

The Enterprise.

VOL. 3.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1897.

NO. 6.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTE.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:56 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
9:14 A. M. Daily.	
12:49 P. M. Daily.	
4:19 P. M. Daily.	
6:56 P. M. Daily.	

SOUTH.	
7:26 A. M. Daily.	
11:13 A. M. Daily.	
12:02 P. M. Daily.	
3:14 P. M. Daily except Sunday.	
6:00 P. M. Sundays Only.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	
12:19 P. M. Saturdays Only.	

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

TIME TABLE FOR BADEN LINE.

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

STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for what at Abertop, 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, 9:30 to 10:30 a. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

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

MAIL CLOSURE.

No. 5, South.	9:10 a. m.
No. 14, North.	9:40 a. m.
No. 13, South.	2:40 p. m.
No. 6, North.	3:05 p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

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

MEETINGS.

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

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen, Builders, Painters and Decorators, meet Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Brewery Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

EPITOME OF RECORDS.

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

DEEDS.	Value.
Michael O'Keefe to Jas. T. O'Keefe, lots 9 and 10, Breckland Tract, Mendocino.	\$10
Custodia Silva and wife to Spring Valley Water Works, 178.61 acres.	1500
Mannel I. Battencourt, et al., to Joaquin Silva Machado, 65 acres.	10
J. M. De Bare to L. Rudy and wife, part of lot 15, block 4, Knowles Tract.	208
Josiah P. Ames and wife to John L. Waterbury and T. J. Cooldige Jr., 30 acres and warehouse property known as Amesport Landing.	10
Catherine McNair and wife to Edw. F. Fitzpatrick, 5.28 acres.	10
South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co. to Dominick Blasch, lot 16, block 102, South San Francisco.	10
Jane N. Sykes to Charles H. Sykes, lots 10, 11, 12 and 13, block 3, and lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14, block 14, University Heights.	10
W. W. Foote to James D. Byrnes, 5 acres and 1/2 interest in what and chite.	10
William Havey to William C. Havey, east half of lots 7 and 8, block 61, Redwood City.	gift
Catherine McNair to Oliver McNair, lots in San Mateo.	gift
Kate Sweeney Mahon and R. Anastasia Sweeney Pasco to Albert Freyer, lots 4 and 5 and north half of lots 6, block 17, Sweeney's Addition to Redwood City.	10
Bowie Estate Company to William P. Jenkins, lot 7, block 24, Western Addition to San Mateo.	10

MORTGAGES.

Jane Cannon to James Shea, 5 acres, Colma.	668.90
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Chagrined over the defalcation of his father, Charles W. Chamley, who stole \$60,000 of funds of the Presbyterian board of aid for colleges, James Chamley shot himself in a room at the Hotel Pfister, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Fire in the power plant of the United States Electric Lighting Company at Washington, D. C., put out the electric lights in the greater part of the city. The plant was badly scorched, but the loss will not exceed \$20,000.

ALONG THE COAST.

Interesting Occurrences From all Over the Coast.

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED.

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

S. W. Smith, county Surveyor of Tuolumne county, was found dead in bed at Jamestown.

Capt. W. A. Phillips, United States inspector of steam vessels, died recently at San Francisco.

Preparations are being made to put on a fast stage line from Edmunda to Dawson, Alaska.

A new counterfeit ten dollar bank note, on the Los Angeles National bank, has been discovered.

By the burning of a barn filled with hay on his ranch at Woodland, C. Nelson sustained a loss of \$2,000.

A receiver has been appointed for the Willamette iron works at Portland, Oregon. The liabilities of the company are about \$50,000.

Vineyardists fear that the thrip will appear again next year and injure the grape crop, unless measures are taken to destroy their nesting places.

It is estimated that the forty odd mills in Snohomish county, Wash., cut annually about 100,000,000 feet of timber.

Returns are now in from the California vintage of 1897 and the figures exceed all previous records. The total yield of dry wines is 25,740,000 gallons.

Robert Burke, who assaulted Ed Hayden with a knife in a room in the rear of the Loyal Oak Hotel, in Alameda, has been held to answer in the sum of \$1000.

The Standard Beach Mining Company has leased 125 acres of land at Eureka, Cal., for black sand mining, and has purchased valuable machinery for the work.

Chief of Police Kidward of San Jose has given notice that he will order the saloon-keepers of that city to remove the nickel-in-the-slot machines from their places of business.

Charles Blackburn, a resident of Petaluma, since 1852, died recently in that town. He was a native of England, 72 years of age, and well known.

H. Lowener, cousin of the noted Lord Londale, and J. B. Heifron have contracted at Great Falls for 600 horses to be used on a fast stage line from Edmunda, N. W. T., to Dawson City.

The Petaluma Woolen Mills, which have been in constant operation for the last ten years, have been closed down for an indefinite period. No reason for closing the mills has been made public.

M. W. Henderson has been appointed a receiver of the Willamette Iron Works at Portland, Oregon. The liabilities of the company are about \$50,000, aside from the capital stock, which is \$300,000.

The Pacific Coast Steamship Company has announced that it will run three steamers on the route between Portland, Oregon, and Dyea and Skagway, Alaska, giving a five days' service from Portland.

John Timmons, serving a six-year sentence at San Quentin, has been notified that President McKinley has pardoned him. Timmons was the editor of a paper in Alaska. He shot another newspaperman.

Adolph Bergman, a book-keeper in the employ of the California Ink Company on Commercial street, San Francisco, has been arrested and charged with embezzlement. His defalcation will amount to about \$5000.

The San Pedro harbor contracts will be advertised at once. General Alger, unable to find funds at the War Department which can be spent in defraying the expense, has decided to pay for the advertisements from his own purse.

Frank Lauk, who was lodged in jail at Santa Cruz for being drunk, committed suicide by strangling himself. He tied a handkerchief around his neck, and stuffed the rags down his throat. He was undoubtedly delirious at the time.

The large granary on Capt. B. F. Loveland's ranch, on Skagit delta, at Seattle, Wash., containing something over 5,000 sacks of oats, belonging to Perry Pearson, lessee, and Capt. Loveland, slid from its foundations, and is almost a total wreck.

The jury trying Jeremiah Denomme for the murder of Chris Molbeck, in Superior Judge Risley's court at Fresno, failed to agree, standing nine for conviction and three for acquittal. Denomme has now been admitted to bail, in the sum of \$5000.

The thirty-first annual session of the California Teachers' association will convene in San Francisco on December 28th, and remain in session

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Condensed Telegraphic Reports of Late Events.

BRIEF SPARKS FROM THE WIRES.

Summary of News For Easy Digestion—All Parts of the Country Represented—Interesting Items.

The State Normal School at River Falls, Wis., has been burned. Loss, \$75,000.

The New England Burglary Insurance Company of Boston is going out of business.

Forty-eight Hungarians who violated the alien labor law have been sent home from Baltimore.

Asphyxiation caused the death of three men in the Grand Trunk Railway tunnel at Port Huron (Mich.)

Eugene Moore, ex-Auditor of Nebraska, charged with embezzlement of \$23,000, has been declared guilty as charged.

The New York World says a movement is on foot to unite all the leading piano manufacturers in the United States into a trust.

The Two Orphans livery stable caught fire at Caldwell, Kan., and burned down. Twenty-eight horses were burned to death.

The Georgia Legislature has killed a bill which provided for granting free license to Yankee soldiers who might now be living in the State.

The Ravenwood distillery at St. Louis, Missouri, has been destroyed by fire, involving a loss of \$350,000. About 8000 barrels of whiskey were destroyed.

Colonel A. M. Coffey, aged 97 years, is dead at Knobnoster Mo. He was Postmaster under President Cleveland and was the oldest Mason in the State.

Miss Louise La Salle and Miss Jennie Shersess, girls each about 17 years of age, were drowned in the St. Louis River at Duluth, Minn., while skating.

The city board of estimate of New York has appropriated \$60,000 for the treatment of consumption next year under the supervision of the Board of Health.

The Chinese Equal Rights League of America has been organized in Chicago, and will begin at once the work consisting for the granting of suffrage.

E. E. Outhbert & Co., bankers and brokers of New York, who assigned on August 31st, show: Liabilities, \$630,365; actual assets, \$169,490.

Ole Halverson, who was shot at Inkster, N. D., by Miss Mary Luxton, is dead. He was conscious to death and begged that Miss Luxton might not be prosecuted, as he alone was to blame.

Three men entered the home of Mrs. Mary Eppinstein in Chicago and, after beating Mrs. Eppinstein with revolvers and locking her in a room, they made away with her diamonds, valued at \$4,000.

Notice has been given in New York that on January 1st next all securities held as collateral under the Union Pacific 6 per cent collateral trust of 1891 will be sold at the real estate exchange in that city.

The Choctaws and Chickasaw Indians, have determined to organize a colony and emigrate to Mexico. It is understood that the Mexican Government will sell them large tracts of land very cheap.

Professor G. W. Ferguson, instructor in drawing to the pupils of Sheboygan, Pa., who was charged with practicing hypnotism on a number of pupils at a private exhibition, has been dismissed from the school.

The steamer Veendam, which has arrived at New York, sighted in mid-ocean the water-logged wreck of the British schooner Elite. The crew had evidently abandoned her. The Veendam's men set fire to the wreck.

Richard Reddic, a negro who claims to have been born July 5, 1777, near Richmond, Va., applied at the Pittsburgh, Pa., department of charities for admission to the home, stating that he is now too old to work and cannot support himself. The centenarian was assured that he would be taken care of by the authorities.

A dispatch from Larned, Kansas, states that the railroad station of Rozel one night recently disappeared, leaving an oblong-shaped hole, about an acre and a half in extent, with almost perpendicular walls. The hole is said to be filled to within seventy feet of the top with dark, stagnant-looking water. No casualties are reported, as no one remained at the station over night.

About 500 coal miners at Hymers and Star City, Indiana, have gone on strike because the companies refused to put in an inch and half screen instead of three-inch screens. Three hundred coal miners at Carbon, nine miles north of Terre Haute, also went out, because the company employed non-union men. Great suffering is experienced among all the miners in the State.

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four days. A number of the ablest educators in the United States will be present and address the convention.

A considerable area of land east of Delano, Kern county, will be irrigated another season, from water impounded in Rag Gulch. Private enterprise could have put all of the rich lands there under a system of irrigation if the people had taken hold of the matter.

Because he was rebuffed when uninvited, he attempted to join a party drinking in a saloon at Carson, Nevada, Adam Uber, a man of inferior standing, shot and killed Hans Anderson, the host of the occasion. The murderer was hastily taken to Genoa by the officers, the lynching of Uber being feared.

The recently established crematory in San Francisco in which the scavengers' offal is burned at so much per cubic yard, is to have a cry of opposition raised against it. The neighborhood complains of poisonous fumes and cases of sickness caused by it. The matter will be presented to the Board of Health.

State Superintendent of Public Instruction Black, in a talk before the county institute at Stockton, asserted that he did not believe in life diplomas, nor in any certificate to teach which had a life of more than six years. He also advocates separate examinations for teachers of different grades in the schools.

Louis Smith, aged 15 years, was accidentally killed while hunting with a companion in South Slough at Vallejo. The two were in a boat when a flock of ducks was sighted. Young Smith reached for his gun, the muzzle of which was pointing towards him. The hammer caught, and it was discharged, instantly killing the boy.

Morton & Lippitt, the provision merchants of San Francisco, are preparing to make a fight against the Health department. Some time ago Health inspectors seized a quantity of canned goods belonging to the complaining firm which was condemned. The goods were tested by experts who claim that the canned goods were pure and fit for food.

A young man who has been known in Oakland as Robert McDowell is wanted by the police for having passed three bogus checks upon J. R. Foster and securing other funds in a questionable manner. McDowell won the confidence of a number of men about Oakland, representing that he worked for D. Appleton as agent in San Francisco, and for Charles Brown & Son of Baltimore.

The missing president of the Columbia Wine Company, has been found. He was last seen in a row-boat off Sausalito and it was thought that he had been carried out to sea. His brother chartered the tug Sea Witch and a search was made of the ocean as far as the Farallones, but without success. It is now thought that Sweetzer was picked up by some outgoing vessel.

The mercantile firm known as The Chaffee Company, which has been in existence in Ventura since 1863, has just been dissolved, L. A. Chaffee, the manager, acquiring proprietorship, absorbing the interests of the establishment of the heirs to the vast estate of W. B. Chaffee, deceased, in settlement of Leslie Chaffee's portion, who will hereafter conduct the business, which is the largest in Ventura county.

