

The Enterprise.

VOL. 2.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1897.

NO. 46.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sundays.	
9:14 A. M. Daily.	
10:49 P. M. Daily.	
11:49 P. M. Daily.	
12:56 P. M. Daily.	
8:04 P. M. Sundays Only.	

SOUTH.	
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sundays.	
7:58 A. M. Daily except Sundays.	
11:12 A. M. Daily.	
12:02 P. M. Daily.	
3:44 P. M. Daily except Sunday.	
6:00 P. M. Sundays Only.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	
12:19 P. M. Saturdays Only.	

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

TIME TABLE FOR BADEN LINE.

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

S. F. CAROLINE

TIME CARD.

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

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

POST OFFICE.

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

MAILS ARRIVE.

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

MAIL CLOSURE.

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

CHURCH NOTICES.

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

MEETINGS.

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

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

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck	Redwood City

TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain	Redwood City

TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Graber	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.	AMOUNT
Samuel L. Lent and wife to El Cerrito Land Co., lot 22, El Cerrito Park	\$10
Yerba Buena Mutual B. and L. Ass'n to Wells, Fargo & Co., lot 23, block 147, South San Francisco	10
Yerba Buena Mutual B. and L. Ass'n to Wells, Fargo & Co., part of lots 32 and 33, block 101, South San Francisco	10
James B. Brooks to Wells, Fargo & Co., lot 8, block 102, South San Francisco	10
Walter R. Welch and wife to Robert L. Greer, lots 7 and 8, block 41, and lots 1 to 5 inclusive, block 51, Eastern Addition to Redwood City	10
Annie Edwards to William Mitchell, lot 10, block 26, San Mateo	10
Samuel Davis to Sprinkle Valley Water Works, 888.97 acres	10
W. P. McEvoy, Commissioner, to Benj. Wood, block 8, range C, Redwood City	1406.50
John Knell to Barbara Knell, lots 8, 9, 12 and 13, block 8, and lots 7 and 8, block 19, Millbrae Villa Tract	5111
Frederick Knell to Barbara Knell, lots 8 and 9, block 8, and lots 12 and 13, block 8, also lots 7 and 8, block 19, Millbrae Villa Tract	5111
Emily Wirthle to Thos. Fitzgerald and Bridget Fitzgerald, lot 3, block C, Edgar Mills Tract	10
Louis S. Blake, et al., to Laura A. Blake, lots 26 and 27, Blake Tract	10
Laura H. Blake to Edward J. Pringle, Jr., lots 20 to 27 inclusive, Blake Tract	10
Frederick R. Webster to Luigia Segale and Celestina Broyer, lots 5, 6, 7, block 188, Geo. Gonzales and wife to G. Cazares, 10 acres	10

MORTGAGES.	
Marianne G. Martin and W. J. Martin to Lillie B. Lillenthal, lots 39 and 40, block 78, South San Francisco	\$2500
Luigia Segale to Franklin Savings and Building Ass'n, lots 3, 4, 7 and 8, block 181, Abbey Homestead	400
Sarah A. Wilson to Miranda E. Mill and Mrs. Carrie A. Jury, 300 acres	2000

A brutal case of whitecapping in the country near Richmond, Ky., is reported. Charles Murray, his son-in-law, and daughter, were badly beaten and are in a dangerous condition.

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.

An asbestos ledge has been unearthed near Mesa Grande.

Santa Monica's \$15,000 school bond issue carried by a vote of 155 to 20.

Lompoc, in Santa Barbara county, reports new oil prospects just discovered.

Riverside county expects to produce 1,000,000 sacks of wheat and barley this year.

The Bakersfield Echo advocates the establishment of a trout farm in Kern river, in a canyon not far from Bakersfield.

The Murphy-Grant property, corner of Bush and Sansome streets, San Francisco, has been sold to the Luning estate for \$480,000.

Lodi apricot growers are receiving five and a half and six cents for their crops, in sacks. Moorpark command eight and nine cents.

Jacob Wilson, who came to Stockton, Cal., as a tramp, has just inherited part of a \$15,000,000 state left by his father in New York.

The San Diego M. & M. will consider the proposition of a lower coast Mexican steamer line. Los Angeles is at present working for the same end.

Fire has destroyed the Morgan House on upper Main street, in Grass Valley. Only a few pieces of furniture were saved. The building was insured for \$2,500.

George T. Parr, representative of G. W. McNear of San Francisco, at Delano, purchased \$30,000 worth of wheat at Delano during the month of August.

