement of disputes. In another resolution jingoism is denounced as being uttered in the name of the people by unscrupulous rulers and ignorant dupes. Such jingoism is repudiated, followed by the statement that the congress of workers' representatives "holds out the hand of love and sympathy to the masses of every land." It is even proposed to oppose war by strikes by calling on workers in the countries affected to cease their labor in case of a declaration of war wherever such cessation of work would exercise an influence upon the war. This last is an extreme measure, like some others proposed in the congress, which is a body of radicals and stands for socialism pure and simple. Nevertheless, in its denunciation of war and its espousal of arbitration the congress voices what is coming more and more to be the sentiment of the workmen of all countries. It is they who suffer by wars. It is they who must bear the burden imposed by immense standing armies and the costly military systems of Europe. Whenever workingmen come together in international convention, of whatever sort, it is but natural that they should protest at being led into war against each other when the disputes might better be settled by peaceful means.

The history of railways in this country, writes M. E. Ingalls, in the Engineering Magazine, shows the progressiveness of the Anglo-Saxon race probably better than anything else that history records. Greater than any conquest of territory, more important than any other step in civilization has been the progress of the railways in the last fifty years. An illustration of this progress are the statistics published by the Pennsylvania Road, which has just celebrated its semi-centennial. Statistics were not so well kept in early days as now, but in 1852 this road reported that it had carried 102,000,000 tons of freight one mile at an average rate of 3.75 cents per ton per mile. In 1895 it reported 8,173,218,403 tons of freight one mile at the rate of .56 cent per mile. Nothing like this in the history of the development of the human race has ever been known. The propelling power of steam has advanced the material world more in fifty years than all else that had been discovered in the fifty preceding centuries. The year 1895 was probably, says Mr. Ingalls, the turning point in the management of railways in this country. Up to that time dishonest and illegal practices were the rule. Even the interstate commerce laws did not put an end to the pernicious systems of rate-cutting, discriminations, etc. "Probably," he writes, "a worse state of affairs never existed in reference to a large business interest than that which prevailed among railways in the early part of 1895." A meeting of representatives of the lines between the Mississippi River and the Atlantic Ocean and north of the Ohio and Potomac was held in New York in June of that year, at which the first steps of a great reform were taken, and out of which grew the Joint Traffic Association. The result of this has been that since Jan. 1 tariffs have been maintained practically all over the country with such uniformity as in all his twenty-five years of experience in managing railroads Mr. Ingalls has never known. The present duty of railway companies is to see that this improvement is made permanent. If this reform movement is not carried on, if a return is made to the methods of the two years ending June 30, 1895, "those of us," writes Mr. Ingalls, "engaged in this profession would lose the respect of ourselves and of our fellow-citizens, and deservedly so."

No one knows in his own case when is the proper time to quit.

How we'd all howl if we knew what other people said about us!

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 Canning Children.

She Put Bloomers on Her Dolly. Virginia Montmorenci, you are looking like a fright; I'll put you in the closet, to cry the livelong night; You are a naughty dolly, for you never comb your hair; I cannot take you walking or show you anywhere; Your hands are always dirty and you never wash your face; You're always sprawling on the ground, and never know your place; You were a splendid dolly when I got you long ago, And everybody said you were as fair and white as snow, But now you're getting careless as you walk along the street, And papa says you like to wear stone bruises on your feet.

You are a horrid dolly, oh, Virginia, I declare! And I must spank you soundly, though you think I am a bear; It's no use making faces to try to make me play, I guess you'll have to go to jail to pass the time away. There are no buttons on your dress, your hands are never clean, And you must wear the bloomers now, the baggiest ever seen. Oh, yes, you must be punished, your behavior is not right—And when you wear the bloomers you will be a funny sight! —James E. Kinsella.

Wanted to Go Home. The two small boys who wanted to fight Indians had gotten some distance from home. The romance had dwindled and a discouragement which neither liked to confess had taken possession.

"Look here," said one of them at last, "I've been playin' I'm Sierry Sam for two days now, haven't I?" "Yes," was the reply.

"Well, I'm kind o' tired o' that game. I think I'll play the prodigal son."

A Point of Merit. Three little maidens were discouraging about the baby brothers who had taken up their residence in the three families during the past year. "My little brother Ned's got a lovely silver mug that grandma sent him," said the first little girl; "it's just a beauty; and he had a silver knife and fork from grandpa, too." "My little brother Walter's got a beautiful carved rattle that Uncle Henry sent him from China," said the second little girl; "mother's put it away in a drawer to keep till he's grown up." "My little brother Freddie's not half so big as your brothers," said the third child, with an air of one endeavoring to conceal a feeling of triumph, "but the doctor says he's had more spasms than any other baby in this neighborhood, so there!"

Curious Stone Worth Thousands. One day several years ago a bare-footed boy who was wandering down the shores of a little creek in Georgia saw an odd stone lying in the sand. His sister was making a collection of carnelians and he thought it would be nice to take this pretty stone home to her. So he put it in his pocket, and when he got home his father and mother and sister all looked at it. They were certain it was not a carnelian, nor could they tell what it was. So the boy kept it. One day a gentleman from Cincinnati, who had property interests in Georgia, came into the town where the boy lived, and one afternoon he saw the peculiar stone and became interested in it at once. He asked permission to take it with him and have it examined. And when he gave it to a lapidary he found out that it was a beautiful opal, worth tens of thousands of dollars. And in two weeks' time the boy who found it knew that he was the richest boy in Georgia. Since that time many fine opals have been picked up in that part of the South, but few of them equal the one first found.

Where Fishes Swim. If you go to the lakes or to the seashore this summer you should take a waterscope along with you. A waterscope is a device which will enable you to peer down to the bottom of a lake or stream and see the seaweeds, with the fish resting among them. Any boy can make one of them very easily, and he can have no end of fun using it. The waterscope consists of a long, narrow box, covered at one end with glass—ordinary window glass. To make it get four pieces of smooth, straight-grained pine wood, one-quarter of an inch in thickness, 20 or 24 inches long and 2½ inches wide. Have these pieces made true and exact in measurement. Carefully tack them to-

gether with brads in the form of a long box. It may be well before joining them to dab on a little white-lead paint, so as to make the joints water-tight. Now cut a piece of glass the size of one end of the long box. You can readily cut glass with an old pair of shears by holding it under water. Fasten this piece of glass to the end of the tube by means of a few small tacks



WATCHING THE FISH.

driven close to its edges. Then putty it carefully round, and when the putty is thoroughly dry, paint the box and putty, taking pains to fill all the cracks. This is necessary, to make the box water-tight.

In a day or two your waterscope will be dry enough for use. On some bright, sunny afternoon push your boat out on the lake or stream where you wish to experiment. Thrust the glass end of the waterscope well under the surface of the water and place your eye at the other end. You will find that you can see through the water with great distinctness, often to the hiding places of fish among those forests of the lake bottoms, the seaweeds. The object of the waterscope is to cut through the disturbed surface of the lake where your boat stands, and also to protect your eyes from the reflection of the sun on the water. Of course it does not act like a telescope, and you cannot see to the bottom where the water is very muddy or where it is very deep.

But you will be astonished at what a fairland of beauty the waterscope will reveal along the edges of some of our clear lakes on a sunny day. Often you can see a big clam, with his mouth wide open, waiting for his dinner to drop into it, or a lazy pickerel or a sun-fish resting near the bottom, and sometimes you will see lost objects of various kinds, including trolling hooks and lines and other things of a similar nature. The writer once knew a man who found a watch which he had dropped into the lake by means of a waterscope.

Obeded Orders. "I once knew a man named Muggins, who was a queer sort of a person," said Congressman Mondell of Wyoming, "and I always thought a good deal of him. Once he hired an Englishman to work on his ranch. But when they gave him a trial it turned out that he couldn't ride nor rope.

"Johnny, said Muggins, 'kin yer dig post holes?' "Johnny thought he could, so Muggins sets him to work making holes in the ground. He draws a straight line for him and then he sits down at one end and tells Johnny to go ahead.

"You just dig post holes, Johnny, along this line until I tells yer to stop." "I just made up my mind how far I want yer to go. But I'll tell yer."

"Johnny digs post holes, and Muggins goes out every day to see how he is getting along. But in a few days he gets a call to attend court in Cheyenne and stays away two months. When he comes back he asks: "Wharabouts is that ar young Britisher that was here when I left?" "Oh, is it Johnny you mean?" "That same critter," says Muggins.

"Oh, why, Johnny he left here about two months ago with six months' provisions and a pack horse and said you told him to do something or other. He hasn't showed up since."

"Muggins threw his leg over the back of a cow pony, with a grim expression and a growl and began to follow Johnny's trail by the post holes. By night he catches up with him. There was Johnny with his pack horse and his provisions in camp.

"What be yer doin' here?" said Muggins. "Bless me heyas, Mr. Muggins, but I'm glad to see you!" shouts the Englishman. "Ow long, sir, are ye goin' to keep me a-diggin' these bloody post holes?" "How long?" shouted Muggins. "Ye plagued fool, you're three miles across the county line now. Pack up and come home."—Washington Post.