The A. S. Kerry Lumber Company of Seattle, Wash., has announced that it would construct three sawmills in Alaska this winter to meet the anticipated large demand for lumber for boats to ascend the Yukon next spring. One mill will be located on Tagish, one on Lake Bennett and one on Marish Lake. The material for the mills will be carried in on sleds. The daily output of the mills will be 6,000 feet.

The fair at the Mechanics' Pavilion in San Francisco, January 24th, to celebrate the anniversary of the discovery of gold in California by William Marshall, is now a certainty. The Mechanics' Institute has accepted the bond of \$10,000 of the Miners' Association. If the fair is a success, \$300 rental for the Pavilion will be paid, but if the fair is a failure no rental will be paid according to the agreement with the Institute.

Luke Usher, president of the National Bank of Potsdam, N. Y., has been indicted charged with misappropriating \$700,000.

James H. Duffy, the "wizard" of Machiasport, Me., claims to have discovered the lost arts of producing Damascus steel, and of hardening copper and brass.

The Brazilian Chamber of Deputies has ratified the arbitration treaty with France, which had for its object the settlement of boundary disputes, particularly the Anapa question. This concern French Guiana. The negotiation cover two centuries.

A newspaper of Sprague, Bohemia, says that ex-King Milan of Serbia is again seeking to divorce his wife Natalie, in order that he may marry Artemisia Christie, the divorced wife of his former Secretary, and by whom the former King had a son.

J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

FRANK MINER,

Contractor FOR

Grading and Teaming-work

OF ALL KINDS.

No. 1 Crushed Rock for Roadways, Sidewalks and Concrete. Shells for Sidewalks. Sand for plastering. Sand and Gravel for Concrete.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

Office and Stables, Lux Avenue,

South San Francisco, Cal.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,

BADEN, CAL.

This is the Only Store

in San Mateo County that

SELLS

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

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call

and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hav, Grain and Feed. ++ ++

Wood and Coal. ++ ++ ++

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Moderate Charges. Prompt Service.

LINDEN AVENUE,

Between Armour and Juniper Avenues

Leave Orders at Postoffice.

I. GOLDTREE & CO.,

Commission Brokers,

(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.

Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

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

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

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J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

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

::: 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 Ave.

THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM
Editor and Proprietor.

As to forest fires, there's not a burned down trunk left behind that isn't a stump speaker arguing for arbor days.

Let trouble do all the traveling. Nobody should meet it half way. This would be like intentionally coming to grief.

Who is the most self-confident person in the land? The one who puts a stamp on an envelope before writing the address.

Japan's war vessels, great and small, are to cost fifty million dollars, and it will require vast sums to keep them in commission.

Football doesn't generate any lasting ill-feeling, though in a scrimmage it would seem as if the players were down on each other.

No less than thirty lighthouses in this country are attended by women, but these are only a small part of the women who do light house-keeping.

Maybe some of our warships have a playful way of sinking at other times, but that in case of war they'd be the first to go under is not to be thought of.

One blessed thing about a Mongolian not being a citizen is that a candidate can wear a boiled shirt and stiff collar without being charged with truckling to the Chinese vote.

American bicycles are appreciated in other countries beside our own. During the past year the number of those exported was four times as large as that of the year previous.

Serious injuries sometimes result from trifling scratches made with an ink pen, according to the London Lancet; but it is a question if more mischief-making bacteria do not often lurk in a writer's sentiments than in his ink.

A philosopher remarks in the Columbia (Mo.) Herald that "A man is known by the company he keeps. It is different with a woman—she must occasionally go with her husband." Nowadays a man is known by the company he keeps out of.

In Connecticut the other day a thief asked for an acquittal on the ground that he was temporarily insane when he committed the crime. The judge sent him to the penitentiary for three years advised him to employ the time in thinking up a better excuse.

The fact that a Brooklyn judge granted five divorces in thirty minutes is being extensively commented on by the Eastern press. It is remarkable only because it took place in the East. A Western judge cannot understand how a man with conscientious ideas would fool away so much time.

The farmers and timber cutters who have stripped the hills of trees in all the older States and who are continuing their work of thoughtless ravages in the newer States of the Union ought to be brought to book. But the States themselves must enter upon the task of remedial effort.

Oregon Indians are said to complain that whereas they are sentenced to spend thirty days in jail for intoxication, a white man guilty of the same offense gets but five days in jail. The Indians have within their reach a simple remedy for this injustice: they can stop getting drunk.

Two New York burglars obtained admission to a residence in that city by representing themselves to be plumbers, and when they left took with them \$2,800 worth of booty. The owner is solacing himself with reflections on what it might have cost him if they had been real plumbers.

The director of public works in the Pennsylvania city of Allegheny has hit upon a plan for getting rid of the numerous and pugnacious English sparrows. He will turn loose a lot of German starlings, which are natural enemies of the sparrows. This may shortly create a demand for some feathered enemy of the starling.

Temperance people in America will be interested to know that the Dutch Reformed Church of South Africa has decided to excommunicate all total abstainers who shall persist in their evil habits. The synod asserts that teetotalers invariably become unfaithful in their duties to the church and are otherwise demoralized, and it thinks the church will be better off without them.

Nothing short of the absolute necessities of trade could possibly induce our British friends to give their preference to this market in the purchase of industrial products, and the fact that large orders for iron rails, electric motors and other mechanical supplies have lately been received in this country from Great Britain argues beyond dispute that British purchasers are compelled to recognize the superiority of our products.

There are signs that the threatening crank is being taken more seriously. A lunatic who declared that unless propitiated he would assassinate President McKinley was promptly arrested by the Chicago police. Threatening cranks are embryonic assassins. Whether they possess or lack the energy to carry out their wild plots nobody knows until too late. At all events,

such dangerous characters cannot safely be permitted to run about ready to strike down innocent men.

Insurance against non-employment is an experiment begun in America during the current year. It is a private enterprise. Its dues are heavier than those of similar European societies, but its benefits also are much larger. As in the case of the European societies, voluntary non-employment, or non-employment for any cause within the control of the beneficiary, makes all benefits voidable. This excludes the striker. As it is to the interest of the non-insurance companies to help their beneficiaries to get work, a company in Chicago supplies to its beneficiaries the services of two employment bureaus without charge.

It would be hard to formulate a more baleful aphorism that that imputed—incorrectly, it is to be hoped—to a United States Senator. "No man in public office," he is reported to have said, "owes the public anything." On the contrary, every man in public office owes the public everything. No matter how great his wealth or his importance before taking office, he is under imperative obligation to the public, first, to get rid of his partisanship if he have any; secondly, to divest himself of considerations of self-interest and keep in view only the interests of the public; and, finally, to give to the public faithful and laborious service, or, in case of inability, to yield his place instantly to some one else, who can and will fulfill all of these requirements.

We are so used to books coming out all the time that we do not know how to appreciate them. If every budget sent from the booksellers does not contain at least four or five readable novels, a solid history by an eminent authority, a book of travels in an unknown land, two sets of "wonderfully clever" new poems, we who cannot write a graceful sentence fall to lamenting and gnashing our teeth over the decay of writing! To own that one has merely touched upon modern names and modern work of writers is to make an argument in favor of the age's literary achievement. Look at the lists in the libraries; look back at the hours you have spent in really interested communion vicariously with authors. Think how your own neighbors, as it were—Octave Thanet and Frank Stockton and Mary Wilkins—have delighted you; how Joel Chandler Harris—it is a shame not to have mentioned him earlier—and Henry Fuller, and Mrs. Catherwood and so many more have contributed to your utter sympathy or your contradictory sense. Think of Lieutenant Peary's book, and Nansen's, and of Mahan's marvelous "Life of Nelson" and of the scientific volumes by the hundred weight, you dare not try to read. Nearly every one has come out this year. Max Nordau has made you boil; and Friedrich Nietzsche has caused you to lift your eyebrows; Bernard Shaw has made you chuckle over the discomfiture of his enemies; little Max Beerholm has raised a laugh, half the time at his own expense, and half the time at yours. And Anthony Hope has not been mentioned. If popularity is a test, he is almost at the head of the literary set. That bethumbed, dog-eared copy of "The Prisoner of Zenda" was clutched and clawed when it made its appearance at the watering place. And "The Gentleman of France" a close second. In biography, essay, scientific treatise of every kind, sermon, travel and novel, this last part of our century is certainly rich.

Hours of Torture.
In the last great day, when judgment is passed upon the quick and the dead, I hope to stand expectant and absorbed to know what will be the fate of the man who invented the third-class carriage upon French railways. The steerage of a vessel is paradise compared to these instruments of torture, writes an American traveling abroad.
To begin with, the compartment car could only have been created in a country where there are classes. The long, open, social, cheery, American car is too democratic even for democratic France. All castes may travel on the same train, but there must be opportunity for the noble and the rich bourgeoisie to exclude themselves from those who, by reason of poverty or vulgarity, are offensive to them.
In France third-class apartments are the most uncomfortable of plank seats and backs, and the "omnibus" train is one which stops at every station. Two seats run crosswise of the car. You face the passengers on the other seat, and whether your vis-a-vis is man or woman feet are unavoidably entangled; and if your opposite be a woman you are constantly in peril of being accused of a pedal familiarity of which you are wholly innocent. This is a fault which also extends to first and second class apartments.

Restraint.
Reporter—Well, I've interviewed her. Editor—Did she talk without restraint?
Reporter—I should say not! She wouldn't say a word until her husband came in and told her to keep still.—Detroit Journal.

Great Luck.
Billy—Have any luck fishing to-day, Jimmy?
Jimmy—Great! I didn't stick de hook inter me finger, ner slip off de log an' fall in, ner git bit by mosquitoes, ner lose any uv me clothes, ner git licked w'en I got home!—Puck.

In 1900.
He—Will you fly with me?
She—Certainly. Bring your airship around at 3 o'clock and I'll be ready but putting on my hat. Then we can start at 4.—Somerville Journal.

RELIGIOUS COLUMN.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO ALL DENOMINATIONS.

Words of Wisdom, and Thoughts Worth Pondering Upon Spiritual and Moral Subjects—Gathered from the Religious and Secular Press.

Oldest Complete Biblical Manuscript.

BIBLICAL scholars and Orientalists in England are much excited over one of the most remarkable "finds" made in Egypt during recent years. This is a beautifully preserved papyrus, dating, probably, to the sixth century. It is the oldest complete Bible manuscript now in existence. It is now in the hands of translators in the British Museum.

The old papyrus, so far as its contents have been revealed up to the present time, consists of the Book of Psalms. It gives a complete text of the Coptic Psalter. Coptic was the language in Christ's time of the descendants of the ancient Egyptians. This is not only the oldest manuscript which has come out of the East containing any part of the Psalter, but it is the only complete Book of Psalms in existence written in one of the ancient dialects.

An extraordinary fact about this newly discovered document is that it contains the 151st Psalm, in regard to which a vigorous controversy was waged in Biblical and theological circles for many years. This 151st Psalm is not to be found in the ordinary Bible, because, from its nature and history, theologians agreed some years ago that it was a fraud.

Here, however, in the most ancient document which has come out of the East, containing any part of the Psalter, is the 151st Psalm complete, with everything to indicate that it is genuine, and that shortly after the death of Christ this Psalm, which Biblical scholars had agreed was spurious, was treated with all reverence and dignity.

The 151st Psalm is written by David after his combat with Goliath. In it he tells how he slew the oppressor of his race. It is brief, but vigorous and beautiful. A new Psalm is thus given to the people. It reads thus:

1. I was small among my brethren, and youngest in my father's house. I tended my father's sheep.
2. My hands formed a musical instrument and my fingers tuned a psalter.
3. And who shall tell my Lord? The Lord himself, he himself hears.
4. He sent forth His angel and took me from my father's sheep, and he anointed me with the oil of His anointing.
5. My brothers were handsome and tall; but the Lord did not take pleasure in them.
6. I went forth to meet the Philistine; and he cursed me by his idols.
7. But I drew his own sword and beheaded him, and removed reproach from the children of Israel.

Dr. E. A. Wallis Budge, keeper of the Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities in the British Museum, at present has the translation of the Coptic Psalter in hand. Dr. Budge, who is one of the most eminent Egyptologists in Europe, has made, in the original Coptic, a copy of the new Psalter, together with copies of the Homilies found in the same box, and these are to be shortly published in an edition that is limited to 350 copies.