The Rose Tournament Association at Pasadena, in its annual report shows total receipts of \$1096.76, and disbursements of \$1051.62. The tournament is to be continued.

D. W. Swift of Clovis, Fresno county, was convicted of practicing medicine with out a license, and is now serving twenty-five days in the county jail therefor.

The Delhi creamery near Santa Ana, the third to be established in Orange county, has been formally opened. It has a separating capacity of 35,000 pounds of milk an hour.

The Coburn sawmill on Upper Tule river will close down, owing to the low price at which lumber is selling at Porterville and Lindsay, the points the mill is expected to supply.

The State Bureau of Highways has addressed the Board of Supervisors on the subject of a new boulevard to connect San Mateo county with the famous Balboa boulevard at San Francisco.

Captain James E. Wright, master of the schooner Nereid of San Diego, has been found guilty of smuggling seven coolies from Ensenada into the United States and landing them at San Juan Capistrano.

John Kelso, a sub-contractor on the new Postoffice site at San Francisco, has been arrested on a charge of violating the National Eight-Hour law. Kelso will be prosecuted by the central labor bodies.

James Elven, a deck hand on the river steamer Ocean Wave, at Portland, Oregon, while casting off the fenders preparatory to the steamer's making a landing, fell into the river and was drowned.

Benjamin Zoekler, of Phoenix, Arizona, one of the most extensive cattle dealers in the Southwest, killed himself by a pistol shot back of the ear. Business reverses had depressed Zoekler for a month past, and his suicide is attributed to despondency.

A co-operative fruit evaporator and cannery in Azusa is one of the possibilities of the immediate future. A small experimental evaporator has been in use for two years and has proved successful. A feature of the work is the evaporation of vegetables.

Commander Booth-Tucker of the Salvation Army will arrive in San Francisco shortly for the purpose of viewing the land secured for colonization purpose in Monterey county. In the meantime the Citizens' Committee will endeavor to raise the \$10,000 necessary to secure the success of the project.

Sigmund Morris, who is said to be wanted by the Federal authorities in Brooklyn, N. Y., for an alleged illegal use of the mails in connection with a fraudulent directory scheme, appeared before Commissioner Heacock, and waiving preliminary examination, was held to answer, and will be taken East immediately.

The Supreme Court at San Francisco has decided that the buildings and improvements on the Lincoln School lots at Fifth and Market streets, in that city, belong to the school department, and not to individuals who erected them. By the decision, which reverses

the judgment of the Superior Court, the city is enriched by \$100,000.

The Board of Fire Underwriters of the Pacific has adopted a new system of rating insurance premiums which will be put in force in all the towns of the coast. The new system is a perfection of what is called the mercantile system. A result of its adoption will be a reduction of premiums and a general readjustment of rates.

The Duarte-Monrovia Fruit Exchange this year shipped 52,460 boxes of oranges, receiving therefor \$75,383.38 net cash paid to growers, \$56,162.56. The cost of handling the fruit was reduced 1 1/2 cents per box. The exchange also handled 138 tons of apricots for its members, paying, after deducting all expenses, \$8.13 per ton.

Foreclosure proceedings are under way against the Redondo Beach property, involving the largest foreclosure ever effected in Los Angeles, except the old cable railway. The amount asked is over \$600,000. Judge Lamme and E. E. Milliken are attorneys for the plaintiffs, and E. K. Blades, attorney, in the Stowell Block, is the commissioner appointed by the court to sell the property.

The forest fires which started on the Brown ranch in the upper Carmel valley, near Monterey, about two weeks ago, and which has raged constantly since, destroying valuable timber, as well as grain, stock pasturage, barns and other ranch buildings, has finally been controlled. The fire extended over an area of more than thirty square miles and caused great loss to the ranches in the district.

The first car of raisins for the season of 1897 was recently shipped to Philadelphia from Fresno by Chaddock & Co. This is a very early shipment. The indications are for a short crop and increased prices, which cause considerable friction between packers, and growers. Just now the growers, who control the situation, demand 3 1/2 to 4c per pound cash in the sweat boxes, which is being met slowly by the buyers.

Seven persons were fatally poisoned recently in Calloway county, Kentucky, by eating a poisoned melon stolen from a neighbor's melon patch.

Residents of Wheeling, West Virginia, have recently presented the gun boat Wheeling, now completed at San Francisco, with an elegant silver and crystal service.

A special to the Denver, Colorado, Times from Washington says: There is just now a large demand upon the Treasury Department for small coins to assist in the movement of crops.