In His Own Country. A novelist, like a prophet, sometimes suffers from lack of appreciation on the part of his neighbors. "The folks hereabouts take him calmly enough" was the remark of one of Thomas Hardy's neighbors in Wessex, England. A recent article, "In Thomas Hardy's Country," in Temple Bar, furnishes additional proof that the people of that locality are entertaining a great man unaware. The writer questioned the driver of a van over a road near Casterbridge if he knew Hardy.

"Hardy, the poet? Yes, I often sees 'en goen' along in a voin noble study, with 'is 'ead down an' a lot o' books under 'is arm. 'E never 'ave nobody with 'en. They tells I 'is books are wonderful deep, but I ain't read 'em, not I. I don't get time for readin' nothen' but the labels on the parcels I carry an' the names of the public houses."

Again the writer of the article encountered, in place of a stolid indifference, mild envy of Hardy and open contempt for the region, rich in associations, which the novelist has so fully described.

The critic in this case was an old man who was found at a railway station near Egdon Heath. In response to the usual inquiry about Hardy came this delicious bit of depreciation:

"Oh, the writer' chap! I've read some of his works. They says 'tis a gift. Seems to me 'tis just written—just sittin' down an' written' and not doin' nothen' at all. What do 'e do, I ask 'ee? Here be I doin' more proper work than Hardy ever did, an' they don't talk about I, an' say, 'There's a great chap, like they do about 'e."



FARMS AND FARMERS.

I had no occasion to ask a question. The team had just returned from the field, and the farmer was engaged at one horse and his hired man at the other sponging their shoulders with water. This is done every time they come into the stable after hard work, and freedom from shoulder abrasions and consequent comfort of the animals is the natural result. When horses return from hard work it may be noticed that they try to rub their shoulders against the stall to allay irritation. A humane man will not withhold the soothing influence of the application of a little water.—Farm and Fireside.

The Dairy. The cow, to make good milk, needs good blood.

Good feeding is the foundation of all profitable dairying. A stunted calf means an inferior cow or steer. It is less trouble to wean the calf at the start and feed it than to allow it to suck and wean it at the end.

Generally the more docile the calf the better milker will be the cow. The dairy farm should grow continually richer, and it will do so very readily if proper management is given. In making butter for the best market it is essential to secure uniformity in color, in texture, in salting and in packing, leaving no salt in the butter.

If the cow is not free from disease care of the utensils will not prevent the germs of disease from entering through the milk. It is by no means a question of thoroughness, as all fairly good cows will make good cream, from which good butter can be made, when the care and conditions are right.

An overfed cow will not digest all of her food and in this way her milk and the butter made from it will be injured. To secure the best results good digestion and assimilation are very essential. The cow inherits the habit of producing well at the pail or she inherits the habit of producing fat on her ribs and back. In the dairy the former is what is wanted.

The Apiary. Bees, small fruit and poultry make a good combination. Golden rod gives a rich, thick honey of a golden color. The queen bee is the only perfectly developed female in the hive. A young queen is more liable to produce a working progeny, and an old one drones.

It is best to construct the size of the hive to suit the size of the colony. This can be done by the use of division boards. An examination of the hive should be made and all unnecessary brood comb removed, as an oversupply of worthless drones is very objectionable.

Nut Culture. Nut culture promises to be a recognized industry in this country within a few years. Many groves of chestnuts have been started, and along the Pacific coast, filbert culture is being considered. In the last three months of 1895, France alone sent \$295,890.85 worth of nuts, of which \$84,529.70 went for walnuts. Spain sent \$47,439.28 worth of nuts, mostly filberts and almonds. Italy sent \$93,017.79 worth—about \$5,000 worth of almonds and the rest nearly equally divided between filberts and chestnuts. These figures cover only one-quarter of the year, and it is evident that there is an opening here for the American nut grower to add to his revenue.

Odds and Ends. If it is not convenient to fill flannel bags for the sick room with sand, bran will answer the purpose very well and will retain the heat a long time.

Wormwood boiled in vinegar and applied as hot as can be borne on a sprain or bruise, is an invaluable remedy. The affected member should afterward be rolled in flannel to retain the heat.

Before commencing to seed raisins, after the stems are removed, cover the fruit with very hot water and let it stand a few moments. Drain the water off and the seeds may then be removed quite easily. Grapes are excellent for leanness, therefore may be indulged in freely, and in the winter small doses of cod liver oil, commencing with a teaspoonful immediately after a meal, will often assist materially in producing flesh.

When unfortunate enough to spill hot grease upon the top of a clean, white kitchen cap, quickly pour cold water upon it and that will cool it at once. This prevents the wool from absorbing the grease, which then can be easily removed. To remove an odor from a barrel, half fill it with cold water. Heat half a dozen stones the size of the palm of the hand until they are red hot and throw them into the water, and let the water remain in the barrel until cold; then rinse the barrel with clean, cold water.

Throughout all the warmer months one eats more sour vegetables and more fruit. As these are bad for the teeth, while generally excellent for the stomach, extra care should be taken in much brushing, and care that the lim of the teeth is not eaten into by the acid. After every meal is not to often to brush the teeth, and it should be conscientiously done while this sort of food is on the table.

Shoulder Galls. At this season of the year, when the farmers' horses are at hard work, their shoulders are very liable to gall. A man who works his team notoriously hard in the spring never galls them. Calling at his stable to learn the reason

LOCAL NOTES.

What is 16 to 1?
It is 16 to 1 that there will be a wedding in town today.
It is 16 to 1 that there is no merrier music than that of wedding bells.

It is 16 to 1 that woman suffrage will win when all women join to work for it.

It is 16 to 1 that if you don't read the Enterprise, you don't get the news.

It is 16 to 1 that it will be a long time before the poor become rich if they depend upon an act of congress to make them so.

Frank West was in town this week. Secretary Chapman was in town Monday.

James Kern, of Redwood City, paid our town a visit last Sunday.

Thomas Harrison, of Colma, paid our town a visit on Tuesday.

C. V. Lodge, of Fruitvale, Alameda county, paid our town a visit Monday.

W. J. Sinclair is meeting with success in his new mining venture in Placer county.

J. L. Wood is busy this week erecting a fence from the brick yard to the San Bruno road.

R. K. Patchell was the recipient yesterday of a handsome present in the shape of a young deer hound.

Our deer slayers, elated by their late successes, leave today for the former fields of their triumphs.

Mrs. Helen Greenleaf, of Alameda, was a guest yesterday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. J. Martin.

Mr. Wm. Rehberg has just received three carloads of hay and stored the same at his Detroit Livery Stables.

John Solen, of Redwood City, a warhorse of the San Mateo county Democracy, was in town last Sunday.

Boots and shoes made to order and repairing neatly done by P. L. Kaufmann, corner Cypress and Grand avenues.

Miss Gracie Martin received a very handsome present from her grandmother upon the occasion of her fourth birthday.

Land Agent W. J. Martin has been busy the past week surveying the new road to the works of the Baden Brick Company.

The Vandebos raffle for a new harness was well attended. J. Flood, book-keeper at Sanchez meat market, was the lucky man.

The Republican County Central Committee will meet Saturday, August 29th, at Redwood City, to call the county convention primaries.

George R. Sneath, of Jersey Farm, has been suffering from severe illness the past week, requiring the attendance of Dr. Baldwin of San Mateo.

As the Baden Brick Company open up their newly burned kiln of bricks, they find them superior by far to anything heretofore produced in this State.

Davie Martin has been confined to his bed the past few days, owing to a sprained knee, caused by colliding with a large dog while riding his bicycle.

Charley Johnson has been occupied the past week fitting up the Bennett building, putting in show case windows, and preparing it for occupancy as a store by Mrs. Cohen.

We are pleased to learn that Sam Trask has not only found relief from the asthma at Phoenix, Arizona, but that he has also been fortunate in securing employment there.

Dr. I. R. Goodspeed, of San Mateo, the newly-appointed Health Inspector of San Mateo county, was in town on Monday conferring with W. J. Martin, Secretary of the Board of Health.

A man named Walther died suddenly at the Nine-Mile House on Wednesday. Coroner's inquest was held Thursday and verdict rendered was that death was caused by alcoholism.

Mrs. Marie Suter, mother of Mrs. Wm. Quan and Miss Sophie Suter, with Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Haskins, of San Francisco, spent Sunday in town as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Quan.

The engine of the Southern Pacific train south at 8:49 Saturday morning, broke down at this place, necessitating a delay of 45 minutes, until another engine could be sent out from San Francisco.

The would-be candidates for various county officers have subsided. The recent decision of the Supreme Court upholding the four-year term, has narrowed the local election contest to only a few offices.

Some one stole a cart from John Brandrup's premises on Saturday night. On Sunday morning Brandrup found the missing vehicle on Grand avenue broken, wrecked, and in ruins, but was unable to find any clue to the thief.