The description and history of the papyrus given by Dr. Budge in this forthcoming work are very interesting. He describes it as worthy to take rank "among the greatest of the great finds which have been made in Egypt during the last few years." Dr. Budge says, about two years ago, while certain Egyptian peasants were digging up and carrying away the light soil which is so much valued for "top dressing" by the farmers from the ruins of an ancient Coptic church and monastery in Upper Egypt, that their tools struck upon a rectangular slab of stone.

An examination showed that this slab formed the cover of a stone box or coffin which had been firmly fastened in the ground. After some difficulty this slab was removed and a parcel of books carefully wrapped in coarse linen cloth, was found lying beneath it. The books were two in number, and though written upon papyrus, they were found to be bound in stout leather covers, after the manner of European books in general.

"That these volumes had lain in the box for several hundred years," says Dr. Budge, "there is no possibility of doubting, but there is no way of ascertaining the exact period when they were first placed in it. It is the opinion of some that the church and monastery which once stood upon the site where the books were found had been in ruins for some centuries, and the general appearance of the place supports this view. There is no reason for supposing that these books were buried along with the body of any ecclesiastical official or monk, for it is certain that they had been expressly written for use in the church of the monastery, and that they were not the private property of any member of it. The Book of Homilies which was found in the stone box along with the Psalter does not in any way help to fix its date."

New Page of the Bible.
The Rev. Dr. Coburn startled the congregation of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church in Denver on a recent Sunday evening by declaring that for the first time he was prepared to tell of the

discovery of an entire page of the New Testament by Dr. Petrie. The speaker did not want this find to be confounded with that of the papyrus scraps containing the writings of Christ. The leaf contained nearly the whole of the first chapter of Matthew and was almost identical in line with the Green testament of to-day. The discovery was confided to Dr. Coburn three weeks ago, when he left Dr. Petrie by reason of the fact that Dr. Coburn is secretary of the society that had undertaken the researches.

The speaker delivered an eloquent sermon based on the find, proving conclusively that the early Christians had the same views and beliefs as those of the modern church. The book from which the page was taken was said to be the earliest authentic record of Christianity. Among the verses which are authenticated by the find the following were cited:

- "Jesus said except you fast to the world ye shall nowise find the Kingdom of God."
"Except you Sabbatize the Sabbath you shall not see the Father."
"Again Jesus said: I went into the midst of the world and in the flesh was I seen of them, and I found all men drunk and none found I athirst among them, and my soul grieved over the sons of man."

Keeping the Sabbath.
The commandment reads, "Remember the Sabbath to keep it holy." It does not state whether the Sabbath is the first or last day in the week. It is true that the Jews kept the last day and doubtless had done so since the time of Moses, but the Sabbath was instituted ages before Moses and ages before Abraham. It was instituted with the creation of the world. Let us bear in mind it is not the day that makes the Sabbath, but the condition of the soul, for the real Sabbath is a state of the soul. The Jewish church was a representative church and all its modes of worship and every ceremony was a symbol of a spiritual truth or principle. The number seven is the type of perfection. The Sabbath was called the seventh day because it is a representative of the highest and most perfect condition of the soul after victory has been achieved and regeneration is completed. Therefore, the Sabbath is a symbol of heaven and a promise of heaven. It was instituted for man's well being, both physically and spiritually, and not as an arbitrary law to make any certain day more holy than another. The reason why we keep Sunday for our Sabbath is because the whole Christian world does so, and the early church, inspired by the Holy Spirit, chose Sunday for the Lord's Day.—Rams' Horn.

Knowledge Brings Responsibility.
"To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to make it is sin." Jas. 4: 17. Knowing to do good makes it our imperative duty to do so. A great number of professed Christians seem to have but one idea of the Christian life, that of refraining from evil. A greater mistake was never made. We are responsible for both the sins of omission and commission. Verily God's Word makes known that we have duties other than abstaining from evil. We are each responsible for our ability and opportunities. If we fail to know our several duties, it is our own fault. "Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me."

How to Be Miserable.
If you really desire to be happy and to make others around you happy, think of others more than of self. Canon Kingsley well describes the selfish person who, to our mind, must be of all others most miserable. He says: "Think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven, either."

Joy of a Faithful Worker.
There is no need of your saying that you would like to be a faithful worker for God and humanity, but cannot, because you can be! And whatsoever you do toward the "strangers" whom you meet or whom you can somehow reach is a faithful work. Aye, and prayer for them and for the brethren also is such a work. Oh, enter into the joy of a faithful worker.

Bits of Things.
Great duties teach great faith.
Waiting on God is time put at the highest interest.

Life reaches its true ideal just as it is conformed to that of Christ.

Never give the tongue its full liberty, but always keep it under control.

All our possessions are as nothing compared to health, strength, and a clear conscience.—Hosea Ballou.

Your few things may be very few, and small things; but he expects you to be faithful over them.—Haverhill.

A soft, gentle voice is apt to be a persistent one. Remember this when you are addressing some one who is angry.

Christianity is nothing if it is not missionary. Your Christianity is nothing if it is not missionary.—John A. Broadus.

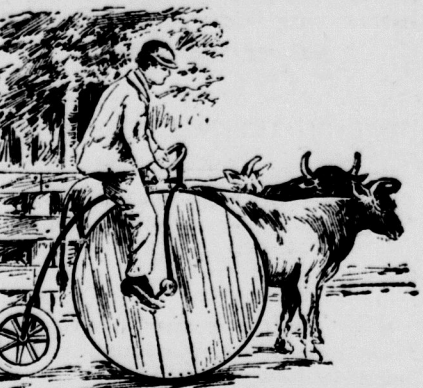
The closer one lives to the earth the deadlier the atmosphere. The higher up, the purer the air. Keep your head and heart up.

Truth is quite beyond the reach of satire. There is so brave a simplicity in her that she can no more be made ridiculous than an oak or a pine.—J. R. Lowell.

It is well to organize charity to relieve destitution, but it is a thousand times better to practice charity—kindness is the true rendering. Love thy neighbor as thyself.

BOY'S INGENIOUS WHEEL.

Lad of Fourteen Years Constructs a "Chainless" Bicycle.
"A curious bicycle, en route from Hamilton to Warrnambool, was inspected by a number of interested persons at the train last night," says the correspondent of a Victoria (Australia) paper. "It is of the old style, the front wheel about three feet eight inches high, being made solid from boards of an old washing machine, and the hind wheel is from a small wheelbarrow. Both wheels are most ingeniously tired with bark, with a strip of linoleum over all. The backbone and hind fork is a



gum bough in its natural stage, bent with great accuracy to the requisite position. The front fork is another gum bough in its natural state, except that the parts forming the fork are bent together, so as to be parallel. This works through an old wheel box from a light cart, which is fixed in the thick part of the first branch, which forms the backbone, and an iron rod passed through near the top serves as handles, and the pedals are ingenious adaptations of some old iron utensils. The maker is a lad of 14."

AMAZING ESCAPE FROM DEATH.

Whirled Around a Shaft Nearly Ten Thousand Times.
Nine thousand three hundred and seventy-five times did Engineer James L. Grander, in a mine at Bourne, Ohio, revolve rapidly in a fly wheel. It was a twenty-foot wheel, making 125 revolutions every minute, and the unfortunate man was in its coils for an hour and a quarter. It was while he was at work in the mine that he fell into the wheel, which was going at



full speed at the time. It continued to whirl. There was no one at hand who witnessed the accident, and consequently no effort was made to stop the whirling of the wheel. The man mercifully lost consciousness almost immediately. In the course of about an hour some one discovered Grander's plight and the wheel was stopped as soon as possible. He was not seriously hurt.

BELFRY IN A TREETOP.

Steeple Was Too Small and the Chimes Were Hung in a Tree.
They are a resourceful people in South Africa. In Pietermaritzburg the Cathedral of St. Peter proved unequal to holding the chimes presented to it, so small was the steeple. But the con-



gregation determined that the chimes should not be wasted, even if a new belfry could not be built. So the bells were attached to a giant "blue gum" or eucalyptus tree, near by and from their lofty tree-top perch they ring very sweetly.

One Effect It Has Had.
Quip—Really, that proverb, "People that live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones," is a remarkably sensible one, isn't it?

Nip—Possibly; but it seems to have had more effect in keeping people out of glass houses than in stopping their throwing stones.—Truth.

Facts in the Case.
The Court—It is charged, sir, that you assaulted this man and heaped contumely upon him.

Casey—Oh didn't do nothin' av the kind. Oi told him he was a liar and a thafe and heaped a hod of brick on 'im. Lowell.

Patience Rewarded.
His first love's age was just twenty-five, When at twenty in marriage he sought her;
He failed; but again at forty did strive, And this time he married her daughter.

LOST IN A LIVE CRATER.

The Horrible Experience of Doctor Guppy in Mauna Loa.

Talk about solitary confinement behind prison bars and its horrors! What of a twenty-three days' solitary vigil on a lonely mountain top, 13,000 feet above sea level, with the yawning, seething crater of one of the world's greatest volcanoes at your feet?

That was the experience of Dr. H. B. Guppy, the noted English scientist, and if any living man has formed an idea of what the sulphurous hades of the orthodox looks like, feels like and is like, it should be this same Dr. Guppy, for he spent twenty-three days right down in the very crater of that famous old belcher of fire, smoke and lava—Mauna Loa, Hawaii.

He began the descent into the crater on the morning of Aug. 2. Everywhere the lava crust cracks crisply underfoot, and this very cracking seems to warn one not to proceed farther. In many places large lava bubbles blister the surface, and to step on one of these and have it break beneath the foot is enough to unnerve the bravest men. Is feel the crust suddenly sink beneath one in the bed of a crater is not one of the most pleasing sensations in the world.

Each day was one of peril; but aside from the every-day experiences of life in a crater, Doctor Guppy had two extraordinary adventures, neither of which he will soon forget. On Aug. 7 a section of rock 1,200 feet by 300 feet, in area started from the cliff at the top of the crater and came tumbling down. It came with a crash which under ordinary circumstances would have been terrific, but in the solitude and awesome surroundings of Mauna Loa's crater was something quite beyond description. The resounds within the crater were as though all the pent-up forces in the earth had found voice and were calling back and forth for help.

The landslide continued for seven hours, during which time Doctor Guppy could do naught else but stand and contemplate the possibilities of what would happen next. And the possibilities of events out of the ordinary happening within a volcano's crater are almost anything an imaginative mind can conceive. Great rocks falling from great heights would strike the floor of the crater and rebound again and again in their seeming desire to break through to the regions below. If ever a man had an opportunity to judge of what the awful crisis of the last day will be, Doctor Guppy experienced it then.

The other occasion on which the scientist had a chance to contemplate the uncertainty of things in general and craters in particular was the day he was lost in the crater. This was shortly after the landslide, and his nerves had scarcely recovered their usual composure. He had started early in the morning to make an exploration of an unvisited portion of the floor of the crater. He had gone about three miles from his camping place when the steam and vapor began to settle thickly all over the crater. His landmarks were soon shut out from view and he started to return to his little camp. The vapor clouds settled in more and more thickly until the mist became so heavy he could not discern objects ahead of him.

If ever he felt the want of companionship it was then. He had become confused in his efforts to reach camp, and until he could again see his landmarks could not for the life of him tell which way to go, even if it were safe to venture further. The most vivid imagination could scarcely conceive what a man's thoughts would be under such circumstances. Alone and at a spot where no man would venture to rescue; surrounded with a vapor bearing in it a tinge of poison; the oppressive silence broken only by the escaping steam, generated not at the will of man, but from the unsolved mysteries of the very bowels of the earth, he waited for six long hours.

At last the clouds began to lift and a little later Doctor Guppy could get his bearings and return to his headquarters.

Science on Brains.

The following extract is from Havelock Ellis' book, "Man and Woman."
"Again, until quite recent times it has over and over again been emphatically stated by brain anatomists that the frontal region is relatively larger in men, the parietal in women. This conclusion is now beginning to be regarded as the reverse of the truth, but we have to recognize that it was inevitable. It was firmly believed that the frontal region is the seat of all the highest and most abstract intellectual processes, and if on examining a dozen or two brains an anatomist found himself landed in the conclusion that the frontal region is relatively larger in women the probability is that he would feel that he had reached a conclusion that was absurd. It may, indeed, be said, that it is only since it has become known that the frontal region of the brain is of greater relative extent in the ape than it is in man and has no special connection with the higher intellectual processes that it has become possible to recognize the fact that that region is relatively more extensive in women."