The National Executive Board of the United Mine Workers have agreed to recommend to the miners a proposition of the mine operators' at Pittsburgh to pay sixty-five cents a ton until the end of the year.

The Treasury Department has concluded that it cannot legally enforce the provisions of the Dingley tariff law forbidding the insertion of prize coupons and other gift devices in packages of cigarettes and smoking tobacco.

A proposition has been made to obtain from the Federal Government the collection of Grant relics presented to the National Museum in New York by Mrs. Grant and deposit them in the large room in the northeast corner of the mausoleum.

In some of the mining districts of the eastern States the strike is practically ended. The plan now is for the miners to return to work at the rate of 64 cents per ton, and continue at work during the time that the settlement by arbitration is pending.

A Wichita, Kansas, man has invented an appliance which he says is to be attached to brooms used in hospitals. It is a tank to hold disinfectants, and is so arranged that the stroke of the broom feeds the liquid to the straws, distributing it regularly as the broom is drawn over the floor.

The Bank of Durand at Rockford, Ill., has closed its doors, and Charles A. Norton, cashier and general manager of the institution, has disappeared. He is said to have forged the names of prominent farmers to twenty-seven notes for various amounts. The bank had deposits amounting to about \$30,000.

Charles W. Caryl, a prominent mining man of Denver, Col., proposes to present to the miners' meeting in Chicago the latter part of the present month a scheme for the solution of the labor problem. Mr. Caryl proposes to incorporate a company with a capital of \$10,000,000, which is to engage in all kinds of productive industry. Stock is to be sold at par and money is also to be raised by the sale of bonds, due in twenty-five years, bearing 6 per cent interest and payable in gold.

The Minister of Customs of Canada has decided that hereafter petroleum imported in tank cars may be stored in bond in bulk. This is a concession to importers of American coal oil, as heretofore duty had to be paid on the entire consignment before the oil could be stored away. Under the new system an importer can bring in 500 gallons at a time by tank cars, store it in his warehouse, and pay the duty as he disposes of it in barrels.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Condensed Telegraphic Reports of Late Events.

BRIEF SPARKS FROM THE WIRES.

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

There are now 14,650 boxes of lemons on the way to New York from Mediterranean points.

The first cargo of corn to be shipped to France for years was taken out from Philadelphia recently.

A fire originating in a lumber mill nearly destroyed the town of Cairo, in West Virginia. The loss is \$50,000.

The Falls Company, manufacturers of cotton goods, at Norwich, Conn., have started up on full time, giving employment to 500 hands.

The Washington woolen mills at Fredericksburg, Va., will voluntarily advance the wages of a large number of operatives ten per cent.

Dennie, Deegan and Cowden have sold their gold mine in Humboldt county, Nevada, to J. W. Brim of Williams, Cal., for \$16,000.

Fire has destroyed ten business houses and one residence in Hillsboro, Iowa, leaving only two business houses standing. Loss, \$60,000; insurance, \$20,000.

The government has cut off all rations to the Apache Indians, except flour, and now there is danger of an Indian uprising in Arizona and New Mexico.

Secretary Alger has ordered three corps of cavalry from Fort Apache to the Zuni Indian country in New Mexico. A religious outbreak there threatens lawlessness.

A great deal of damage was caused at Middleton, N. Y., by a cloudburst. The rain came down in torrents. Cellars were filled, and sewers are beyond their capacity.

The burning of a furniture warehouse in Pittsburg, Penn., caused a damage to the building and adjoining property estimated at \$165,000. Two farmers were killed by falling walls.

As a result of a raid on a moonshine distillery in the mountains of Pope county, Arkansas, two officers were killed, two mortally wounded, and the remaining two of the posse are either dead or in the hands of the bandits.

Mrs. Frances Key Howard, the daughter of Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner," died recently in Wheeling, West Virginia, at the age of 79 years. Mrs. Howard was the last survivor of the family of Francis Scott Key.

During the past week sixteen iron-works and fifteen woolen mills have started up, and the prices in steel are said to be growing stronger. The bank clearings during the week show an increase of forty per cent over the corresponding week of last year.

The suspension of Parker, Sampson, Adams & Co., a boot and shoe wholesale house of Boston, is announced. The company organized in January, 1896, with \$100,000 capital, but suffered heavily from over-buying and losses through unwise credits.

The Bureau of American Republics at Washington will issue a bulletin on the Nicaraguan Canal in a few days. Directors Smith, the author of the bulletin, states that he believes the present administration will prosecute the Nicaraguan Canal enterprise.