United States Meat Inspector John F. Nelson and Ambrose McSweeney, having completed the six months' probation as officers under the terms of the civil service law, took the final oath of office on the 25th, and became permanent United States officials.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to several inquiries we have received this week as to whether the owner of a single cow is under the jurisdiction of the live stock inspector, and as to whether it can be condemned, will say that in other localities the law is being strictly enforced with reference to all live stock. We are informed that it is the intention in this county to enforce the law in all cases both in the herds of dairymen and the animals of individuals whether the milk is marketed or not. The idea being to stamp out if possible the spread of tuberculosis.

PRESS NOTES.

COUNTY NOTES.

The Price Hotel has been rented to ex-Sheriff W. H. Kinne, and after Sept. 1st it will be conducted by him. Mr. Kinne is too well known to need any mention. The fact that he is to run the hotel is sufficient assurance that it will be a success under his management.—Times-Gazette, Redwood.

John Busch, who was convicted in the Superior Court on a charge of horse stealing a short time ago, was sentenced Thursday by Judge Buck to serve two years in San Quentin. Busch belongs to a gang of San Francisco hoodlums who make raids on the farmers in the northern end of the county every now and then. Although he is scarcely nineteen years old he has all the appearance of a hardened criminal. He took his sentence as nonchalantly as an old convict.—Times-Gazette.

Talk about your big sun flowers! but if you want to see the biggest ever grown in the county call on Mrs. A. A. Titus. You will be shown a flower that measures exactly thirty inches in diameter. Mrs. Titus will preserve the flower and plant and have it on exhibition at the chrysanthemum show in October.

The oldest voter on the Great Register is John Baily of Colma. He is now in his one hundred and sixth year, full of vigor and as lively as a man of forty. The old centurion voted for Fremont in 1856 and every republican nominee since that time and his vote in November will be for McKinley and Hobart.—Times-Gazette.

All of the business men and mechanics and most of the laboring men are talking strongly of McKinley. This will be a Republican year for Belmont. No more Democrats for a while in theirs. Too much this year.—Belmont Correspondence Times-Gazette.

The number of votes registered in this precinct is 284, a gain of 22 over last election. Fully 25 voters failed to register owing to their neglect for carelessness and these would have made a gain of nearly 50. Heretofore the Democratic party has had from 30 to 40 majority in the precinct but this year the vote is going to be very close. It will not be surprising to see the McKinley electors receive a slight majority, at least that is how the political sky looks at present, though as the campaign wears on and the voters become thoroughly educated upon the silver question, McKinley's majority may be materially increased.—Menlo Park Correspondence Times-Gazette.

TEETH MAKE MANY ILLS.

The Evils Which Follow Imperfect Mastication May Be Avoided.

"It would take too long to enumerate the many ills which may spring from imperfect teeth," said Dr. Derby. "Of course one who has good teeth knows their value, but not enough people know what to do to keep them always in proper condition. Neither can you tell one just what is necessary at all times. The removal of all foreign substances from any contact with the dentine is of course the primary necessity in considering the preservation of the teeth.

"One of the first reasons why one should have perfect teeth is the influence they exert over the digestion. To secure proper assimilation the process of mastication should be thorough. Nothing less will accomplish the results intended. If this process is incomplete, all the attendant evils of indigestion are likely to follow. Thus the question of health is interposed as a primary one. Freedom from aches and pains and appearance take secondary places.

"Of the many forms of neuralgia which cause such excruciating suffering a great many owe their existence entirely to the presence of faulty teeth. They can be remedied only by the proper treatment of the diseased roots. When this is done, a number of nervous disorders respond readily to the ordinary medical treatment. Toothache, pure and simple, must be considered as an attendant of improperly cared for teeth. It is an old saying that the man who finds an absolute remedy for and preventive of toothache will make a big fortune.

"Of course the primary instruction to one who is suffering from bad teeth is to see a dentist. The exposed surface of the teeth, the enamel, must be kept perfect and whole. Any breaks in it must be immediately repaired and any wearing away or decaying of the structure must be built up if one expects to secure all the perfect results for which the teeth were designed by nature. Constant brushing and cleaning and any good nonacid wash will do much to keep the teeth in good repair.

"Perfumed Flannel. This is the latest fad with the women of the smart set. In appearance it resembles ordinary scarlet flannel of a fairly good quality. It is prepared by some secret process known only to the manufacturer, so that it emits a delicious perfume, a small piece serving to scent every article in a bureau drawer. It is sold by the yard, but is only to be had of the man who makes it and who is in Paris, but will forward it by mail. The perfume is said to be far more enduring than any of the sachets commonly in use.—New York World.

A Negative Quality.

Pervert Admirer—Don't you think, Edmonds, that Miss De Myrrh has beautiful features?

Rejected Lover—She has one feature that I don't like very well. F. A.—What is that?
R. L.—Her noes.—Detroit Free Press.

SKATING STORIES.

They Were Good Enough to Tell, but Their Truth Was Doubtful.

The group were talking about skating. "I don't pretend to be much of a skater," said the man with his feet on the mantelpiece. "The last time I indulged in the pastime, though, I had the good luck to slip into an airhole."

"You don't call that good luck, do you?" asked the man who had been trying to break into the conversation and tell a story himself.

"Well, under ordinary circumstances I wouldn't call it good luck," replied the man with his feet on the mantel, "but in this instance it led to my catching the largest fish ever found in this section of the country. It happened this way: I was skating around the airhole, and at last ran plump into it. The lower part of my body went under the ice, but I was able to hold myself up by the arms. At last a man came to help me out, but one of my skates seemed to have become entangled in something below the surface, and he had to call for assistance. Several persons responded, and by their united efforts pulled me and a four pound rock bass through the airhole. The jaws of the fish were held apart by one of my skate blades, I suppose," he added by way of explanation, "that I must have struck my foot in his mouth when I first went down."

It was the unuttered consensus of opinion that the speaker was a liar. There was a short pause, and the man who had been waiting for a chance told of an adventure on Lake Superior. He said that while skating there one evening, far from shore, he was pursued by a monstrous gray wolf. "The wolf chased me about considerably," he said, "but I wasn't afraid, because I always was a good skater and could beat any wolf that was ever created when it came to getting around on the ice. After I had a little fun with the animal, making 'figure eights' and things like that around him, I thought I would put him to some use. So I made a dash around to his rear and caught hold of his tail with one hand. I had a shiny stick in the other and beat him across the back with it. Well, gentlemen, that beast was so shocked and surprised that he didn't know what to do. He jumped around just like a colt that was being broken in. I held on tight, though, and he finally came to the conclusion that he wanted to go home, and lit out for shore.

"Gentlemen, I know you will believe me when I say that that was the supreme moment of my life. There I was—a holding to the wolf's tail with one hand, beating him with the shiny stick which I held in the other, and flying over the glassy surface at the rate of about 40 miles an hour. As we neared the shore he slowed up some, and on reaching the land lay down and died from exhaustion.

"I have his hide at home now," concluded the narrator, "and you can see it if you want to."

This seemed satisfactory proof of the truth of the tale. At least no one questioned it, and the meeting adjourned.—Washington Star.

Told Army Secrets.

During the war Father Sherman was a camp follower, going in when about 3 years old and remaining with his father, General William T. Sherman, until the close of the struggle. At Black River, on the march from Atlanta to the sea, a Confederate was sent under a flag of truce to Sherman's headquarters. Arriving, he found the general absent, but young Thomas was there and inclined to be communicative when taken upon the knee of the Confederate.

Drawn into conversation, he bluntly remarked, "Why, father can whip you fellows every time." On being interrogated as to how and why he could whip them, the boy proceeded to give detailed information. "Father has 50,000 men and so many cannon, just so many foot and so many horse soldiers. He has just exactly so many men, foot and horse, and so many cannon at another place." The boy did not neglect to state that the northern troops were well off for provisions and how and where they could get them when they wanted them.

General Sherman after the Confederate's departure learned of the conversation. "Why," said he, "you young traitor! There is nothing for it but that you must be court martialed, and you will probably be shot." The boy was not shot, but he was told of the rules and usages of armed forces when at war.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Army Reminiscence.

"Speaking of cures for insomnia," said an old soldier, "makes me think of our starting out one morning at 7 o'clock, marching 20 miles, and meeting the enemy at 2 o'clock; in the afternoon and fighting till 6, and then marching back to where we started from, getting there at 2 o'clock in the morning.

"Some of the men left in camp had made a fire to cook their coffee by and had kept it going through the evening. It was now a big bed of red coals, with an occasional flicker of flame going up from the charred end of a half burned stick. It was a chilly night, and I thought I'd sit down on a log that there was alongside the fire for a few minutes and get warm a little before turning in. The next thing I knew it was 6 o'clock. I had gone to sleep the minute I sat down and had fallen off the log without waking up.

"Now if, as sometimes happens, I find myself inclined to lie awake nights, I just think of the comfort of my present bed as compared with that by the log, and that is enough."—New York Sun.

He Wants a Change.

Mrs. De Lisle had been to the hairdresser. "I see that pompadour rolls are coming in again," she remarked to Mr. De Lisle the next morning at breakfast.