At the Side Door.
Smith—Look at that grum policeman over there on the corner! Did you ever see him smile?
Brown—No. They say he is very cautious and never does it when any one is around.

Literary Theories.
"Napoleon's autograph is about as bad as Shakespeare's."
"Yes; I'll wager that Bacon wrote both of them."—Detroit Free Press.

About the only difference between a saloon and a cafe is the prices charged for drinks.

NO DIFFERENCE.

Physical troubles of a like nature coming from different causes are often a puzzle to those who suffer pain as to their treatment and cure, as in the case of lumbago from cold or a strain in some way to the same muscles. The treatment of such need not differ one with the other. Both are equally enough, and should have prompt attention, as nothing disables so much as lame back. The use of St. Jacob's Oil will settle the question. Its efficacy is so sure in either case there is no difference in the treatment and no doubt of the cure.

To Keep Paris Clean.

To do this work and to remove the 2,500 cubic meters of rubbish there are 149 brigades of sweepers, numbering 8,345, in conjunction with 550 rubbish carts and 1,075 horses.

From before dawn till long after sunset one sees in Paris the street cleaners in their peaked caps and watermen's boots or sabots hard at their work of sweeping, swabbing or watering. Each hour of the day brings its particular work for them. From 4 to 6:30 a. m. they have to wash and sweep the pavements and streets, and in winter cast gravel on the asphalt (315,470 meters) and wood paving (368,300 meters) of the city. From 6:30 till 8:30 four of them and a woman sweeper accompany the scavenger's dust cart to clear away from the dust bins the refuse which the chiffoniers have discarded. From 8:30 to 11 they are again at work sweeping, cleaning, watering and flushing the gutters, till these almost assume the form of little mountain torrents. From 11 till 1 they leave off for dejeuner, and then they are hard at work again cleaning streets and benches, and in winter, from 7 till 9 p. m., it is their duty once more to throw gravel over the wood and asphalt pavements.—Good Words.

In a London paper a young married woman of title asks £1,000 for the discharge of the duties of a chaperon for the space of three months.

No fewer than 7,633 patents on kitchen utensils have been taken out at Washington.

MISERY BY THE WHOLESALE.

Is what chronic inactivity of the liver gives rise to. Bile enters the blood and imparts a yellow tint, the tongue fouis, and so does the breath, sick headaches, pain beneath the right rib and shoulder blade are felt, the bowels become constipated and the stomach disordered. The proven remedy for this catalogue of evils is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine long and professionally recommended, and sovereign also for chills and fever, nervousness and rheumatism.

"Joe has a new job." "What is it?" "He's the tonsorial artist of a chrysanthemum greenhouse."

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED.

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

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

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 7ac. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

IT'S NOT EXPENSIVE.

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

THE PACIFIC COAST SYRUP CO.

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

"King Solomon's Treasure," only Aphrodisiac tonic known. (See Dictionary.) \$5.00 a box, 3 weeks' treatment. MASON CHEMICAL CO., P. O. Box 717, Philadelphia, Pa.

Fry Schilling's Best tea and baking powder.

FREE TRIAL TO ANY HONEST MAN.

The Formost Medical Company in the World in the Cure of Weak Men Makes this Offer.

HAPPY MARRIAGE, HEALTH, ENERGY AND LONG LIFE.

In all the world to-day—in all the history of the world—no doctor nor institution has treated and restored so many men as has the famed ERIE MEDICAL COMPANY, of Buffalo, N. Y.

SCIENCE TRIMMING THE LAMP OF LIFE.

This is due to the fact that the company controls some inventions and discoveries which have no equal in the whole realm of medical science. So much deception has been practiced in advertising that this grand old company now makes a startling offer. They will send their tragically effective appliances and a month's course of restorative remedies positively on trial, without expense, to any reliable man.

Not a dollar need be paid until results are known to and acknowledged by the patient. The Erie Medical Company's Appliances and Remedies have been talked of and written about till every man has heard of them. The highest medical authorities in the world have lately commended them.

They possess marvellous power to vitalize, develop, restore, and sustain.

They create vigor, healthy tissue, new life. They stop drains that sap the energy. They cure all effects of evil habits, excesses, overwork.

They give full strength, development and tone to every part and organ of the body. Failure impossible, see no barrier.

This "Trial Without Expense" offer is limited to a short time, and application must be made at once.

No C. O. D. scheme, no deception; no exposure—a clean business proposition by a company of high financial and professional standing.

Write to the ERIE MEDICAL COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y., and refer to their offer in this paper.

NEW USES FOR ALUMINUM.

The latest novelty in the trade are aluminum baby rattles.

Chemical laboratories are using aluminum extensively for various purposes, such as in water baths, air baths, Bunsen burners, funnels and condenser tubing.

Aluminum bronze is being used very extensively for fittings on trolley roads. This work requires a strong, stiff metal and aluminum bronze fills the requirements.

Aluminum is the principal metal used for religious medals, and a Chicago firm finds that the churches are particularly partial to aluminum badges and emblems.

Helmets for military, theater and circus use are being manufactured by a German firm. The helmets are made of a hard aluminum alloy and are proving entirely satisfactory.

The covers of record books are now made of aluminum sheets, well rounded on all edges, to prevent the subsequent wear on the leather used in connection with the metal sheet upon the backs.

A Bridgeport, Conn., foundry recently cast several thousand aluminum mouthpieces for graphophones. These were formerly made of rubber, but it has been found that aluminum, being more resonant, gives much better results.

An important use of aluminum which has just been started is for parts of furniture. Bookcases, rat and vermin proof, have been neatly made in this manner, and are receiving favorable attention from various public libraries.

The Aluminum Novelty Works, Pawtucket, R. I., have an aluminum basin which has been used every working day for five years, and yet has not a hole in it. In view of the rough treatment a basin gets in workshops it looks as if aluminum basins were rather durable.

Undertakers are using this metal for burial caskets of various kinds, but as yet only in the more expensive kinds, such as have retailed at \$500 apiece, although, according to the best authorities, the metal in them was not worth more than \$60 at the present prevailing prices.

Aluminum bonbon boxes are a recent novelty. Another specialty made by the company manufacturing these is an ornamental fern dish. This is made with an inner perforated pan holding the plants, which fits in a small chased receptacle containing water to moisten the roots of the plants.

Lithographers have been much interested in the experiment with aluminum plates for color printing. A New York firm now uses aluminum plates entirely on a number of presses which were built for printing with zinc. A lithograph company of Chicago is also beginning to use aluminum plates.

Aluminum is being tried for grain buckets by the India Wharf Brewing Company of Brooklyn. The buckets are attached to an endless chain and it is thought by making them of aluminum that the decrease in weight would result in a saving of power, and experience has proved the correctness of the conclusion.

Aluminum has replaced another metal in the manufacture of chemical crucibles, tongs, etc. These are light and handy and are not attacked by acids. A pair of chemical tongs, which, according to the manufacturer's statement, have been in constant laboratory use for five years, are as bright as when first made.

A camping outfit made entirely of aluminum, consisting of 115 pieces, weighs but fourteen pounds. It is packed in a box, which measures 12x11 inches on top, 9x12 inches on the bottom and 12 inches high. Even the inclosing box in this outfit is utilized, for the body of it is used as a baking oven and the cover as a bread pan.

The latest novelty in the bicycle line is aluminum lacquer, which is a preparation for giving the spokes of bicycles a bright aluminum finish. The spokes of the wheel are first cleaned and the lacquer is then applied with a brush. The lacquer can also be used for stripping and decorating any machine or article, and upon nickel, enamel, steel or wood.

Troop E of the United States cavalry recently made a twelve-day ride of about 250 miles on emergency rations. For experimental purposes their cooking utensils, cups and canteen were made of German aluminum. Captain Brown, of the First cavalry, writes that the aluminum articles proved "in every way superior to the regulation articles of tinned iron."

Several countries, including the United States, India and some South American States, have started to investigate the relative merits of aluminum alloys for use in minor coinage. A committee of the Fifty-fourth Congress was appointed to investigate the relative merits of nickel and aluminum alloys for minor coinage, and this committee's work will undoubtedly be continued.

Tea caddies, or boxes, for the shipment of tea from far-away countries are being made of aluminum. These commonly are made of wood, lead-lined and sealed with a specially prepared paper. These are now made of thin aluminum sheets, with riveted and reinforced corners, and it is stated on good authority that they do not cost much more than the wooden ones and possess the advantage of being much lighter.

A Japan firm recently ordered 3,000 small castings for parts of silk machinery from a Rhode Island company. Another useful application of aluminum made by this company is the vibrating parts of machinery. The company cast a slide which in iron weighed seven pounds, but which in aluminum weighed but a little over two pounds and with the aluminum slide the machinery was speeded up to 500 revolutions, whereas formerly it ran at 300.

THE WINTER'S GOWNS

THEY MUST BE BOTH RICH AND ELABORATE.

Simple Cut and Expensive Material Is as Far from Correct as Elaborate Cut and More Moderate Priced Goods, and Both Are "Out."

To Be Dressy Costs Money. New York correspondence.



THE WINTER'S fashions will be characterized by more of richness and elaborateness than seemed likely at the time the season's styles first began to show themselves. At the first there was promise of a deal of richness, for the new goods shown in the early fall were of a degree of fineness never before excelled, some of the more democratic weaves taking on a truly aristocratic finish. But these materials were advanced by their makers on the ground that they would make up simply with such good taste, and just then the Russian blouse jumped into favor and for a time its expressions were nearly all of the most simple order. Little was said then about the way in which the new fabrics would carry off fine trimmings and elaborate arrangements. Those points we are now learning, for women have not been content to employ fine stuffs in simple models—how could anyone ever have expected it!

Even when the new gown's design is not striking because of the work put into it, its materials leave no chance for an easing up on the pocketbook. Pictured beside the initial is a dress that illustrates this. Consisting of a plain skirt and bodice of conventional form, it seems the sort of rig that any one might manage, but that skirt was of the finest Havana brown broadcloth and the bodice was a rich silk in one of the season's new shades of brown, figured with cerise dots. Cerise satin

gave belt and trimming, the latter placed as shown. Of a design that was too simple to pass as dressy, it necessitated an outlay greater than most of us dare put out on our very best.

The same cannot be said of all of the dressy get-ups. Here are three a-row in the second illustration, each quite as much of a puzzle to the would-be copier as it was a delight to the observer in the original. The left-hand bodice was made entirely of princess pleated green chiffon over white satin. It fastened at the side and two large puffs of white satin crossed the front. The sleeves were white satin and their small epaulettes were of chiffon pleating edged with a white satin ruffle and lace, chiffon ruffles coming at the wrists. The collar was satin, lace-edged, and a large white satin ribbon bow was placed at the left shoulder, the best, of the same ribbon, fastening

shade to make a costume of considerable dressiness, but now, while the bodice is as ornate and fanciful as ever, its skirt must also be elaborate.

As these three bodices appear here, one would expect from their elaborate-ness that they would be of expensive materials, but another wrinkle of the current styles is that dresses which suggest demurity are planned in equally expensive stuffs. About the third of to-day's pictures there is a girlish affair that would seem to demand materials of low price and inconspicuous color, but that isn't at all the way to work it now. The designer of this dress knew that, and made it of pale yellow silk—a beautiful shade in a new weave—using chiffon of the same color. It bloused slightly in front and was garnished at either side with narrow bands of lavender satin ribbon to simulate an eon. A large sailor collar, banded with ribbon and two white chiffon ruffles that ended in a four-in-hand bow in front, was added. The small V and high pointed collar were banded with satin ribbon, which also trimmed the sleeves, and the yellow silk skirt. Somehow the sailor collar and bow garniture conveys a summer girl accessory and hardly seems in place on a distinctly dressy gown. But that point did not impress as the gown was considered, for, like so many new dresses, it only corroborated the maker's defence of it.

With the riding habit fit of tailor dress the be-plumed felt should be worn, though the picture hat should not be approached, and the shade must be carefully chosen to harmonize with the gown. In the example chosen for the concluding picture the hat and ribbon trimming were fawn color, the gown being castor cloth. The latter was trimmed on skirt and bodice with silk braid, and both as to fit and bodice and hang of skirt was well high perfection, as any such gown should be if it is to be successful. Tailor gowns never were within every woman's reach, but women's tailors are becoming more abundant and steady improvement on the part of home dress-makers made them more often feasible as a home product. Just as this desirable situation was reached, up bob the exquisite fashion leaders, raising the standards of fit and set, and down fall poor women's hopes of tailor rigs. Really fine ones are still as near the unattainable as ever.