Wild horses have become a nuisance in Northern Arizona, and Attorney-General Fraser has been asked if they may not be legally slaughtered. They have rapidly increased in number, and have become wilder than deer and vicious as well. The matter has been referred to the Livestock Board.

The great Yerkes telescope at Chicago has unmasked sidereal objects hitherto unseen. The great lens has been focussed into space and the light-gathering power of the glass has been proved perfect. It far surpasses the thirty-six-inch lens of the Lick Observatory, and Professor Burnham says it is the most powerful telescope in the world.

From present indications trouble will follow an attempt to eject the intruders from the Cherokee Nation in Arkansas. When the Cherokee strip was sold the Government promised to put out all the intruders, but upon one technicality or another, 5000 have managed to remain. The Government has decided to take a firm stand, however, and has ordered their removal forthwith. Agent Wisdom will undertake the task at once.

The recent decision of the Supreme Court of Idaho nullifying a majority of Idaho's laws may result in liberating a large number of convicts now in the penitentiary. Most of the criminals sent up since 1893 were convicted on information of the attorney without indictment. The act providing for information passed in 1891 is said to be unconstitutional under the Supreme Court decision, and habeas corpus proceedings will secure freedom for a number of men.

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.

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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,

(Cassery's Seven-Mile House,)

SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL.

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

PIONEER GROCERY

GEORGE KNEESE

Groceries and Merchandise Generally.

BAKERY.

Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

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

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

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206 GRAND AVENUE.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

GROCERIES,

HARDWARE,

BOOTS & SHOES

CROCKERY,

MEN'S CLOTHING

ETC., ETC., ETC.

::: Free Delivery. :::

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

Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

Corner Grand and San Bruno Aves.

THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM
Editor and Proprietor.

The Philadelphia Item editorially remarks: "Speaking of wheels—we've got 'em." Open confession is said to be good for the soul.

The New York Sun probably is right in suggesting that "too many people are drowned every year." How many would be about the proper quota, anyway?

A Boston restaurateur advertised in the window "choice molluscos bivalves," and a visitor from Philadelphia walked right by the place four times looking for an oyster stew.

More than a century ago Horace Walpole wrote, "How unfortunate that little countries should retain a spirit of independence, which they have not strength to preserve, and that great nations who might throw it off court the yoke." Thus he anticipated the Greece and Germany of to-day.

A woman recently returned from the Klondike says she received fifty offers of marriage before she was fifty miles up the Yukon. But she waited until she reached the mines and married a man who was panning out \$50,000 a month. Declining a score of proposals a day in Alaska must be almost as trying as the mosquitoes.

Kaiser Wilhelm's plan of making war in a Pullman palace car looks a little like an attempt to revive the methods of the ancient Greeks at the siege of Troy. The wooden horse worked beautifully, and so may the Kaiser's on paper, as many of his devices do, but the latter might prove slightly impracticable if the enemy should happen to capture the track upon which his car fortress runs.

According to a Tacoma special a whale has been utilized as a motive power for boats in that vicinity. This is a hint that may be of interest to gold seekers impatient to reach the Klondike region but unable to find vessel-room. The most serious objection to the whale as a motive power grows out of the fact that the power might take it into its head to go in the wrong direction or even take deep sea soundings, which might prove a little inconvenient to the "argonauts" following him.

While most institutions of learning are reaching out for students and making every effort to accommodate new ones, Williams, always an exclusive college, is preparing to restrict the number who will be taught there. Not only are the standards to be raised and the requirements to be increased, but fewer pupils will receive financial aid. As this is not done to meet the requirements of economy, the advisability of the policy may be questioned. But our colleges are undergoing some strange changes of late.

Another attempt has been made, this time by Colonel Higginson, to write a suitable national anthem for our country, and to furnish it with music which shall be at once original and dignified. The endeavor is a worthy one. But one cannot help remarking that the national songs which find places in the hearts of a people are rarely if ever the product of deliberate and conscious effort, however patriotic. They are struck out, as by inspiration, in the heat of some national crisis, in the stress of some national movement. The conditions have never yet been ripe for the birth of the real national anthem of the United States.

The golf widow is a new institution at the seaside. A Newport correspondent says the golf widows have husbands who "play all day, stay away to lunch, then come home at night all tired out and want to sit down to a supper of beefsteak and potatoes, declaring that they are too hungry to trifle with a course dinner." After a hearty meal they smoke a strong pipe on the veranda and go to bed at 10. Golf widows are of all ages, even grandfatherly husbands deserting their wives to "chase a bouncing ball over half of the island." The game should be modified so that the grandmothers may share in the fun.