"Thank heaven for that!" retorted her husband. "Do get the recipe for our cook, for the rolls she gives us now are regular jaw breakers!"—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENTIFIC HITTING PAYS.

Spalding Tells How He Was Able to Place the Ball Anywhere.

"Before I joined the Boston Red Stockings," said A. G. Spalding recently, "I used to go up to the bat with the sole object in view of hitting the ball from the shoulder as hard as I could, without any idea as to what part of the field it would go or on the ground or in the air. All I thought of was to 'knock it out of the lot,' as the boys say. But I soon found that there was something more in batting than that. I think I got my first idea of what batting should be from defending my wicket in cricket when we went to England on that baseball tour in 1874. At any rate, I got into the habit of trying to place the ball, instead of hitting at random, and from that time I realized that to try to tap the ball to right field over the heads of the infielders and short of the catching reach of the outfielders was about the right caper.

"The new method of handling the bat, I remember, came to me all of a sudden. I had been for some months batting very poorly while hitting from the shoulder, a base hit being the result in about eight of ten times at the bat, and even less. One day I thought I would try something different, and getting some one to pitch swift balls to me, I went in for tapping them to right field so that they would fall safe, and after a few trials up went my batting average of base hits at a jump, and especially did my hitting prove useful when runners were on the bases. The boys began to want me to follow them at the bat, because I hit so as to bat them round toward home. Then it was that I first practically realized that a swiftly pitched ball to the bat which was just tapped by the bat—that is, hit lightly, but not like a 'bunt'—would go to the field, sharp from the bat, with surprising speed; besides which, I could govern its direction better than it was possible in hitting it from the shoulder, as before.

"Talking of swift pitching," continued Mr. Spalding, "I used to think that we old time pitchers could send in a pretty speedy ball under the rule of the underhand throw, but none of us ever equaled the speed of the cyclone pitching of the present time which comes from the regular overhand throw. Then, too, with all our practice, we could not command the ball in delivery, as is possible in overhand throwing."—New York Times.

ATOMS OF ELECTRICITY.

Calculation That Seems Incomprehensible to the Average Intelligence.

Have you any idea what "an atom of electricity" would look, feel, taste or smell like? In short, have you a mind that is capable of imagining what such an infinitesimal division of the incomprehensible "fluid" would be? We think not. The writer has spent his life "dealing in the realm of the wonderful," yet he is free to confess that he has no more of an idea what an atom of electricity would be than he has of what is to be understood by the words "soul" and "eternity." But there are those who have been spending hours, days and weeks exploring and investigating in the bottomless ocean of electrical mysteries, and who have arrived at some startling conclusions. That such a thing as "an atom of electricity" exists has been believed in by a number of eminent electricians and philosophers, among them the honored Helmholtz and our own Thomas A. Edison.

Working on the theories advanced by the former, Professor Richarz, a well known European investigator, has made some experiments in that line that have started even the electricians—men who come in daily contact with things of the most wonderful nature. According to a recent determination of Professor Richarz, the smallest possible quantity of electricity—that which may properly be termed "an atom"—is such that 430 multiplied by 1,000,000 three times—that is to say, by the cube of 1,000,000—will give the number of atoms in a coulomb of electricity.—St. Louis Republic.

THE GARBAGE CLEANER.

How the "Slopper" Goes His Rounds Picking Up Unconsidered Trifles.

"That man is a slopper," remarked a police officer to a Star writer a few mornings since, "and he and his class give us any amount of trouble. If he stole, we could reach him by the law, but as he only finds, we cannot easily reach him." In further explanation, he said: "A slopper is a man who searches through the garbage cans in the alleys in the rear of hotels, boarding houses and private houses. Some only search for spoons, knives and forks that are thrown into the garbage receptacle by careless servants, for it is a fact that there are more silver spoons and knives and forks thrown away with the garbage than are stolen by servants, though the contrary is generally believed. The slopper is generally an hour or so ahead of the garbage collector, and he is often more regular and careful in his rounds than the garbage man.

"By industry we thrive," as the line in the copy books used to maintain, and by industry on a good west end route, especially one which takes in a number of boarding houses or hotels, a slopper can find enough table ware to pay the expenses of his tour. Often he makes a rich find. Very frequently he has the permission to 'slop' the can from the owners of the houses themselves, for he tells them he is on the lookout for stray pieces of meat, etc., which he sells to those who have dogs to feed. Some sloppers are honest enough to return any silverware they may find for the dog meat privilege, but it is a terrible temptation to many, and one they cannot or do not at times withstand."—Washington Star.

Men are so constituted that everybody undertakes what he sees another successful in, whether he has aptitude for it or not.—Goethe.

ROBIN IN THE RAIN.

Listen to that soaring strain!
It is robin in the rain.
Sitting there aloft, aloft,
Underneath his leafy roof,
Purring from his throbbing throat
Note upon ecstatic note,
Raptures in the swift refrain—
Robin in the rain!

Hearken to the song he sings,
Thy chorister with wings!
"After all the grief and gloom
Brighter blue the skies will bloom.
After all the cloudy we
Earth with gladlier gold will glow:
Joy will triumph over pain!"—
Robin in the rain!

—Clinton Scollard in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Pride and Prejudice.

"I'd be ashamed to go around begging," said the prosperous citizen.
"Pride's a funny thing, ain't it?" answered Mr. Everett West. "Here you are, too proud to beg, and here I am, too proud to work. Takes all sorts to make a world, I guess."—Indianapolis Journal.

Its Effect.

Boggs—I see the weather bureau has put in a typewriter.
Foggs—Well, that means that we are about to have a bad spell of weather.—Yonkers Statesman.

MARKET REPORT.

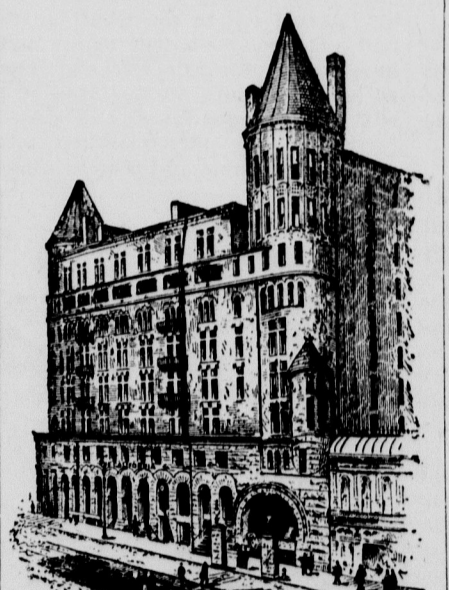
CATTLE for the past two weeks have been offered for sale very freely, causing the market on same to be unsettled and lower. Sheep are very plentiful and prices are fully quarter lower.
Hogs are offered in abundance, more than the demand calls for, and prices are fully quarter lower.
PROVISIONS AND LARD are in strong demand at steady prices.
LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are: No. 1 (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.
Cattle—No. 1 Steers, 3 1/2 to 3 3/4c; 2nd quality, 3 1/4 to 3 1/2c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 3 1/4 to 3 1/2c; second quality, 3 1/4 to 3 1/2c.
Hogs—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under, 3 1/2 to 3 3/4c; over 250 lbs 2 3/4 to 3c.
Sheep—Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 2 1/2 to 2 3/4c; Ewes, 1 3/4 to 2c.
Lamb—1 1/2 to 2 1/2c; 75 per head, or 2 1/2 to 2 3/4c, gross, weighed alive.
Calves—Under 150 lbs, alive, gross weight, 3 1/4 to 3 1/2c; over 150 lbs 3 1/4 to 3 1/2c.
FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:
Beef—First quality steers, 4 1/4 to 5c; second quality, 4 1/4 to 4 1/2c; First quality cows and heifers, 4 1/4 to 4 1/2c; second quality, 3 3/4 to 4c; third quality, 2 3/4 to 3c.
Veal—Large, 5 1/2 to 6c; small, 6 1/2 to 7 1/2c.
Mutton—Wethers, 5c; ewes, 4 1/2 to 5c; Lamb, 5 1/2 to 6 1/2c.
Dressed Hogs—5 1/2 to 6c.
PROVISIONS—Hams, 9 1/2 to 10 1/2c; picnic hams, 6 1/2 to 7c.
Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 10 1/2c; light S. C. bacon, 9 1/2c; med. bacon, clear, 6c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 7c; clear light, 6c; clear ex. light, Bacon, 9 1/2c.
Beef—Extra Family, bbl, \$9.50; do, hf-bbl, \$5.00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$8.00; do, hf-bbl, \$4.25.
Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 6c; do, light, 5 1/2c; do, bellies, 6c; Extra Clear, bbls, \$14.00; hf-bbls, \$7.25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4.50; do, kits, \$1.20.
Lard—Prices are 1/2 lb:
Tes. 1/2-obs. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s.
Compound 5 3/4 5 1/4 5 1/2 5 3/4 5 1/2
Cal. pure 5 1/4 5 1/2 5 3/4 5 1/2 5 1/4 5 1/2
In 3-lb tins the price on each is 1/2c higher than on 5-lb tins.
Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, 1 1/2c; 1s 3/4c; Roast Beef, 2s 1/2c, 1s 1/2c; Lunch Beef, 2s, \$1.00; 1s, \$1.10.
Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

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San Francisco Call,
And Dealer in
Foreign and Domestic
Newspapers, Magazines and Periodicals,
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Orders Solicited.