SAILOR EFFECTS IN A SILK GOWN.

at the side in another bow. Near the bottom of the satin skirt came a band of chiffon puffing, skirt and bodice thus matching, and the bodice being thereby taken out of the realm of the late lamented fancy bodice to go with any skirt. This last point is potent in making the costume unsuitable to economical planning.

Gray satin and scarlet silk were combined in the second bodice, which was a welcome separate one, mated with a black silk skirt as sketched. It bagged slightly in front, was trimmed on either side with a panel of the tucked silk edged with chiffon ruffles, and draped with a jabot of ecru lace. Its high collar was of silk and lace, the belt of silk ending in a bow of scarlet satin ribbon, and the sleeves were plain with chiffon frills at the wrists. Satin and silk is hardly an economical combination, and in gray for the one and scarlet for the other they are higher priced than ever, so great is the vogue for these shades



FIT AND HANG MUST BE PERFECT.

In companionship. Last of the three is a dress of royal blue poplin, one that was especially elegant as to design and coloring. Its bodice bagged slightly all the way around, and in front was very richly trimmed with a trelis work of bright green velvet ribbon. This formed epaulettes on the shoulders and was edged with a ruffling of handsome white lace. The V shaped front was pleated green chiffon, the high collar and belt were green satin, the latter ending in a large bow fastened with a jeweled buckle. A trelis work of green velvet ribbon triumphed the skirt half way to the knees. Two years ago a bodice like this would have combined with plain skirts of any harmonized

Versatile Dr. Bedloe. Among the accomplishments of Dr. Edward Bedloe of Philadelphia, the American consul at Canton, China, is remarkable skill in mimicry. He can imitate with his voice the accent and mannerisms of speech of all the leading actors and orators as well as a number of musical instruments. His imitations of the twanging of a banjo are exceedingly accurate. Some years ago Dr. Bedloe was in a room at the Press club when several guests were being entertained in an adjoining apartment. He had been with the party, but had excused himself on the plea that he wanted to get his banjo. He proceeded to "play" a medley and did the imitation so well that the guests would not believe he had not actually performed on an instrument until he repeated the imitation in their presence. He is, moreover, a witty and brilliant conversationalist and a most entertaining raconteur. He has a wonderful memory and has never been known to tell the same story twice.—Philadelphia Press.

A Little Left.

"All is over between us," said the young man who had found a richer girl and was trying to take leave of his old love.

"You are mistaken," replied she. "All is not over. In fact, my breach of promise suit has not yet begun."

He postponed the transfer of his affections.—London Fun.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

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

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

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

March 8, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

"Your guest didn't stay long." "No, she begged me to treat her like one of the family, but when I did so she got mad and left."

\$2000.00

If you use too much of Schilling's Best baking powder it don't spoil the cake.

But why not make your money go as far as it will by using just enough of Schilling's Best baking powder—one-third less than of the brand you are used to?

A Schilling & Company San Francisco 2023

YOUR LIVER Is it Wrong? Get it Right. Keep it Right.

Moore's Revealed Remedy will do it. Three doses will make you feel better. Get it from your druggist or any wholesale drug house, or from Stewart & Holmes Drug Co., Seattle.

CHILDREN TEething. Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, cures the gum, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

FISCHER'S CURE FOR CHILLS WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S USUALLY A CONTESTANT.

MAY HAVE MEANT WELL.

But Her Efforts Did Not Meet With Much Success.

Last season a Washington woman, possessing both social and charitable ambitions, elected to give a reception. The affair was to be very exclusive. Judge of the surprise when a bundle of invitations was left at the door of a hospital in town upon whose board of managers Mrs. Z. serves. The invitations were found to be addressed to the trained nurses of the institution, and great was the wonder that the professional ranks had been invaded for society recruits.

A few days elapsed, and Mrs. Z. paid a visit to the hospital. Making herself extremely agreeable, she remarked to the nurses:

"Well, girls, I hope you received tardy to my reception?"

Smiles and acknowledgments answered in the affirmative, and Mrs. Z. went on complacently:

"Indeed, I was only too glad to remember you all. I appreciate how much work and how little play you girls have, and I thought you would enjoy a little glimpse of society fun."

"No doubt of it, Mrs. Z.," one of the nurses spoke up, "but none of us are likely to have gowns suitable to wear at such a function."

"Oh, that need not trouble you in the least," returned the smiling Mrs. Z. "Now, my idea is this. Of course I understand you have no evening gowns and that you know very few society people, but these facts must not interfere with your getting a peep at my guests and eating some of my supper. I thought the whole thing would be simplified if you all came in your pretty uniforms and caps and took up your stations in the dressing rooms. You would only have to assist the ladies with their wraps, and you could see the gowns to such good advantage, and"—

But such a chorus of indignant exclamation rent the air at that juncture that Mrs. Z.'s sentence was never completed.

The social veneering must be thickly coated on Mrs. Z., for to this day she does not seem to understand why the nurses meet her advances with frigid indifference and why her visits to the hospital are no longer pleasant.—Washington Star.

WELCOME AT SANTA CLAUS' NEW HOME

The Emporium and Golden Rule Bazaar San Francisco, Calif.

Grandest Christmas Displays Ever Seen.

ACELYLENE GAS GENERATORS.

More brilliant light than Electric for Stores, Hotels and Dwellings, and at half the cost. Agents wanted. F. N. DELANOY, 18 Second Street, San Francisco.

Kapp & Street TAMALE

Put up in tins for Hotels, Restaurants, Saloons, and Family Use. Ask your Grocer to get them. Dealers should send orders to CHAS. F. KAPP, Sole Manufacturer, 1200 Market Street, San Francisco.

BASE BALL GOODS. Special Rates to Clubs.

We carry the most complete line of Gymnasium and Athletic Goods on the Coast. SUITS AND UNIFORMS MADE TO ORDER. Send for Our Athletic Catalogue. WILL & FINCK CO., 812-820 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

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

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S. F. N. U. No. 808. New Series, No. 51.

LOVE LIVES ON.

I took from their hiding place last night
Your letters, sweetheart, and read;
And their passion thrilled in the waning
light,
Though I said, "My love is dead."
But tears came back to my world-worn
eyes
As I thought of a golden June
And lovers who sang, "Love never dies
While boats drift under the moon."

For white wings come, and white sails go,
Drifting out into the dawn;
But memory comes with refulgent flow,
And it's true as ever it was, I know,
That love lives on and on.

It comes with the touch or the clasp of a
hand,
Or the glance of a stranger's eye,
Or a kindly act in a foreign land,
Or the gleam of a starry sky,
Or a drifting boat on a silver lake,
Or a lily you touch with your oar,
Or the sound of the winds and waves that
break
In melody on the shore.

But as long as white wings come and go,
Or drift in the rosy dawn,
While memory comes with refulgent flow,
It's true as ever it was, I know,
That love lives on and on.
—New England Magazine.

THE NEW TENANT.



OW Mary, I have spoken!" Mr. Peel threw himself back in the chair as if that settled the matter once for all. "I heard you, dear," sweetly responded Mrs. Peel, "and now listen to me. I have accepted Herr Schmidt's offer, and he will enter the adjoining house as tenant tomorrow."

"Not if I know it, madam!" shouted Phineas, jumping from his chair and bringing his fist down on the table. "Do you think I am going to have Rhyd cottage turned into a menagerie and my garden into a howling wilderness? The house may remain tenanted forever, but Herr Schmidt and his monstrosities shall not enter there."

"Herr Schmidt, my dear, is merely a naturalist."

"I know it," stormed Phineas. "I've heard of these plaguey naturalists before. I've no desire to come down stairs some fine morning to find a ringtailed monkey sitting on the window sill acting as referee while the kangaroos and crocodiles play leapfrog over the flower-beds. No, madam, no naturalists for Phineas Peel!"

Pretty Mrs. Peel never allowed her temper to get the better of her. She laughed softly at her husband's fears, and did not alter her determination in the least.

"Has it slipped your memory, Phineas," she asked, "that Rhyd cottage is a portion of my property? If I choose to let it to a naturalist, even though he be a foreigner, I am perfectly justified in doing so."

This was true enough, and Phineas calmed down.

"Herr Schmidt's collection of 'monstrosities,' as you call it," went on Mrs. Peel, "probably contains nothing more dangerous than a death's head moth in a bottle. Anyhow, I have no intention to disappoint him."

"But I—"

"You will treat him with the respect due from one gentleman to another, Phineas," broke in Mrs. Peel. "And now, dear, we'll dismiss the subject."

Phineas Peel was—though at times he doubted it—a lucky fellow. He had carried off a young and handsome woman from a host of suitors.

Why Mary Marsden had chosen to bestow her hand and fortune on such a plain, everyday sort of fellow as the diminutive Phineas Peel was always a mystery to her acquaintances. The wedding was an accomplished fact before her relatives had recovered from the shock caused by the announcement of her engagement.

Mary appeared to be happy enough too. Phineas, taken as a whole, was not a bad sort of fellow. He was jealous, that was true, but his wife came to regard that as an extra proof of his devotion.

Had the proposed tenant of Rhyd cottage been an aged, decrepit, broken-down old man, Phineas would have stretched out the right hand of fellowship. But, alas! Herr Schmidt was young and handsome—far too handsome, Phineas thought.

"Very well, Mary," said Phineas, taking his hat from the peg and making for the door; "you have overruled me as usual and must be prepared for the consequences. In less than a week we shall have the house and garden overrun with every conceivable variety of reptile, from the beasty lizard to the boa constrictor."

And Phineas stalked indignantly forth with the merry laughter of his wife ringing in his ears.

A month or more had passed, and so far the fears of Phineas had proved to be groundless. Herr Schmidt's "monstrosities" had been kept well within bounds, and as yet Mr. Peel had not seen so much as a strange caterpillar in his garden, which never looked better. However, he was not happy. He had taken an aversion to the new tenant from the first, and would never be satisfied until he had got rid of him.

"Confound that fellow," muttered Phineas one evening as he sat on an upturned bucket behind the pea sticks. "He's prowling about on the other side of the hedge again. Hope he won't catch sight of me, for I'm about tired of his oily tongue and eternal smile. Hello! What the deuce is the meaning of this?"

Down the garden path tramped Mrs. Peel. The naturalist was evidently expecting her and greeted her with a smile that almost brought tears into the eyes of the furious Phineas.

"Goot efening," he said. "You vos joost a leetle late."

It was soon evident that this was not the first chat indulged in over the boundary hedge. Though Phineas strained his ears, he could not catch the drift of the conversation. Like a flash he remembered that Mary had often of late taken a stroll in the garden at dusk. Was this the explanation?

Phineas had been glaring at the couple from behind the pea sticks for ten minutes or so when he saw his wife take a rosebud from his favorite tree and hand it over the hedge with a charming smile to the delighted Herr Schmidt. Then, with a pleasant "Good night!" Mrs. Peel tripped lightly into the house.

"You villain!" hissed Phineas savagely, jumping from his seat and shaking his fist after the retreating figure in the next garden. "I'll pay you out for this!"

The rage of Mr. Peel was something to be remembered. Nothing but blood, he vowed, would obliterate his wrongs. But he would be cautious. He would smile and smile, and murder while he smiled. Seizing a pea stick, he tragically buried it in the heart of an unoffending cabbage, and played havoc with a stately row of sunflowers.

Half an hour later Mary saw him take down a huge old-fashioned duck gun from the hook in the hall.

"There's a German vulture in the neighborhood," he volunteered impressively, "and I'm going to bag him at the first opportunity."

However, as nothing short of an earthquake would have induced the old gun to go off in any circumstances—and Phineas had made assurances doubly sure by dropping in the shot first and powder afterward—the "vulture" in question was not likely to be seriously damaged, and Mary contented herself with expressing a hope that her husband would not hurt himself.

On the following evening, Phineas took up his old position in the garden with murder in his heart. Herr Schmidt, however, did not put in an appearance. After waiting some time, Phineas reentered the house and reared his duck gun up in the hall in a conspicuous position.

He had almost decided to run up to town and consult his brother John, the detective, with a view to having the movements of Herr Schmidt watched, when he was startled by the click of the letter box.