Some men in Chicago are working upon an "umbrella" sail which they propose to experiment with upon small sailing craft. This sail was tried at the Cowes regatta and made a sensation among the sailors of yachts. Scientists and navigators believe that with certain modifications this sail will be made to take the place of the ordinary canvas article manipulated by ropes. The new sail resembles a Japanese umbrella, and its upper edge is secured near the top of the mast with blocks and halyards and the main sheet is fastened at some distance from the bottom of the sail. The shape may be changed at will to suit the occasion by opening or shutting it just as though it were an umbrella. It can be adapted to the ease or violence of the wind with much more facility than the ordinary sail. Not only landlubbers but expert sailors have long thought that there could be improvements made in the present manner of handling sail ships. The old method of sails has always seemed very clumsy and uncertain, and maybe this umbrella arrangement will simplify and make much safer the handling of small boats.

The town of Lewiston, Me., is governed by a Mayor who pays only \$24 in taxes, seven Aldermen who pay an average of \$48 and twenty-one Councilmen who pay an average of \$37 each.

There are busybodies in Lewiston who think that this is not fair to the taxpayers of a town of that importance. As a matter of fact, all things being equal, there should be no question as to the ability of the authorities of that place to govern it properly, irrespective of the amount of their individual taxes. As a rule, however, the men who govern cities are not the heavy taxpayers. It is too often the case that the disposition of millions of public funds is in the hands of a saloonkeeper or some man who has failed in the retail grocery business. By the way, how many figures would it take to represent the taxes of the average alderman of Chicago?

Atlanta Journal: The city boy grows up in a contracted space. The square upon which he lives is his world, the little things of earth he despises, and he begins to burn the candle of existence too soon. For him there is little opportunity for the display of sterling manhood or the enjoyment of life in its relation to nature. The country boy is, from the first, a child of necessity, and early learns the lesson of how to make ends meet. The ways and means of life is a hard and effective school from which to graduate. The pupils therein cannot sit down with folded hands and wait for help, but they must help themselves, and at once. The broad fields give scope to the mind and strength to the heart—the country boy is a man at 10, though he does not know it, and at 20 he stands a young giant, while his city cousin is the dyspeptic victim of vile cigarettes and bad hours.

The reported chloroforming of three adults and two children by burglars in an English town, in order that the house might be robbed, is looked upon by medical journals with some incredulity. It is said that the victims knew nothing of the presence of the robbers until they awoke late the next day and found that the house had been looted. This is the point which raises the doubts of the medical experts. They hold that it would be next to impossible for the robbers to have accomplished this without disturbing the slumbers of their victims. Scientists have tried with poor success to place sleeping patients under the influence of chloroform without disturbing them. Dobear is said to have only succeeded in the experiment with ten persons out of a total of twenty-nine whom he treated. This was when a trained scientist worked with the greatest care. Physicians say that it is rarely, except in the case of infants, that the chloroforming of sleeping persons is successful. That burglars untrained in the use of anaesthetics should succeed so completely as in this case seems most improbable.

One effect of the great changes which have taken place in modern warfare, and especially the improvement in the destructive power of modern gunnery, is the abandonment of the use of colors in the armies of Europe. Lord Wolsley pointed out this the other day when he presented a set of the colors of the celebrated regiment, the Sixty-fourth foot, to be placed upon the walls of a cathedral. In the wars of the future the soldiers will have to draw their inspiration from something else than the regimental colors. This, too, will do away with the brave and useful officer, the color sergeant, for, as the English general says, it would be madness and crime to order a man in a war nowadays to carry the colors into the battle. Every color so displayed would be shot away at the first fire and its bearer killed. The German army, while discarding the colors themselves, has still retained the poles upon which the flags once waved, but these have to be carried so as not to be seen by the enemy. This, it would seem, could be of little service to their own soldiers. It takes the actual sight of the national or regimental colors to inspire the warrior. Not to be able to see them will, for the veterans, be almost like seeing defeat.