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United States, Chicago,

Willows and

South San Francisco

BREWERIES

—AND—
THE UNION ICE CO.

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CHOICEST

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ARMOUR HOTEL

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The Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel.

HENRY MICHENFELDER, Proprietor.

BEAR AND CAT BATTLE

ENCOUNTER IN THE JUNGLES OF COLORADO.

Experience of a Young Lieutenant While Grubbing for Opals—His Musings Are Suddenly Ended by an Indian in His War Bonnet.

Contest of the Beasts.

Wherever the sun could force his rays between the clefts of the mountain or through the heavy foliage of the forest which skirted the base of the hills he carried conviction to the mind of all who suffered from the heat that the dog days were at hand. Alternately cool in the delightful shade of the trees, with the murmur of the rushing mountain brook to lull one to drowsiness, and hot with the fierce heat as the sun cut his way through, the day was one of oppression mixed with just enough qualification to make the southern trend of the mountains of Colorado the ideal outing spot of the American continent. It would be pleasant under almost any condition, but for the little party encamped in the lower regions of the San Juan country there was little of pleasure. There was too much of duty and possible danger to render anyone oblivious of his business in the world and to aid him in the full enjoyment of the scene.

Away back in the years when the Ute was a troublesome quantity and old Colorado was threatening to exterminate every white man who entered the sacred confines of the reservation a small party of cavalry wearing the uniform and trappings of the regular army went into camp at the foot of the mountains and prepared to head off any outbreak from that direction. The squad—for it was little more—was the advance guard of a force sent out to check an incipient raid. It consisted

seemingly was placed a dark cross. Surrounded as it was with the angry brook rushing between and over the trail, the picture was one of grandeur and beauty not to be found surpassed by any land under the heaven's canopy.

Discovers an Opal.

Young Howard walks slowly and musingly toward where Hunter was busily completing his details for the night. He nodded at times and the men respectfully watched the "dreamer," as he was called when he was not in hearing distance. Suddenly he stopped and kicked at a rock at his feet. He turned it over with his boot a couple of times and then stooped to examine it more closely. Then he picked it up and finished his walk without haste or apparent emotion.

"Well, Howard, what did you find? a moonstone?" called Hunter, chaffingly.

"Not exactly," drawled Howard. "It's better than that, unless you have the superstition of your Irish ancestry. It's a fine opal. I imagine a man could pick up some good specimens of turquoise around here if he gave his mind to it. I am half inclined to go out to that cliff and see what I can dig out of it," and he gazed thoughtfully in the direction indicated.

"Stand fast, my boy. You heard the old man say that no one was to pass the lines. It's dangerous, and you take my advice and stay inside."

"This is before the hours of challenge, isn't it?" said Howard.

"We have no such thing in the enemies' country," was the blunt reply. "I think it would be well not to go. I don't lay any orders on you, but if you go I would let the old man know whether or would take a rifle."

"Of course. Join me? But then you have that beastly guard duty. Well, so long." So saying, Mr. Howard turned back and sought the commander's tent and preferred his request to go to the cliff to explore for stones. While

a fine stone peeping out of its bed in the rock. He instantly got out hammer and chisel and began to dig that stone out. He worked hard and had the jewel loose when he noticed small pieces of stone and quantities of dust were descending on his head.

He was not much of a woodman, but he knew that some cause must have produced that dusty rain. He paused in his work and cast an upward glance of mingled apprehension and reproach and was astonished to see the tawny hide and glittering eyes of a huge catamount crouched above him on another shelf not more than twenty-five feet from where he sat. He was no coward, yet he had never held a private interview with a catamount and experienced no desire to come to close quarters. It was evident the cat was preparing to leap and Howard did some hard thinking. Finally he crouched close to the cliff and signaled the cat to come. The cat did so.

With a snarl and showing of its fearful teeth that cat launched itself downward like a yellow cloud. It missed the shelf because it was too narrow to afford much of a chance in such a leap, but its claws clutched the edge and the animal was in the act of making a desperate and probably successful effort to scramble up to where the young lieutenant was flattened against the cliff. Howard redeemed himself in this juncture by giving the cat a swift kick in the whiskers. This dislodged the angry beast, and, with a howl of rage, it partly twisted itself about and sprang wildly out into space. It cleared the intervening rocks and fell like a wet blanket on the roof of a huge cinnamon bear, which had been sleeping the hot hours away in a clump of bushes at the base of the cliff.

Then the fun commenced. That cinnamon let go his right and that cat was sent sprawling twenty feet. The cat was a fighter and resented the insult by declaring war on the spot. He not only declared, but he prepared to mix with the bear. He sprang at bruin's throat, but the bear ducked skillfully and clawed a handful of wool from the cat's back. The cat made another rush and succeeded this time in fastening his fangs in the bear's shoulders. The bear immediately took a chancy hold and began his famous representation of now to squeeze a fellow to death.

The cat was game, nearly as large as the bear and full of fight, and with a desperate effort he tore himself loose and also made several ragged holes in the bear's fur and hide with the claws with which his hind feet were endowed. Again they came together and Howard, who had been standing in a trance watching the fierce combat, regained his senses long enough to take aim at the battling brutes with his good rifle. He stepped near the edge of the cliff and was about to turn loose with his gun when the sharp report of a rifle above him caused him to lose his balance and he tumbled headlong to join bear and cat.

"Injun" on the Scene.

For a time he thought he had been shot, but as he felt none the worse after the tumble, having dropped into some heavily foliaged bushes, he jumped to his feet and opened fire on the fighters. As he did so the cat sprang into the air and fell with widely sprawling legs at quite a distance, and then lay still after clawing up all the bushes near it, while the bear spun around and around as if chasing its own tail. Howard knelt and sent in another shot, as there was an echo from up the cliff. This time the bear slowly straightened and with several bullets in his body yielded up the ghost. Howard started to examine the quarries when he was astounded to see an Indian in a mongrel costume of cavalry trousers, leather shirt and war bonnet of eagle feathers rapidly rush down the cliff and claim everything in sight.

"Injun kill," said the brave, with a sweep of his arm.

"Injun did nothing of the sort," was the retort as Howard pushed a lot of cartridges into the magazine of his rifle. "Soldier kill and soldier will just boss the job, if it's all the same to you, my buck."

The "injun" showed a desire to mix war medicine, and it is doubtful what the result would have been but for the timely arrival of Captain Morris and a squad of troopers on the run. The captain took in the situation at a glance and ordered the Indian arrested for shooting off of the reservation, loaded the bear and cat on the men and lead the way back to camp. He also called in the scouts and gave them a good rawhide. As a conclusion to his monologue he remarked: "If it had not been for the recklessness of this young fellow I would not have known that there was a Ute in Colorado, excepting by consulting the war maps and geography. Get away with you and see if you can redeem yourselves. Gentlemen, hereafter orders not to leave camp apply to officers as well as men."

Good Advice, Though.

At a certain high school it is the custom (says the Chicago Tribune) to discuss briefly the morning's news before taking up the regular work of the day. One morning, not long ago, paper in hand, the teacher ascended to her desk. Before her were the bright young faces of those entrusted to her care. She spread the paper upon the desk, and glanced over the first page. "First of all," she said, "I see this heading: 'Pool-Room Raided.'" She raised her head, and a note of deep feeling came into her voice. "Boys," she continued, "never touch a cue." There was not a dry eye in the house.

It costs more to keep a bicycle in repair than it does to keep an old girl looking young.

Many men make money in the good old-fashioned way, and then lose it in experimenting.



LADY BEATRICE BUTLER.

LADY BEATRICE FRANCIS Elizabeth Butler is not only one of the most beautiful girls in Great Britain, but in the matter of ancestors she can make pretty nearly any boast she likes and back it up with the records in Burke's peerage. Lady Beatrice is just passing out of her teens. She was born on March 26, 1876. Her father is Marquis of Ormonde, Earl of Ormonde and Ossory and Viscount Thurles of Thurles in the County Tipperary. Her mother was Lady Elizabeth Harriet Grosvenor, eldest daughter of the Duke of Westminster. The house of Butler of Ormonde is one of the noblest in Ireland and the oldest in Irish history. The Butlers and Geraldines, rivals in power and equals in



LADY BEATRICE BUTLER.

renown, have been at the head of the fine nobility of Ireland ever since the Anglo-Norman invasion. The first of the family to arrive on Irish soil and set up a castle was old Theobald Fitz-Walter in the reign of Henry II. He was chief butler of Ireland, whence the surname. His father was Hervey Walter, who married in 1156. That seems to have been the foundation of the house and the descent has been pretty clear since then. Little Lady Beatrice may, therefore, be truly said to be the daughter of a hundred earls, but she is one that may be admired. She has a



MRS. BRYAN AT HOME IN THE WATER.

very pretty little sister, Constance Mary, who is just 16.