A scrap of paper lay on the mat. Picking it up, Phineas glanced at it, turned deadly pale, then hurried into the garden. Scribbled in lead pencil on dirty paper was the following:

"Peel has discovered everything. We have not a moment to lose, and must clear out to-night. The front door is unsafe. Will meet you at the back—10:30 sharp."

"There was no signature."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Phineas after reading the note for the third time. "I'd no idea matters had gone so far. 'Oh, yes, Mr. Schmidt,' he added grimly, 'I'll meet you at 10:30 sharp.'"

It was about 10:45 and raining heavily. Phineas Peel, seated on a wall overlooking the back of Rhyd cottage, with his duck gun laid across his knees, was beginning to feel uncomfortable.

"The note said 10:30," he muttered. "It must be after that time now. What's that?"

Phineas had caught the sound of heavy feet moving cautiously over the gravel. He grasped his gun and peered into the gloom, but could distinguish nothing.

Suddenly he heard voices, evidently at the front of the house. He was about to quit his place under the impression that Herr Schmidt was leaving by the front door after all, when one of the back windows was cautiously raised and the lithe form of the naturalist dropped lightly to the ground.

Creeping along the side of the wall on which Phineas lay he presented an excellent mark. Mr. Peel, however, could not bring himself to shoot a man down in cold blood. He would give him a chance.

"Stop, you scoundrel!" he shouted. The effect of the challenge was scarcely what Phineas had anticipated. Herr Schmidt darted forward and seized the barrel of the gun.

He was much the stronger of the two and Phineas was pulled from the wall in a twinkling. Lying on the broad of his back on the gravel in a half dazed condition he saw the tall form of Schmidt standing over him with the gun raised.

"Keep your tongue still, you fool," he hissed, "or I'll brain you. Now—quick—help me over the wall."

Phineas hesitated, but the threatening attitude of the other induced him to rise. However, he had no intention of giving in.

Obedying his instructions he caught hold of Schmidt's foot to give him "a leg up." Before the naturalist could grip the top of the wall, however, Phineas saw his opportunity.

Bracing himself for the effort, he exerted all his strength and pulled Schmidt bodily from the wall. He fell flat on his face, and before he could recover himself Phineas jumped on his back and seized him round the throat, emitting a yell that would have done infinite credit to a Sioux Indian.

The next moment Phineas was dragged off from behind and found himself in the clutches of a burly member of the local police force.

Four or five others seized Schmidt, who struggled in vain to free himself. "What am I arrested for?" gasped Phineas. "There's your man!"

Phineas would no doubt have been led off with the other prisoner, but for the timely arrival on the scene of the last person in the world he had expected to see—his brother John!

"Here! What on earth is the meaning of all this?" he demanded when, as the result of John Peel's interference, he found himself free.

John stayed behind a minute or two to explain that Herr Schmidt, the "naturalist," and Edward Harper, the notorious forger who had defied New Scotland Yard for the past six weeks, were one and the same.

"It was a sharp dodge of Harper's," said John Peel, "and he might have got clear away but for that clever wife of yours, Phineas. Mary suspected the man from the first and supplied me from time to time with valuable information. It is to her entirely that the credit of the capture is due. Tell her I'll call round and thank her myself tomorrow. By the by, the gang of which he was the head got wind of our intentions, and a man was dispatched with a warning. Harper doesn't appear to have received it."

Then Phineas began to understand things a little more clearly.

"I suppose this will be it," he remarked, producing the note and handing it to his brother. "You see, the messenger left it at the wrong door, and I—er—I thought I might as well see the fun."

For some little time after Phineas was of the opinion that he had made a fool of himself. Lately, however, he has taken a different view of the matter and is never tired of relating how he literally "dropped on" Harper, the forger, alias Schmidt, the naturalist, next door—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

IN REGARD TO MEN.

John Howells, son of the novelist, William Dean Howells, recently received a diploma in architecture from a Paris institution, where he had been a student five years.

Brigands in the Roman Campagna have no luck; they held up Prince Francesco Borghese, Duke of Bomarzo, and his agent recently, but the two had only \$7 between them. Two years ago, when the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen was robbed, he had just \$10 on his person.

Verestchagin, the Russian battle painter, will be the first recipient of the Nobel prize, given for "the propagation of pacific ideas." It is said, as his pictures have brought out the true horrors of war, Kaiser Wilhelm calls them "the best assurance against war."

It is reported that Verdi has intrusted to his friend, Bolto, a box containing the score of a new opera, entirely completed, but that the box is not to be opened, nor its contents investigated, until after the Italian composer's death.

In a recent interview Jean de Reszke told a funny story of how his brother Edouard went to sleep during the "Meistersinger" at Bayreuth, and how he had to vigorously shake him to make him stop the strange sounds which were scandalizing the audience.

Max Haddad, who now lives in retirement in Worcester, Mass., was formerly a favorite jockey of the King of Roumania. His Majesty had the ambition to have in his bodyguard of skilled riders men of nearly every nation of the world. Haddad, a Syrian by birth, was one of these. The seventeen riders always accompanied the King on his official tours about Galatz.

Effect of Coffee on the Nerves.

The impression prevails in many minds that coffee is extremely injurious to the nerves and also to the liver. How true this may be it is not easy to decide. Normal constitutions do not, as a rule, seem to find coffee in moderation in the least degree injurious. Dyspeptics may experience distress from its use, but according to some carefully-conducted experiments, it is quite as likely to be the sugar and cream in the coffee as the coffee itself. Persons who have been in the habit of taking coffee prepared in the usual fashion and have found it to disagree with them have tried black coffee without sugar or cream with most excellent results. From which it may appear that the caffeine may not be so injurious after all; indeed, it has of late been used in cases of myocarditis with excellent effect. Small doses of caffeine are recommended, and these at intervals, the remedy being given steadily, then discontinued for a while. In this way the system does not become accustomed to the medicine and it is not necessary to increase the dose of the drug.

Forged a Check to Buy a Bible.

Several days ago one of the Cincinnati banks discovered that a check drawn in favor of the Methodist Book Concern, which had been deposited by it and gone through the clearing house in regular form, was a forged one. As the check, however, was only for \$5, instead of sending it back to the clearing bank the teller took it to the Methodist Book Concern and told them it was a forgery. After looking at it carefully in a thoughtful manner the head of the firm said that the man purchased a Bible with that check.

A Barefooted Bridesmaid.

At a very fashionable wedding in London lately one of the child bridesmaids was barefooted, though robed in silk. Children in bare feet are now often seen in summer in wealthy English and Scotch families. Gloves also for child hands are omitted except in winter.

Richest American College.

Girard College is the richest university in America. Its property, in round numbers, amounts to three millions more than Yale's, and even this amount is so well cared for that it is rapidly becoming larger year by year. The college incloses forty-one acres of ground in the northwestern part of Philadelphia.

Paper Bottles.

Bottles now are being made of paper under a German patent. They are for use particularly on shipboard, where heavy weather works havoc among glass receptacles.

MAN'S NEW SERVANT.

STARTLING OFFICE FOR THE MAGNET.

Edison's Immense Plant for Separating the Metal from the Quartz by Means of Electro-Magnetic Attraction Is Now in Operation.

Edison's Latest Triumph.

This century has produced a host of thinkers whose penetration of intellect, keen observation and careful reasoning have chained the forces of nature and made them the servants of man. Of these there is probably none more deserving of the highest place than is Thomas A. Edison. He has made more than a score of inventions, any one of which would entitle him to a name and a place among the foremost men in the scientific world, and yet he goes on and strives for more and greater conquests. The marvelous inventions with which his name is associated have not been achieved in a day, but are the result of patient toil, indomitable perseverance and concentration of purpose. Nothing he has done heretofore has required so much of his individual attention, taxed his inventive ingenuity so fully, or in the aggregate consumed his vital powers more than his latest accomplishment. Billions of tons of iron ore lie scat-

tered through the rocks of the eastern spurs of the Allegheny Mountains. But the ore is mixed with the rock in such fine particles that it could not be mined with the ordinary methods, and was therefore looked upon as one of the wastes of nature. The furnaces in the East were compelled to look for their supply of high-grade ore to a few isolated deposits and to ores imported from foreign countries. The former being limited, and the cost of procuring the latter having almost reached the prohibitory point, the trade in high-grade ore for the manufacture of Bessemer steel began to shift westward to Michigan and Minnesota. Iron mills in the East were shut down and many thousands who depend on the smelting industry for a living were thrown out of employment. Walking along the Long Island shore Edison one day noticed a pile of black sand. He took some of it home for investigation. Placing an electro-magnet near the mass, he was surprised to see little dark grains leave the heap and more like so many ants toward the magnet; the ants proved to be little grains of iron ore. On the basis of this find he evolved his famous ore-separating machine. When the above-mentioned curious condition of the iron trade in the East was brought to Mr. Edison's attention eight years ago he remembered his experience with the sand, and in order to assure himself of the exact condition of the iron mines in the East he invented a magnetic needle which would "dip" toward the earth whenever it was brought over a large deposit of iron. With this he made a tour of the mines of New Jersey. To his amazement his needle indicated that the greater portion of the ground over which he traveled was underlain with immense deposits of iron.

With his magnetic needle, or, as he calls it, his "magnetic eye," he tested every large body of gneiss rock extending along the eastern coast of the United States, from Lower Canada to the great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina. He found immense deposits of iron. For instance, in the 3,000 acres immediately surrounding the village of Edison, there are over 200,000,000 tons of low-grade ore. In the entire district there are 16,000 acres in which the deposit is proportionately as large. The world's annual output of iron ore does not, at the present time, reach 60,000,

tons; so that in the paltry two miles surrounding the village of Edison there is enough iron in the rocks to keep the whole world supplied for one year or the United States for three years, even with the natural increase in demand. Sixteen thousand acres or twenty-five square miles of land contain enough iron ore to keep the whole world supplied for seventeen years, allowing, of course, for all natural increase of demand, due to the needs of a growing population. These acres would more than supply the United States with iron, including necessary exports, for the next seventy years; and they contain more than has been mined heretofore in this country since its discovery.

Here was an opportunity for the inventor and he set to work to plan out a great industry. It has taken him eight years to do it, but the result has justified all the trouble and money which he has expended upon it. Engineers used to large enterprises of the kind have smiled incredulously. Some of them have spoken of it as Edison's hobby, and others as his folly. Some have shown him on paper that no machine could be constructed powerful enough to crush five, six and seven ton rocks, or if such a machine were constructed it would never stand the fun and strain exerted upon it. This particular difficulty Mr. Edison surmounted so completely that less than 100-horse power is required to reduce rocks weighing six and seven tons to dust



After the crushing process it is carried to the top of the magnet house and dumped into space to find its way through many sieves of varying meshes and past many magnet faces of varying strength. As it descends the ore is drawn by the magnet into a long pipe by itself while the sand falls to the ground. The value of the sand alone is no small consideration. It is sold to builders and contractors at a good price, being more suitable for their purposes than any other obtainable. The pure ore is now allowed to drop downward and pass through a room where blowers rid it of any dust that may have accompanied it on its travel. After leaving the blower room, it is really a stream of pure, finely divided iron ore, which drops into conveyors and is carried to a storehouse, which holds 5,000 tons. Here it may rest temporarily or it may pass on by means of other conveyors to the mixing house. It cannot be smelted in the form of iron dust. It must be made into briquettes, and in order to do this it must be mixed with some adhesive substance which will prevent it from disintegrating when brought under the action of the furnace. To make this substance Mr. Edison had to perform 6,000 experiments before he got it of such consistency as to be satisfactory. Thus in small plastic nuggets the ore drops into the brick-making machine and comes out in small blocks which are thrown on conveyors to be carried to the great ovens to be baked. On coming out of the ovens it is ready for shipment. Fast freight cars are at hand to haul it away to the furnaces. From the time the ore is blasted with

its native rock out of the mountainside until it is loaded in the form of commercially pure iron briquettes on the cars it is not touched by human hands. The never-ending and never-resting stream of material constantly circulates through the various buildings, crushed by the stored momentum of gigantic rolls, hoisted skyward by steam, pulled earthward by gravity, deflected by magnetism, dried, sifted, weighed, gauged, conveyed, changed from rock into dust, and from dust into compressive lumps, mixed with a due proportion of adhesive material; churned, baked, counted, and sent flying to the furnaces by fast freight; and not once in its course is it arrested or jogged on-ward by human agency.