There is no great loss without some gain. The depression of the past year has been accompanied by a noteworthy diminution of immigration from the Old World. The completed returns of the arrival of immigrants in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1897, show that one hundred and eighty thousand, in round numbers, landed in America. This was a smaller number than in any previous year since 1879. The number was less by one hundred and sixty-two thousand than in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1896, and nearly a hundred thousand less than in 1895, which was reckoned a year of small immigration. As compared with the immigration for 1892, which was more than six hundred and twenty-three thousand, the figures for last year are indeed small. They represent, however, a large mass in the aggregate; and the fact that among them there were about thirty-eight thousand, not including young children, who could neither read nor write, shows that the immigration was larger than it should have been by at least that figure. Until such illiterate immigrants are definitely excluded, our immigration laws will certainly be in a defective state. The total amount of money brought into the country by immigrants, presumably to be expended here, is commonly spoken of as constituting a new element of wealth for the country. The immigrants of 1897 brought with them a total amount a trifle in excess of six hundred and seventy thousand dollars. This is a respectable sum, but as it amounts to less than four dollars to each immigrant, it will be seen that the line which separates them as a whole from destitution on their arrival is very narrow. Moreover, it is highly probable that more money was sent out of the country, earned here, to bring these immigrants, than they brought with them, in which case the balance of the account is on the wrong side of our ledger after all.

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.

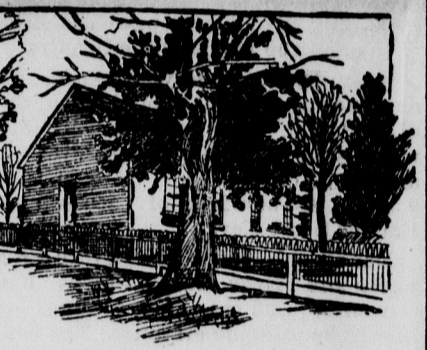
Not Appreciated.

HERE are many good men who are not appreciated in this world, and yet they live and labor and serve God and glorify His name, and will be appreciated in the Kingdom to come. The prophets were not appreciated; they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, they were clothed in sheepskins and goatskins, they dwelt in dens and caves, and were destitute, afflicted, and tormented. Heb. xi. 37, 38. John the Baptist was not altogether appreciated. Herod did not appreciate him; but after Herodias had carried his head away in a charger, and the disciples had buried his decapitated trunk, the Saviour pronounced his epitaph: "Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist." Herod died, but no such eulogium as that could ever be pronounced over him. There was another later Herod who was appreciated. He was eloquent, he made an oration; "and the people gave a shout, saying, 'It is the voice of a God, and not of a man,'" but he was smitten by the angel of God, and eaten with worms and died. Acts xii. 22, 23. So ended his pride and glory and prosperity. So many an appreciated man drops into darkness. Time works changes, and what time fails to do eternity will accomplish. God will hold the balances even at last. The awards of eternity will right the wrongs of time; and God's "Well done, good and faithful," will compensate for all the neglect and reproach, the shame and disgrace, which is the portion of His servants in a world which lieth in the wicked one.

Toil on, O servant of the Lord, For you there waits a great reward.

First Protestant Church in Indiana.

It is not generally known that the first Protestant church ever organized in Indiana was in Knox County, but such, however, is a fact which the church records show. Indiana church, or what is now known as the Upper Indiana church, was organized in the barn of Colonel Small, on the farm now belonging to John Wise, one and a half miles north of Vincennes, on the Bruceville road, in the year 1801, by the Rev. Samuel B. Robinson, a missionary from Kentucky. It is said he was never here after the organization of the church. For six years this was the



UPPER INDIANA CHURCH NEAR VINCENNES.

one Protestant church in Indiana. This was long before Indiana was admitted as a State, and William Henry Harrison, whose home was at Vincennes, was Territorial Governor. The church records show that John Scott Harrison, a brother of William Henry Harrison, and an uncle of ex-President Benjamin Harrison, was the first to receive the ordinance of baptism. In January, 1837, the first steps were taken toward the erection of the present handsome edifice of worship. Previous to this time there was a Baptist church and a public burying ground where the church now stands. The old Baptist church was removed to the farm now owned by David Young, where it still stands, used as a barn. In the cemetery adjoining the church lie buried over sixty soldiers who fought in the war of the Revolution. It is one of the prettiest burial grounds in the State, resting on a crown of a hill, sloping to the south.

Patience with Self.

"Bear with yourself in correcting faults as you would with others." So wrote Fenelon 200 years ago. Nor is there even in "The Imitation of Christ" a caution more helpful to our poor, weak nature. When a man's temper gets the better of him, so that he explodes in anger, as soon as he begins to recover from it he is apt to go to the other extreme, and be in a rage with himself, which may satisfy his sense of justice, but does not help him to be a better man. In the old times a monk shut up in his monastery, if he had a temptation of the devil, would go into his cell and throw himself on the stone floor, and call on a brother to "give him the discipline," which was to beat him with stripes till he was almost black and blue. We do not stoop to this, but we do not do much better when we think to make it all up by a flood of tears. It is never wise to carry repentance to the point of hysterics—for that in one's secret heart will be a sort of atonement for his sin, and will so relieve his conscience that he will be all ready for the next temptation. Better for him to put a check on his self-torment, only confessing his wrong with a "humble, lowly, penitent and obedient heart," and praying God to forgive

him. So he will rise from his knees with new strength, and go on his way, not too confident, but cautious of his steps, and having always in his heart the humility born of forgiveness, which is the best protection against falling again, and a sweet constraint to lead him on safely to the end.—The Evangelist.