Results of Open Air Life.

Women will have to organize a new crusade against wrinkles and the leather-like, growing-old sort of look of the skin if they persist in following up all the open-air pursuits which belong to man's kingdom. Fresh air in all kinds of weather may be conducive to health, but it is very trying to delicate skins. Women who row and ride bicycles should substitute oatmeal or boiled bread and milk for soap. The dry skin is especially sensitive to the effects of sun and air and needs all the precautions it is possible to find to keep it smooth and white. Potatoes boiled in milk are said to be very effective in whitening and softening the skin, and almond meal should be on every toilet table.

Get Their Shoes Blackened.

The spectacle of a woman availing herself of the services of a bootblack on the streets has become so common as to attract no more attention than that of a woman reading a daily newspaper in a street car or "L" train, says the Chicago Chronicle. It was not so long ago that a woman with a newspaper was considered to be doing something very "mannish," and she was stared at in consequence. Women have dared to



WOMEN HAVE BECOME PATRONS.

brave public inspection by sitting in the chair of the street corner bootblack and reading a paper while the industrious bootblack gives them a "patent leather" or a "russet polish." Women require the cleaning of their shoes as often and with as much reason as men do theirs, and the "ladies' bootblack parlors" that have been opened in the shopping districts have proved decided successes.

THE WONDERS OF SURGERY.

Marvelous Accomplishments of Our Modern Scientists.

In the delicate language of journalism the term "stomach" comprehends nearly all the human frame except the feet and the head. Why that useful but rather vulgar organ should have been selected by Anglo-Saxon modesty for this service is not quite plain. But it has been selected, and consequently when we read that Professor Senn has fastened a patient's maimed hand "inside the cuticle of his (the patient's) stomach" we may guess that he has simply performed a curious and indeed wonderful operation in skin grafting, using abdominal skin for the purpose.

Cases of this sort, picturesque and easy to understand, get into the newspapers from the clinic now and then and indicate to the public the extraordinary advances which surgery is making under the guidance of scores of daring and skillful operators. Perhaps the advances are too rapid. Dr. Senn himself in an address before the American Medical Association, of which he is the new president, warned his hearers against the tendency of general practitioners to resort to the knife on the slightest invitation.

Practically no part of the human body is exempt from the incursions of the modern surgeon. The use of antiseptic substances and of anaesthetics have made it possible for the operator to venture into fields which abashed the most skillful of his predecessors. The removal of one kidney is a common practice. Nerves are frequently sewed together. A broken spine is patched up by means of silver wire, whereas formerly such cases were hopeless. Tumors of the brain are removed with good results. Moreover, by the accurate location in the brain of centers which preside over various functions the operator is able to remove tumors which manifest their presence by serious disturbance of sight, speech, hearing and locomotion.

Dr. Fenger, the eminent surgeon of Chicago, was first to remove a part of a diseased lung. Recently Tuttle of Paris cut away the top part of a consumptive lung and the patient recovered and is now free from disease as far as auscultation shows. Sarcomas, which are allied to cancer, and are almost, if not quite, as malignant, have lately been cured by injection of patients with the toxin of erysipelas. The entire treatment of cancer has undergone a radical change. The disease is operated on at an earlier stage, and instead of confining his cutting to the cancerous tissue the modern surgeon remorselessly attacks the apparently healthy tissue in the vicinity. Of late years cancer of the larynx has been successfully assailed. Doubtless the late Emperor of Germany might have been cured if the diagnosis of Virchow had been accepted. After the removal of the cancerous larynx a silver tube is placed in the throat, and not long ago M. Guggenheim, an ingenious surgeon of Paris, was reported to have devised a tube which permitted the patient to talk.

In 1 per cent. of cases of typhoid fever the intestines are perforated by ulcers, and 6 per cent. of the deaths from typhoid are occasioned by these ulcers. Not long ago the perilous operation of cutting down and sewing the ulcers was attempted. Dr. Van Hook, of Chicago, has reported three cases of this nature. It cannot be said that the operation is a great success, but it gives promise of advantageous development.

Not satisfied with invading the less awful regions in the neighborhood, the surgeon is to-day standing with knife and needle and thread at the threshold, so to speak, of the sacrosanct retreat of life, the human heart. The pericardium has been tapped for dropsical effusion. Recently a stab wound of the pericardium was sewed up. The picture of the surgeon plying his deft needle against the heart of the patient beating against his hand, when the least unsteadiness would mean death, is sufficiently thrilling to place surgery beyond the precincts of the stupid sciences. Professor Roswell Park, of Buffalo, recently suggested that in cases of bullet wounds, which with our modern conical bullets are inevitably fatal, the surgeon, if called soon enough, could cut down on the heart and sew up the wound, meanwhile maintaining artificial respiration. The operation still remains conjectural, but no doubt it will soon or late be attempted by some courageous spirit.

One might write for days and omit many strange and difficult feats of the surgeon. Operations on the intestines are familiar. The Murphy button makes them comparatively safe. The Wells telephone probe permits the surgeon to poke into the brain and locate foreign substance there imbedded. In diseases of the stomach the patient swallows a small electric light, and by means of the illumination the surgeon discovers what the trouble is.

In short, this part of the century marks the reign of the man with the knife. He has appropriated old diseases and invented new ones for his skill. He goes fearlessly into regions that were terra incognita to the best of his predecessors, and his cunning, his pluck, his bold imagination are blessings unreckoned to suffering humanity.

Traveled on His Face.

"You are a dead beat." At the harsh words the cyclist roused himself and opened one eye. The policeman, bending over him, went on: "You have been trying to travel on your face."

The cyclist opened the other eye. "I have," he admitted. "On my face and one elbow. But they could not stand the strain."

And, rising weakly to his feet, he staggered toward the nearest drug store, bearing the fragments of his wheel with him.—Wisconsin Sentinel.

Topics of the Times

The tone of a piano is best when the instrument is not near a wall.

The British mint coins half a ton of pennies, half-pennies and farthings weekly.

Not until the present time has a London theater been named after Shakespeare.

The Parisians nickname the pawnbroker "aunt," the Londoners call him "uncle."

The new British army magazine rifle will throw a bullet to a distance of over 4,000 yards.

In Scotland in the case of domestic servants engaged by the month a month's warning is required.

The telegraph lines of the world aggregate 1,069,123 miles. America has more than half—548,832 miles.

Burma's whole system of state railroads, 1,000 miles in length, has been bought up by a syndicate for \$30,000,000.

It is claimed that the claims against the Chartered Company arising out of the Matabele revolt amount to \$1,000,000.

A dealer says there is more steel used in the manufacture of pens than in all the sword and gun factories in the world.

Cold boiled water tastes flat, because it has been deprived of the air. To restore air pour water quickly from one jug to another.

Some Japanese magicians are so clever that while smoking they are able to form letters and short words with the smoke that issues from their lips.

There are about 100 grains of iron in the average human body, and yet so important is this exceedingly small quantity that its diminution is attended with very serious results.

The Dowager Empress of Russia's magnificent Danish bloodhounds created considerable interest during her visit to Nice. They had round their thick bull necks broad silver curb chains.

Some Hindoos wear mustaches and beards turned up; but all wear whiskers, which are shaved off once when an adult of their connection dies. The shaving off of whiskers is thus a sign of mourning.

The Eskimo have a queer custom in regard to doctors. At each visit the doctor is paid. If the patient recovers the physician keeps the money; if the patient dies the money is refunded to the family of the deceased.

Though Italy leads the rest of Europe in suicide as well as homicide, Russia is ahead of her in the proportion of professional men, especially doctors, who take their own lives. Most of these are between 25 and 35 years.

After Jan. 1, 1897, the city of Glasgow, Scotland, will levy no taxes of any kind, but will obtain from city street railways, water and lighting systems more than enough revenue to pay the expenses of the city government.

Plans are well under way for the expanding of \$9,000,000 on the canals of New York State, for which the people voted at the last election by a majority of 243,565, and it is expected that the work will be done in the next two or three years.

Japanese houses in the larger cities are of one general shape, two stories high, and put together with a curious method of mortising, at which these people are adepts, not one nail being used throughout the construction of the building.

Inside a bust of Victor Hugo which is hollow the leader of the anarchists of Prague imported a large quantity of anarchist writings for circulation in the country. The bust has been seized by the authorities, and the anarchist has been arrested.

The total wealth of Great Britain with all her possessions is estimated by an American authority to be \$40,000,000,000. France comes next with \$37,500,000,000. The wealth of the six largest nations in the world aggregates \$165,000,000,000.

The statistics of life insurance show that in the last twenty-five years the average woman's life has increased from nearly 42 to nearly 46, or more than 8 per cent., while man's life average has increased from nearly 42 to 44, which is 5 per cent.

The number of businesses in England worked upon co-operative principles—that is, where the worker is recognized as a partner in profits and responsibilities—has grown in about ten years from fifteen to nearly 200, while the failures during the same period have been very few.