The pockets of ore from which the United States has drawn its chief supply are rapidly becoming exhausted. There is, it must be understood, plenty of iron ore in the country, but it is not the kind of ore from which steel can be made. Steel can only be made from ores in which the per cent. of phosphorus is very small. Edison with his crushing process has entirely eliminated the phosphorus element from the ore. It therefore remains inevitable that this must ultimately become the only serious method of producing ores from which steel will be made. It would seem from the prospect that Edison will become the head of a vast industry, as great as that brought into existence by the invention of the incandescent light, and in a measure more imposing, as it embraces the production of what in commercial circles is after all the most valuable metal on earth. In spite of this, however, the man who planned it all does not from his demeanor appear to have been over-impressed with its importance.

Both Aging.

She—Have you really seen that wonderful set of pictures that Miss Leftover has had taken, one on each birthday?

He—Yes; but they're very indistinct. You see, the photos have faded at one end of the list, and the subject at the other.—Truth.

Wonderful Originality.

Miss Dashleigh—George Hamby is very original, isn't he?
Miss Hapgood—I never noticed it. What has he done that was original?
Miss Dashleigh—He handed me a box of candy last night and didn't say, "Sweets to the sweet."

Works Both Ways.

She—If it wasn't for the old bachelors there would be no flirts.
He—If it wasn't for the flirts there would be no old bachelors.

Many mean men are men of means.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

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

Boyhood.
I rather guess my pants are tired,
My shoes are muddy, too;
And if my mamma finds it out
There'll be a great to-do.
But I had to make mud pies;
And don't think it very bad
To tear my pants a-riding
My little pony Gad.
'Cause he was getting frisky
And I 'se afraid he'd run away,
Unless I broke him over
And taught him how to play.
I think I'll rub the mud off my shoes
So mamma will not see,
And put my handkerchief in the hole
I tore up with my knee.
And then I'll pick some flowers—
She thinks they are very sweet—
And then she'll never notice
The mud upon my feet.
—Farm, Field and Fireside.

Postage Stamps to Repair Punctures.
Another use for postage stamps, which may be of interest to collectors who ride the bike, has been discovered by the League of American Wheelmen Bulletin. It says: "Postage stamps have often been used for the repair of punctures. The idea is a good one. In the absence of something better, two or three postage stamps stuck one on top of the other and firmly bound in place will hold for a long ride."

All He Wanted.
One day Walter's father offered him 50 cents if he would put on his bathing suit and get wet all over once. He wanted the money very much, so he finally consented. Clapping his arms around his father's neck like a vise, the great undertaking was begun. After much shivering and trembling he was wet about two inches above his ankles, when he exclaimed: "Papa! I—guess—I will—only—take—10—cents—worth this—time."

Wanted Work for Papa.
Philadelphia was treated to a novel sight the other day. A little girl, apparently about 8 years of age, trudged up Chestnut street carrying a pole from which was suspended a placard bearing these words: "Work Wanted for My Papa." The child was immaculately neat, despite her poverty-stricken appearance. Close behind her plodded the little one's father, leading a boy about 6. The man was M. PATHEMIC APPEAL. Braesch, a pocket-book-maker, of Carpenter street, Camden. Whether the child's appeal met with success or not is not known.

To Pierce a Cent.
"An apparent mechanical impossibility may be accomplished by simple means, using a copper cent and a cork, with a common cambric needle as accessories," writes Magician Harry Kelkar, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Announce that you will drive a small needle through a coin and few will be ready to accept your statement, yet it is very simple and any one can do it. Take a copper coin, place it upon two small blocks of wood, leaving a very narrow open space between the blocks. Now, having selected a good sound cork, force the needle through it until the point just appears at the other end. Break off the portion of the head of the needle showing above the top of the cork. Place the cork upon the coin and strike it a fair, smart blow with a hammer. The needle will be driven entirely through the penny by a single blow."

A Country Without Pets.
How much the boys and girls of Japan must miss—they have no pets, not a tabby cat, nor a dog, nor a pink-eyed rabbit, nor a lambkin. In fact, Japan is almost wholly without tame animals. The inhabitants of Japan neither eat beef nor drink milk, and consequently the cow is of no use in their domestic economy. The Japanese do not ride horseback; their two-wheeled vehicles are drawn and their palanquins are carried by porters. Besides, they have neither mules nor other beasts of burden. There are numerous dogs in the country, but they all run wild. As to sheep, goats and pigs, the Japanese do not raise them. The place of the wool that sheep could furnish is taken with them by silk, which is very cheap, so they do not wear woollen garments. In a Japanese establishment fowls are seen rarely, ducks and pigeons still more seldom; they were raised only to satisfy the demands of foreigners. Some persons in the suburbs of Yeddo raise cattle, but they are intended to draw the funeral car when some member of the Mikado's family dies.

The Kitten and the Bear.
Ohris, Burns, the veteran first sergeant of troop D, had a kitten which, during the summer camping of the troop at the Lower Geyser Basin, made her home within the sergeant's tent. Here, curled up on a pair of army blankets, she defied the world in general, and dogs in particular. When the latter approached, she would elevate every bristle on her brave little back, her eyes would glow like live coals, and her tail would swell up threateningly. If dogs approached too near, she would hiss, and exhibit the usual signs of hostility, until the intruders had vanished from her neighborhood.
One day, when the camp was bathed in sunshine, and every soldier in camp

felt lazy, an inquisitive black bear came down the mountain-side, and, whether because attracted by a savory smell from the cook's fire, began to walk about among the white tents of the cavalry command.

Suddenly the kitten caught sight of him. Dogs by the score she had seen, but this particular "dog" was the largest and the hairiest dog she had ever seen. But she did not hesitate. It was enough for her that an enemy had invaded her special domain. Hissing forth her spite, while her little body quivered with rage, she darted forth at the bear. The onslaught was sudden, and one glance was enough for Bruin. With a snort of fear, Bruin made for the nearest tree, a short distance away, and did not pause until he was safely perched among the upper branches! Meanwhile, the kitten stalked proudly about on the ground beneath, keeping close guard over her huge captive, her back still curved into a bow, and her hair still bristling with righteous indignation, while her tail would now and then give a significant little wave, as if to say, "That's the way I settle impertinent bears."

The soldiers, who meanwhile had poured forth from their tents, could scarcely believe their eyes, but there was the bear in the tree and the kitten below, and there were those who had seen the affair from beginning to end. And perhaps the strangest part of it all was that the bear would not stir from his safe position in the branches until the kitten had been persuaded to leave her huge enemy a clear means of retreat! Then he slid shamefacedly down from his perch, and ambled hastily off towards the mountain.—Lieut. Charles D. Rhodes, U. S. A., in St. Nicholas.

JEWIS IN PALESTINE.

The Plan to Bring Together the Scattered Members of Israel.

Do you object that the poor will be the only ones to immigrate to Palestine? Why, it is just those that we want. Prithce, how else shall we make our roads and plant our trees? No mention now of the Eurasian exemplar, the synthetic "over-man." Perhaps he is only to evolve. Do you suggest that an inner ennobling of scattered Israel might be the finer goal, the truer antithesis to anti-semitism? Simple heretofore, do you not see it is just for our good—not our bad—qualities that we are persecuted? A jugglery—specious enough for the moment—with the word "good," forceful "struggle-for-life" qualities substituted for spiritual, for ethical. And yet to doubt that the world would—and does—respond sympathetically to the finer elements so abundantly in Israel, is it not to despair of the world, of humanity? In such a world, what guarantee against the pillage of the Third Temple? And in such a world were life worth living at all? And, even with Palestine for ultimate goal, do you counsel delay, a nursing of the Zionist flame, a gradual education and preparation of the race for a great conscious historic role in the world's future, a forty years' wandering in the wilderness to organize or kill off the miscellaneous rabble—then will you, dreamer, turn a deaf ear to the cry of millions oppressed to-day? Would you ignore the appeals of these hundreds of telegrams, of these thousands of petitions with myriads of signatures, for the sake of some visionary perfection of to-morrow? Nay, nay, the cartoon of the Congress shall bring itself to pass. Against the picturesque wallers at the ruins of the temple wall shall be set the no less picturesque peasants sowing the seed, whose harvest is at once waving grain and a regenerated Israel. The stains of sordid traffic shall be cleansed by the dews and the rains. In the Jewish peasant behold the ideal plebeian of the future; a son of the soil, yet also a son of the spirit. And what fair florilege of art and literature may not the world gain from this great purified nation, carrying in its bosom the experience of the ages?—I. Zangwill, in Cosmopolitan.

Men and Women.

A Swedish writer, Frau Hansson, in her "Das Buch der Frauen," thus describes the relation between modern men and women: "It is a peculiar sign of the times that in spite of the many restrictions of former days men and women have never stood wider apart than at present and have never understood one another more badly than now. The honest, unselfish sympathy, the true, I should like to say organic, union—which is still to be observed in the married life of old people, seems to have vanished; each goes his or her own way. There may be a nervous search for each other and a short finding, but it is soon followed by a speedy losing. Is it the men who are to blame? The men of former days were doubtless very different, but in their relations to women they were scarcely more sociable than at present. Or is it the women who are at fault? For some time past I have watched life in its many phases, and have come to the conclusion that it is the woman who either develops the man's character or ruins it. His mother and the woman to whom he unites himself leave an everlasting mark upon the impressionable side of his nature. In most cases the final question is not what is the man like, but what kind of a woman is she? And I think that the answer is as follows: A woman's actions are more reasonable than they used to be, and her love is also more reasonable. The consequence is a lessening of the passion that is hers to give, which again results in a corresponding coolness on the part of the man."

Snails for Paris.
Snails are collected on the Kentish pastures every year in large quantities and dispatched to Paris.

Thrashing doesn't always separate a boy from his crop of wild oats.

Anecdotes and Incidents

Many stories are told relative to the illegibility of the penmanship of Rufus Choate, the famous lawyer. It is said that he once openly congratulated himself on the fact that "if he failed to get a living at the bar he could still go to China and support himself by his pen; that is, by decorating tea chests."

A number of Russian women are preparing for Dr. Nansen an original gift, consisting of a carpet, with a map of the north pole regions embroidered in silks. The places visited by him in his famous voyage will be worked in silver and gold thread. A recent visitor describes Nansen as taking "an almost boyish pleasure in his good fortune and fame." He has a fine yacht and has ordered a new and better one, and his snug home among the cliffs and woods will be replaced by a larger and more comfortable house. "Prosperity," it seems, "has come to him, but it has not inflated his vanity nor unbalanced his judgment. He is a man of singular simplicity of nature and nobility of character."

Once when Gen. Sherman had been under the care of a physician for some time he said: "Doctor, I don't seem to be getting any better, for all your medicine." "Well, General," replied the doctor, "perhaps you had better take Shakespeare's advice, and 'throw physic to the dogs.'" "I would, Doctor," replied the sick man, as he turned his head on the pillow; "I would, but there are a number of valuable dogs in this neighborhood."

Recently two gentlemen, driving along in a wagonette, were smoking, when a spark falling from one of their cigars set fire to some straw at the bottom. The flames soon drove them from their seats; and while they were busy extinguishing the fire, a countryman, who had for some time been following them on horseback, alighted to assist them. "I've been watching the smoke for some time," said he, "Why, then, in heaven's name, did you not give us notice?" asked the astonished travelers. "Well," responded the man, "there are so many new-fangled notions nowadays I thought you were going by steam."

A few days ago Joseph Jefferson was introduced to the venerable Judge Woodbury, of Boston. "You are not so tall a man as your father," said the Judge to the actor, "and you are not as large as your grandfather, whose acquaintance I also enjoyed." "Well, well," remarked Jefferson, "I am something of a kid, after all."

There is a little girl living in Cleveland, the Leader says, who is rapidly causing her father's hair to assume the color of the driven snow.

The other day she looked up at him from between his knees, and asked: "Papa, was it a wise person who said 'the good die young?'" "Yes," said the musing man, "I guess so."

"Well," she went on, after thinking it over for some time, "I'm not so much surprised about you; but I don't see how mamma ever managed to get grown up."

A Scotch clergyman, remarkable for the simplicity and force of his style, was one day discoursing on the text, "Except ye repent ye shall likewise perish."

In order to impress upon his hearers the importance of attending to the solemn truth contained in the passage, he made use of a figure of a very simple but striking character.

"Yes, my friends," he emphatically urged, "unless ye repent ye shall surely perish," placing one of his fingers on the wing of a blue fly which alighted on his Bible, and having his right hand uplifted, "Just as sure, my friends, as I'll flatten this blue fly!"