The Loss of the Kearsarge.

In the Court of Inquiry concerning the loss of the old warship Kearsarge, Lieutenant Lyman testified that the shipwreck was caused by defective charts, which did not give the proper information by which to navigate the vessel. Hence, while sailing on unconscious of danger, the ship was driven straight to destruction.

There are many persons who are sailing to-day by defective charts. They do not know their course, and they are sailing blindly on to their doom. The world is full of charts; there are multitudes who are ready to tell you all about the coast; but it does not appear that their charts are the work of competent or honest men. The chart that we need is one that maps out the course of life, that guides us through the shades of death, and reveals to us the shores of eternity. It should be a chart mapped out by one who has traversed the course, and who knows it from beginning to end. God's Word, the work of Him who declares "the end from the beginning," is the only chart which we can be certain will not mislead us; and if we sail in accordance with its directions, we shall reach our port in peace. How many there are to-day drifting towards the rocks, passing into danger, hurrying on to death, who might escape if they would only throw away their worthless charts and sail by God's Word and by God's stars.

"The Bible is my chart,
By it the seas I know;
I would not with it part,
It rocks and sand doth show.
It is a chart and compass, too,
Whose needle points forever true."

Sunshine in Religion.

Sunshine has its uses in making our religion what it should be—a thing of brightness. There is danger of making it too cold and gloomy. God did not intend it to be thus. It is a difficult matter, at any rate, to induce men to accept religion, and if they are left under the impression that when they unite with the church they are going into the sunless and gloomy region of an Arctic land, it will make it all the more difficult to induce them to choose the better part. Let joy, brightness, geniality, tempered by the spirit of Jesus, characterize our religion, and these persons will lay hold of it with earnestness. Let us make use of sunshine everywhere. Do care come, let us go to them with sunny hearts. They will soon melt away under its power. If afflictions come nothing will so brighten the sickbed as sunshine. Is the home darkened by the shadow of death? Sunshine will lighten it, and show us the golden stairway up which our departed have gone. Sunshine, sunshine everywhere—in the world, in the home, in the church. There is joy and brightness in heaven. Why should it be wanting here?

The Need of the Present Day.

"A simpler mode of life is the crying need of the present day. Men and women are wearing themselves out with elaborate and unnecessary formalities and are the slaves of foolish customs from which they get no real enjoyment." We hear talk like this on all sides, but of what use is the talk unless it is followed by action? We are all agreed that we ought to live more simply, but we are all afraid to make any change ourselves. We do this and have that, not because we wish but because other people expect it of us, until it seems as though we were ordering our households wholly in accordance with the views of others, and very likely of those who really care nothing for us. Why not have the courage of our convictions and live in the way which will yield the best results? Is it simply because we are afraid of being thought peculiar, or do we, after all, really love the cords that bind us? It is always difficult to know how far we may break away from established customs without injuring our influence, but, until we are ready to make some change, it is hardly worth while to talk.

Sin a Tell-tale.

Sin is a merciless tell-tale. It is its own revealer. In its very effort at self-concealment it exhibits itself. It tells the truth without meaning to. It is an offense toward God, and therefore strikes no chord in the eternal harmony of truths. It is discord, and as such has no support, no vital unity, with the universe of fact or truth. In its forlorn isolation it cannot but sooner or later be discovered. He who is getting entangled in evil practices would do well to remember that they cannot long consist one with another. The artifice of making them seem honest and true and straight must break down. One need not be so afraid of the glances of his fellow-men as of the inexorable tell-tale of his own evil deeds. Sin reveals itself in form and feature, in gait and aspect, in smile and frown, in temper and character. Sin is the detective that dogs the footsteps of the sinner. As Moses said to the disobedient children of Reuben and of Gad: "If ye will not do so, behold, ye have sinned against the Lord; and be sure your sin will find you out."

Sacred and Secular Work.