One of the most eccentric church spires is that of the parish church (All Saints) of Chesterfield, England, with its curious spire, 228 feet high, and sixty-four feet of the perpendicular. Whichever way the observer looks at this curious spire it appears to bulge out in that direction.

John Habberton states that mosquitoes are extremely frightened by dragon flies, and will not come within yards of them. He says that one or two dried dragon flies suspended from fine silk thread under the roof of an open porch infested by mosquitoes will scare all of the little pests away.

The street superintendent of Niagara Falls, N. Y., has been suspended by the mayor because he would not clean the streets of the city on Sunday, as ordered by the common council. The affair has created much excitement, and the Sunday and anti-Sunday people are preparing for a vigorous fight.

The large rate of the increase in the incorporations of social clubs with the Secretary of State of New York since

the advent of the Raines law is causing much comment among State officials. The number of such clubs incorporated from May 1 to July 13 was \$34, as compared with 134 during the same period last year.

Upward of \$190,000,000 is spent annually on sport in Great Britain. This is the estimate of a writer who has been examining the subject. The turf is, of course, the most expensive sport and accounts, according to this authority, for nearly \$55,000,000. A modest sum of \$10,000,000 will, it appears, cover the cost of cricket.

Prof. W. F. Cummins, State geologist of Texas, in speaking of the recent find of gold in that State, declared that samples have been taken that gave as much as \$25.21 in gold and \$5 in silver to the ton. Another lot of samples, the pieces averaging three or four cubic inches, assays \$16.50 in gold. A third lot, about one peck in amount, consisting freely of good-sized lumps, assayed \$160.10 per ton.

Genuine egret feathers are sold as artificial in London in order to save the conscience of women who think it wrong to wear bird feathers in their headgear. The Society for the Protection of Birds has shown that the egret or white heron would soon be exterminated, as the feathers must be obtained during the nesting season. Its agents have now proved that the only artificial thing about the feathers sold is that they are split in two, thus making two plumes instead of one.

There is a boom in new companies in England. During June the average was four companies floated every day; the capital called for during the first half of 1896 was \$406,000,000. Sixty-five million dollars were for foreign government loans, \$55,000,000 for cycling companies, \$45,000,000 for breweries, \$60,000,000 for railroads, and \$47,000,000 for mining companies. Last year the capital applied for during the same period was \$260,000,000, in 1894 it was \$155,000,000, and in 1893 only \$130,000,000.

LUNATICS AS INVENTORS.

Various Devices that are Practical and Promise to be Valuable.

"A lunatic asylum is about the last place anyone would search in for ingenious and valuable inventions, isn't it?" said the resident physician of one of the largest of those institutions.

"We have a patient in this asylum now who believes he is shut up in the old Fleet prison for the national debt. In the hope of raising the money to pay this trifle off and obtain his release, he has for the last two years devoted his poor brains to inventing things. Strange to say, among a host of utterly absurd ideas, he actually has produced two which are really practicable. His friends and I have supplied him with such harmless materials as he requires, and he has just finished a simple automatic contrivance for the head of a lawn tennis racket, to pick up the balls and abolish stooping. It acts perfectly well, and I'm so convinced there's money in it that I've advised his friends to secure a patent for him in case he becomes cured. His other invention is of a different kind, being a really efficacious preventive of senile dementia."

"It's very simple; two of its components are in every kitchen and the rest in every chemist's shop. I have successfully tested it myself on two occasions recently, when crossing the channel in very stormy weather.

"As an instance of the cleverness of lunatics, it may interest you to know that a very valuable improvement connected with machinery, and now in daily use everywhere, was invented by an inmate of an asylum well known to everyone by name. As he is now quite cured and is a somewhat prominent man, I won't mention any details; but his invention, designed and modeled as a diversion while absolutely insane, has since brought him in thousands of pounds."—London Letter to the St. Louis Republic.

Quaker Cats Eat Oysters.

Philadelphia cats are peculiar. As a class they show great versatility and a good deal of gastronomic enthusiasm. There are cats in Philadelphia which realize that the only way for an oyster to really enjoy an oyster is to eat it raw and off the half shell. They haunt a certain fish market and seem to pass their lives in an endeavor to provide themselves with well-opened bivalves. They are not more enthusiastic in their devotion to oysters than another Philadelphia cat, a pretty Maltese, that has learned just at what hour oysters are delivered weekly at its master's house.

As the oyster-eating Maltese stands in the good graces of the oysterman and the cook, it is enabled once a week to indulge its fancy for bivalves. It will eat a dozen raw oysters with an enthusiasm worthy of the very best oysters in the market.

Picturesque Business Office.

The office of one of the stove factories in Chicago is in what was formerly a workingman's cottage, and the traditions of the place are still preserved by the present occupants, who have a neat flower bed in the little front yard and keep morning glories trained up over the front window.

Skinner Was Smooth.

Hax—I always shake hands with Skinner to keep him from picking my pockets.

Jax—So do I; and I always count my fingers afterward.—Philadelphia Record.

Long Ago.

She—I wonder where the custom of mothers taking their daughters to watering places originated?

He—In the days of Abraham. Rebekah got her husband at one.—Truth.

No one should play another man's game, but we all do it.

A \$7,000,000 HEIRESS.

Miss Edith Collins Is Worth Her Weight in \$100 Bills.

Miss Edith Collins, of New York, has just fallen heir to \$7,000,000. The news started an interesting conversation in an up-town club the other evening. "A young woman worth \$7,000,000 is a modern product," said one man. "Such an heiress would have been practically impossible a century ago. Do you remember the story of the 'Pine Tree Shillings'—how a New York rich man—he live on Laight street, then a fashionable thoroughfare—gave his daughter her weight in silver as her wedding portion? The gift created a sensation, but probably more because of the dramatic way of giving than because of the amount. If Miss Collins should be placed in one side of a pair of scales, in the other side of which her \$7,000,000 were piled, in pure gold, the old 'Pine Tree Shillings' story would



HER FORTUNE IN \$100 BILLS.

be discounted. Miss Collins weighs about 162 pounds, or 2,592 ounces. An ounce of pure gold is worth \$20, an ounce of coin gold \$18.605. We will assume that her fortune is pure gold. It would weigh 350,000 ounces, or more than 138 times as much as the woman who has fallen heir to it. She could gather on to the scales almost all her living relatives and still not form a group heavy enough to weigh down her fortune. Why, I fancy that in paper money it would weigh more than she does."

Some one brought a tiny pair of letter scales, and enough bills were piled on it to weigh an ounce. It was found that there were just twenty of them. Thus an ounce of \$1 bills is worth exactly as much as an ounce of pure gold.

"Why, if the scales were piled with \$100 bills, \$5,184,000 would weigh as much as Miss Collins does," continued the speaker. "That would leave \$2,516,000 still to be accounted for after Miss Collins had taken her weight in \$100 bills."

AN EMINENT MASON.

Death of a Shining Light in the Masonic Fraternity.

By the death at Chicago recently of Dr. Vincent L. Hurlburt, the Masonic fraternity lost one of its shining lights. He was one of a half dozen living Masons who had been chosen grand master of the grand lodge of Knights Templar. He was also one of the most eminent surgeons in the West. Born in New York State sixty-seven years ago he went to Chicago when a very young man and began the practice of medicine and surgery. He had been a Mason



DR. VINCENT L. HURLBURT.

since 1860 and back in '63 was eminent commander of the famous Apollo Commandery of Chicago. In 1867 he was grand commander of the State Commandery and in 1877 he was chosen grand master of the grand lodge.

ENDED IN DIRE DISASTER.

Whaleship from Which Great Results were Expected Now Abandoned.

In the Brooklyn navy-yard lies the hulk of what is known as the Intelligent Whale. It has lain there so many years among the nautical junk which the department from time to time has acquired that not a person in the yard can tell to-day the name of the inventor. Yet the United States paid him quite a sum on account for the purchase of its whaleship, and expected to acquire a vessel which would be a terror to the warships of all other nations.

The Intelligent Whale was constructed to hold a crew of thirteen persons. Its motive power was a propeller turned by a crank manipulated by four



THE INTELLIGENT WHALE.

men. Its idea was to sink under warships, and, being directed against their hulls, the crew would fasten a torpedo thereon, the whale would back off and, wrish, bang—good-by to Mr. Warship. One day a test of the wonderful invention was made in the Hackensack

and the men who manned the queer craft were drowned. This settled the enthusiasm over the Intelligent Whale and it was laid away on the shelf of the government's old curiosity shop.

HE LEFT TOO LATE.

The Seeds of Civilization Had Already Taken Root.

The writer stayed all night several years ago with a native of Missouri who had moved himself and his "little family," as he called it, a wife and thirteen children, to the backwoods of Kansas to escape the demoralizing influence of advanced civilization in Missouri.

"But I didn't come soon enough," he said regretfully to me.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Wal, my youngins got a kind of a taint o' worldliness that I ain't able to lick or argy out of 'em. Now, there's my son Bill. He's full o' the pride o' the airth, Bill is."