Before the blow was struck the fly got off, upon which the minister, at the top of his voice, exclaimed:

"Ah, weel! There's a chance for ye yet, my friends."

A few years ago an inventor who had devised a new sleeping-car took his plans to Mr. Pullman. The latter, after looking over them, said: "There is an idea there. I will give you \$100,000 cash for your patents." The inventor was a poor man and he would not accept the terms. He said that if the idea was worth \$100,000 to Pullman it was worth millions to him. The car was built and proved a financial failure, and it is believed that even to this day the inventor does not know where the "idea" was whose presence Mr. Pullman discerned in the working plans.

It is related of the late Mr. Pullman that, although he was a man of sound religious principles, he was fond of an occasional game of poker. When one Saturday night the game ran over the midnight hour he sent \$300 to his church in the name of J. Pott, and was greatly amused when the pastor read out that name before the congregation as that of the generous benefactor.

Sir Walter Scott once told, with every sign of belief, an extraordinary story of the supernatural, which he had received from his grandmother. "But how," asked his astonished and incredulous hearer, "do you possibly account for it?" "Albino," replied Sir Walter, "my grandmother was a liar."

One story of Charles A. Dana is worth repeating. The incident occurred while Dana was managing editor of the Tribune. Joseph Howard was officiating as war correspondent. A great battle had been fought, and Howard was telegraphing a description of it. He began with an exordium, "To God be all the glory! Mine eyes have seen the work of the Lord, and the cause of the righteous has triumphed," with more of the same sort, followed

by the words: "The Army of the Potomac is triumphant. We have won a great victory." A day or two afterward he received a letter something like the following: "Hereafter, in sending your reports, please specify the number of the hymn, and save telegraph expenses. Charles A. Dana."

When Admiral Jonett was acting Secretary of the Navy, the commandant of the academy at Annapolis asked that a cadet be court-martialed for whipping five toughs and two policemen, although it was done in self-defense. "Court-martial that fellow?" roared Jonett; "that boy ought to have a medal. Do you suppose the Government hired you to raise boys to play checkers?"

William Penn and Thomas Story once sheltered themselves from a shower of rain in a tobacco house, the owner of which said to them: "You enter without leave; do you know who I am? I am a justice of the peace." To which Story replied: "My friend here makes such things as thee. He is Governor of Pennsylvania."

DOCTORS ADDICTED TO DRUGS.

Many New York Physicians Wrecked by Constant Use of Narcotics.

The majority of professional men of this city who become addicted to the habitual use of drugs are physicians, and this fact was strikingly illustrated a few years ago by the success of a young doctor who has since become one of the best-known men in his profession. When he had been out of college for only a few years a lecturer in one of the city colleges decided to decrease the number of his lectures preparatory to retiring altogether from work. At that time there were three young physicians equally qualified to succeed him, and it was decided that the choice should be settled by allowing the men to lecture for a certain period and selecting from them the one who was most successful with the students. The three men entered the competition with equal opportunities, but only one of them survived. The other two fell away through the habit which has wrecked the prospects of so many promising young men in New York who seemed certain to win eminence in their profession. The one who did not fall a victim to the use of drugs won the place and the distinction that followed.

Scarcely a year passes without the disappearance from New York of some more or less prominent physician, said a doctor the other day after recalling the mysterious death of a well-known physician several years ago, "and it is usually the use of some drug that causes this retirement, which is sometimes temporary, but more often lasting. Cocaine has been one of the things very much used by them, but morphine, opium and other narcotics are as much in use. The habit of using them in the case of physicians seems to come from the fact that, knowing the amount in which the drugs can be safely used, there is never any doubt in their minds that they can indulge themselves moderately and with no fear of excess. Another reason is said to be that physicians know the agreeable effects from the use of these drugs better than persons who have never had experience with them. Whatever the causes may be, the truth remains that no class of professional men produces so many victims of these drugs. And the more surprising feature of the whole affair is that they are the men who would in the ordinary course of affairs be least expected to yield to such temptations."—New York Sun.

Homes of Our Childhood.

A pleasant and pastoral home in childhood always leaves an abiding impress on a man's mind, and one is not surprised to read an agreeable description of the rectory in which Lord Tenynson was brought up, and of which he always spoke affectionately. One can see, in fancy, the woodbine creeping round the bay window of the nursery, the Gothic-vaulted dining room, with its stained-glass windows, the pleasant little drawing-room lined with bookshelves and chairs, looking out on to the lawn, shadowed with its sycamores and elms, and bordered at the bottom of the garden by the clear swift brook, where forget-me-nots blossom and long mosses sway. Such a home must of necessity make a poet of nature, a naturalist of a poet. Those who grow up in fair scenes realize the effect of them on their own moral nature. A sunny, cheerful nursery, a bright, glowing garden, may have been the chief factors in the unclouded happiness and success of the celebrated man. Bryon had an unhappy childhood, the Brontes a cramped and somber youth; in this as in many other ways, the child is father of the man.

What is the English Throne?

The English throne—what is it? Is it the stone chair of Westminster Abbey? That is only occupied once by each king or queen, and only at the coronation ceremony. Is it the chair of state in the House of Lords or the reception chair at Buckingham Palace, or the sumptuous gilt things which Victoria uses at Windsor when she receives the foreign envoys? It is an interesting question, which some people would like to have answered. Most everybody, however, has come to the conclusion that in the majority of countries the throne is merely a symbol, and the expressions, "He has succeeded to the throne," or "speeches from the throne," are only metaphors.

Lord Mayor's Salary.

The allowance of the Lord Mayor of London, up to the majority of Sir Sidney Waterlow in 1872, was \$40,000 annually; but it was increased in that year to \$50,000, at which sum it has ever since remained.

The average woman is perfectly happy if she succeeds in getting her neighbor's hired girl away from her.

A WIDOW'S AFFECTIONS.

Adjudged by an Illinois Jury to Be Worth Over \$54,000.
In most breach of promise cases the amount of damages asked for is ten times as much as the damages sustained or hoped to be received. But a jury recently gave a verdict in a case at Danville, Ill., in which the affections of the fair plaintiff were adjudged to be worth over \$54,000. This is probably the largest award for slighted



MRS. CARRIE CORBETT.

love ever made in a breach of promise court. The story of the circumstances out of which the case arose is an important one.

John H. Germand has long been considered the wealthiest man in Danville, Ill. He was a real estate owner for several years and his property brought in large returns. He had many tenants, among whom was Mrs. Carrie Corbett, a beautiful widow of 35 years, who lived with her little 12-year-old son. Germand visited her once a month, but claims his visits were at first of a purely business nature. One day he went to the house to give some instructions to some painters who were at work when Mrs. Corbett asked him to come into her apartment. This he did and the two sat upon the sofa. "This was the beginning of a long courtship, in the course of which Germand took her out for carriage drives, and on several occasions they journeyed to distant towns together, and once both went to Chicago on a vacation trip. Of course they were always properly chaperoned. It went along this way for a long time, and then came a trip that led to a disruption. Mr. Germand was going to the convention of Christian Endeavorers in San Francisco. Mrs. Corbett expressed her desire to go along, and her sweetheart bought the ticket and paid the other incidentals of the trip. On the way Mrs. Corbett paid particular attentions to a delegate on the train, and carried on a flirtation with him all the time. Germand was jealous, and so the trouble came on which culminated in the breach of promise

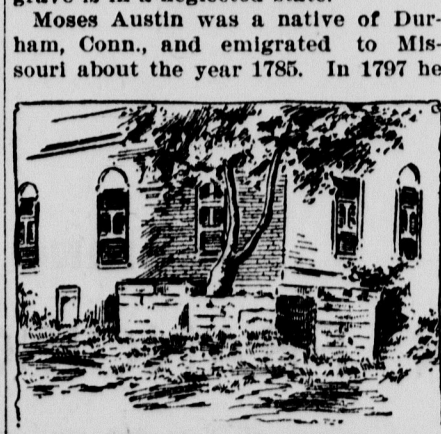
case as above indicated. Germand is 71 years old and has been three times a widower. The amount of the damage allowed was a surprise to all—even to Mrs. Corbett herself. But before the trial Germand had disposed of most of his property, so that in all probability the judgment of the court will stand unsatisfied.



THE WOOINGS OF MRS. CARRIE CORBETT.

A PIONEER'S NEGLECTED GRAVE
Beneath a Wild Cherry Tree Sleeps Austin, the Founder of Texas.
Among the foothills of the Ozark mountains, in the cemetery at Potosi, Mo., lie the remains of Moses Austin, the founder of Texas, for whom the capital of that State is named. His grave is in a neglected state.
Moses Austin was a native of Durham, Conn., and emigrated to Missouri about the year 1785. In 1797 he

obtained from the Spanish Government a grant of land containing 6,085 acres, which is still known as the Austin survey, and includes a portion of Potosi townsite. In the year 1798 Austin built a costly mansion just opposite the site of the present court house, and was at that time the finest structure



TOMB OF MOSES AUSTIN.

west of the Mississippi River. He was extensively engaged in mining on the claim, and in his report to the Government in 1819 reported 200 miners at work on the claim. He built the first furnace in the Southwest.
In the year 1821 he explored the unknown province of Texas, and afterward secured a grant to enter and colonize. He returned to Missouri in 1823 for the purpose of organizing a colony, but was taken sick and died and his remains were interred in the Protestant cemetery. His plans were successfully carried into effect by his son, Stephen F. Austin, but as his father was the originator of the exploration he is rightly called the founder of the Lone Star State.
A very large cherry tree has grown over the grave. The once famous mansion was destroyed by fire in 1873. There are still numbers of the miners working successfully on the claim, which is a regular honeycomb of holes, but the supply of lead is seemingly inexhaustible.

Arrested a Whole Funeral.

It has long been the custom of funerals the world over to proceed slowly; not so, however, with funerals in the outskirts of Brooklyn. The other day in that city a funeral was spinning along when the hearse driver carelessly ran over a boy's bicycle and ruined it.
The policeman, who gave chase, overhauled the hearse, climbed up on the box and arrested the driver for his recklessness.
"All you people follow me!" the policeman shouted to the drivers of the carriages in the funeral cortege.
Thereupon he turned the horses toward the police station and started them at a trot. The hearse driver was dumb with astonishment. All the carriages dutifully trundled along behind. Imagine the astonishment of the citizens of Brooklyn upon seeing a whole funeral procession trotting toward the lockup. The unhappy occupants of the carriages, knowing nothing of the reason for the change in their itinerary, were full of indignation.
The sergeant refused to entertain the charge against the hearse driver, and he advised the boy to get a warrant for the driver if he wished to prosecute him. Thereupon the funeral procession resumed its journey toward the cemetery.

A Great Authority on Evolution.

There is a sketch of "A Great Naturalist," the late Edward Drinker Cope, in the Century. It is written by Henry Fairfield Osborn. Prof. Osborn says: His pioneer exploration came early in the age of Darwinism, when missing links, not only in the human ancestry, but in the greater chain of backboneed animals, were at the highest premium. Thus he was fortunate in recording the discovery in northwestern New Mexico of by far the oldest quadrupeds known, in finding among these the most venerable monkey, in describing to the world hundreds of links—in fact, whole

chains—of descent between the most ancient quadrupeds and what we please to call the higher types, especially the horses, camels, tapirs, dogs and cats. He labored successfully to connect the reptiles with the amphibians, and the latter with the fishes, and was as quick as a flash to detect in the paper of another author the oversight of some long-sought link which he had been awaiting. Thus in losing him we have lost our best and most discerning critic. No one has made such profuse and overwhelming demonstration of the actual historical working of the laws of evolution, his popular reputation perhaps resting most widely upon his practical and speculative studies in evolution.

Royal Affections.
The French Minister of Foreign Affairs, it is said, asked the King of Siam why he did not leave his foreign minister at home to take charge of things. "Because he is my brother," returned Chulalongkorn, with a grim smile; "I should probably have found him on my throne when I got back to Siam." "But you have your other brother with you." "Yes, but his nature is even less benevolent. He would not only have seized my throne, but cut off my head as quickly as I returned." "You all seem on excellent terms together," exclaimed the astonished Frenchman. "Exactly," said the King, "and, as I like to be on good terms with them, I always take them along."

A Great Inducement.
"My! but Sales & Specials do a big business."
"Why shouldn't they? Look at the inducements they offer—free novels to read while you are waiting for your change."—Indianapolis Journal.

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