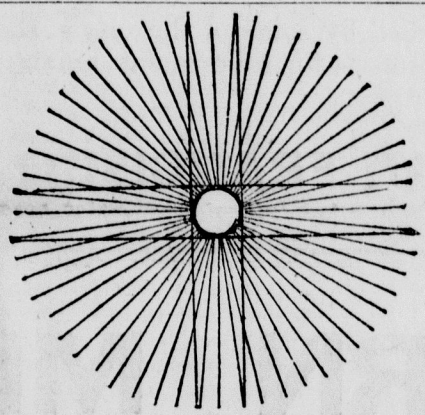
Bill, a young man of about 26, long-legged and full-bearded, was playing with a coon out in the yard.

"Now, that Bill o' mine won't go to town for anything until he's stopped an' put on his shoes—drat his pride! An' what ye reckon my daughter 'Mandy' went an' bought one day out o' pure worldly pride?"

"I'm sure that I couldn't guess." "A toothbrush! Yes, sir; went an' spent ten cents for a toothbrush. Never was s'ch a thing heard of before in all my family. It's all pride, pride, pride an' the devil."

Curious Optical Illusion.

An optical illusion, which apparently is caused by imperfections of the human eye, is shown in our illustration. The cross lines, drawn straight in such a way that they will barely touch the circumference of a radiant sun, will appear curved to the eye, instead of ap-



STRAIGHT OR CURVED?

pearing as they are—absolutely straight. This optical illusion only takes place, however, if the picture is brought near to the eye; while if looked at from some distance it will become—to the eye—perfectly straight.

Power from the Waves.

The experiments with the Gerlach wave motor, which was described in the Record about two months ago, have been successful. M. A. Rothschild, president of the company conducting the experiments, known as the Gerlach Wave Motor Company, states that the motor is in running order, and is developing as high as 180 horse power. The company, however, is not satisfied with the location of the apparatus, which is in a bay at Capitola, near San Francisco, rather than on the ocean beach, and until a better location can be secured nothing will be done toward utilizing the power. This motor, as its name indicates, is designed to utilize the energy of the ocean's waves. It consists of huge paddles, suspended in the water, so as to swing with the incoming and outgoing of the waves. The motion thus imparted to the paddles is converted into rotary motion by suitable contrivances. The paddles are arranged to be elevated or lowered, so as to always secure the most suitable depth of immersion at all times.

Tobacco.

A queer mistake prevails in the rural community with regard to the government laws concerning the sale of tobacco. Many persons believe that the amount that may be raised by one farmer is limited, and that by exceeding this amount he is liable to a penalty. This is an error. A farmer may raise all the tobacco he pleases, and may sell all he raises, so long as he does not attempt to manufacture it. He may tie it up in "hands" or bundles, but may not go further in its manufacture than this. But if he chooses to devote all his land and all his time to the cultivation of the fragrant weed, there is nothing in the laws of the United States to prevent his doing so.

He Understood.—The Teacher—"Now, an altruist is one who is willing to subjugate his own interest to the interest of his fellow-men. Does any little boy here understand what an altruist is?" The Kid—"Yes'm. A altruist is a feller that makes a sacrifice bit."—Indianapolis Journal.

If men were put on counters like calico, and the women given a choice, there would be fewer unhappy marriages.

Can a hammock be called a spoon-holder?

Sit on your feet; there is a schemer in town going around pulling legs.

GIRLS' OUTING GOWNS

MANY APPROPRIATE DESIGNS ARE SEEN.

"Any Old Thing" Will No Longer Do for the Girl Who Goes on Picnic, Fishing or Boating Excursions—Dressed for Fun.

Fashion's Fancies.
New York correspondence.



SUITABLE dress for a picnic, fishing or boating excursion this summer is very far from the "any old thing" that has served in past seasons. It is the pretty girl who is responsible for the new exactions, for she has realized that she looks her best when daintily arrayed, and she is being very careful about her attire for such occasions. She goes in for something that is cut simply and looks like a dress planned for the occasion, but she lets it be so spick and span and dainty that no one would really think of expecting her to grub about getting the lunch ready, to help pull the boat up or to chore in any way. Follow this plan once and you will find that if you put on a dainty stiff white duck



GOWNS THAT SUPPLY A DOUBLE PROTECTION.

gown, a pair of white gloves and a chiffon veil over a white sailor hat, you will look delightfully suitable for the picnic, and the girl who wore blue serge will fall naturally into her place and do all the grubbing. This may be hard on the blue serge girl, but she has herself to blame. You can sit under the trees and flirt with the boys who have the sense to dress the same way, while the fellows who are rigged for work are attending to the building of the fire and all that, and the blue serge girl is cutting sandwiches. You will look sweet and serene and give picturesqueness to the affair, so no one can say you are not doing a share.

White serge made spick and span, and worn over a stiff white shirt front with linen collar and cuffs, is another good rig for such an occasion. The grubbier girl will respect the cuffs. Everyone will feel that they ought to remain spotless and you will find that you are not expected to work or mess yourself. Of course you want to be very sure that there are going to be grubby girls to do the work, because if you are compelled to turn in and work it will be a shame, and your messed-up dress will be a reproach to you all the rest of the time. Some girls this summer are carrying cuffs and collars inside their bodice at the belt line, to be prepared for emergency, but there is a painful lack of romance about going behind a tree to change your collar when you are out for a picnic. Better dress to stay so.

That this advice may be more helpful, three dresses are shown in the first two pictures that furnish particulars to guide in following out what has already been stated in general terms. The first one is of plain and figured duck,



SHE MAY HAVE GONE BY BOAT.

skirt and vest being of the latter—blue figures on a white ground—and jacket of plain white goods. Machine stitching finishes the jacket's collar and revers, the sleeves are gathered into 1830 sleeve caps, and topping all is a white linen collar worn with a string tie of blue that matches the figure in the vest. A white duck skirt is incorporated in the costume that is put at the right in the second illustration, and with it there is a white lawn shirt

waist. This has a wide center boxpleat adorned with white pearl buttons and side pleats on either side, each pleat edged with narrow ecru valenciennes. Of course the bicycle girl will go to the picnic grounds on her wheel. Routes that are sandy or watery may deter her at times, but if she is an enthusiastic beginner, she'll prevail upon some impressionable young man to get her wheel to the grounds, that she may at-



IRREPROACHABLE TAILOR FINISH.

tend in her new wheeling rig. If, as sometimes happens, her enthusiasm over her newly-acquired accomplishment has got the best of her sense, she'll appear in a getup that by the letting down of flaps or the loosening of strings will look like an ordinary dress; but if she has kept her head, she'll be found in a costume that is planned almost solely for riding. It will give all possible attention to the point of comfort in the exercise, and yet be a slightly affair in every detail. Its skirt will look much as this pictured one does—in outline, at least—though with half a dozen riders grouped no two bodies may be alike. This one has large revers ornamented with button-holes and a plain postillon basque, and like the skirt is of beige covert cloth. It has a white cloth vest and stock collar with rolling edge, its edges are machine-stitched, and cord loops pass through slits in the fronts and fasten with cloth-covered buttons.

That group of bicycling picnicers will be sure to contain at least one miss in a sweater, which at present is a very popular form of garment. It is gradually going back to its old name "Jersey," and for that reason one is the more willing to wear it. A good figure is finely set off by these garments, which come in all sizes. Just as surely as you will find a sweater among the attendant bicyclists, there will be among the other picnicers representatives of crash and linen. These fabrics are still at the height of their fashionableness,



SHE'LL SURELY NOT FETCH AND CARRY.

and in spite of the fact that they come ready-made in all grades and at all prices, they do not seem to lose their air of exclusiveness. The favorite weaves are rough and of loose texture. Shrinkage takes away this loose look, and thus it transpires that the modish girl does not plan to wear her crash after its freshness is gone. This makes a crash gown extravagant, but there is no need of being so particular about it.

Linen will be the fabric that is put into the more dressy of the picnic gowns, costumes that seem to be out in the grove or boat on suffrance, and that are planned for later use in less informal gatherings. The final picture presents a dress of this type. It is made of ecru linen batiste striped with open-work insertion, and is lined with cerise silk. The blouse waist has a loose front but plain back, and its fronts are draped where they join the sleeves as if the latter were cut in one with the bodice. Its plain stock collar and the wide belt are cerise silk, the latter garnished with large paste buckles, and the combined epaulette and collar trimming is of embroidered linen. This may strike some as too ornate for an outing, but as has been explained heretofore, it is desirable to be carefully attired so that you will not be asked to rush into all the disagreeable tasks of the merry-making. Those who enjoy the fetching and carrying may do it, but let them dress fitly for it, while you in your new dress, or one that looks like new, go in for all the other fun of the thing. Copyright, 1896.

A curiously old-fashioned military caricature appeared in a recent number of Punch, and the artist wrote to explain that it had been drawn, accepted and paid for twenty-five years before.

A traveler by the most expeditious mail route may traverse the distance between New York and Rome in eleven days.

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

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

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

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

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

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