God's gift of opportunity for work renders the work truly sacred. The doing of the work faithfully for His sake also renders it sacred. It is well that this has come to be realized so generally, even though the realization lead for a time to extravagances of theory and mistakes in conduct. To identify Christ with our lives in all their details, to do our work as in His sight and for His sake, this is to look at the sacred and the secular as He looks at them.

ALL FOR GLORY.

Mrs. White Did the Double Century Amid Many Drawbacks.

Mrs. Harriet White, who recently rode 200 miles on her wheel in twenty-two hours, was one of about seventy who started out of New York to do the double century with the Manhattan Bicycle Club. Three women were among the starters, but Mrs. White was the only one who finished.

During the run she encountered every sort of weather. For ten hours the sun almost blinded her, and for ten more she was drenched to the skin and her wheel slipped at every turn. During the long, hard ride she ate nothing but ice cream and pie, repeated two or three times. Through the long, dark, rainy, terribly hot night she had nothing but an occasional drink of soda. At the end of the ride she said that she felt as though her feet would burn through her pedals. One shoulder was stiff, her right side was bruised from a fall, and her hands were numb. Mrs. White wore a divided skirt and rode a twenty-two-inch high frame wheel, seventy-two gear. She is a small woman, with a girlish figure, and weighs 120 pounds. After eleven hours' rest a reporter who called at her home thus described her appearance: "Mrs. White's skin," he said, "looked as fresh as a baby's. She has rosy cheeks, her eyes are bright, her skin is firm; certainly she looked none the worse for the wear and tear of her double century run."

She took a "header" just before reaching New Brunswick, N. J., but



MRS. HARRIET WHITE.

she pluckily climbed back on her wheel and made up her mind that the pain of a bruised back was nothing to the glory of a double century ridden to a finish.



The aromatic syrup of rhubarb, a spoonful every three hours, as required, is a good remedy for hives on children.

For itching skin try a lotion composed of one part of water of ammonia, one part of spirit of camphor and two parts of alcohol. Apply it as required.

The fumes of turpentine relieve paroxysms of whooping cough, and a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar is highly recommended as a remedy for hicough.

After vaccination a shield of hick cotton fastened to the arm by adhesive plaster should be worn. The diet should be simple, all heating foods being indulged in very sparingly.

For burning or smelling feet, dust into the stockings after bathing the afflicted members with a hot carbolic solution of fifteen drops to the quart, a powder-containing talc, burnt alum and tannin.

The best treatment for varicose veins is that which prevents their development and tones up the circulation. An elastic stocking is a good local support, and after exercise the veins should be rubbed firmly in the direction of the heart.

Here is a simple but effective remedy for corns: A piece of cotton is placed upon the corn, and before retiring for the night it is saturated with a few drops of oil of turpentine. It repeated four or five nights in succession the corn will disappear, no matter how old it is.

Persons afflicted with blackheads should scrub the face with hot water and castile soap nightly, and avoid all greasy or fatty foods, rich soups, cake, pastry, pie, pickles, salted meats, rich desserts, butter to excess, cheese, usage, cocoa and chocolate, and, above all, intoxicants.

The following is an excellent specific for weak and irritable nerves, taken before meals: One teaspoonful of tincture of calumba, in water, and after meals take one teaspoonful, in water, of this mixture: Bromide of soda, four drams; tincture of nux vomica, four drams; compound tincture of lavender up to three ounces.

Never Home Then.

The Minister—So you buried your husband on a Tuesday and on the next day you never even missed him?
The Widow—No; I couldn't miss him then. Wednesday always was his pay day.—New York Evening Journal.

How a woman must love a man who thinks so much of her that he shoots her to prevent some other man from getting her!

A woman doesn't really know what criticism is until she gets married, and goes to visit her husband's kin.

THE WOMANLY QUEEN.

Victoria Has Personal Qualities Which Inspire Love.

When the world has united in honoring the womanly queen whose reign is without a parallel in English history, it is worth while to set down in order some of the personal qualities which have not been specially noted, but which have endeared her to her subjects, and rendered her the most useful sovereign of the century. Our correspondent in England thus describes them:

One of the marked traits of the queen is tact. "Gracious" is the word which is most frequently used in England when her name is mentioned. It is kindness of heart that enables her to set visitors at ease when they are presented to her, and to convince the multitudes, who witnessed her triumphal progress through the streets of London, that her nature has not been hardened, but softened and sweetened by sixty years of exalted power.

Her manners are simple and sincere. She is thoughtful of the feelings of others, and says the right thing in the right way. She shows by her demeanor on public occasions that she honors her subjects and desires to promote their comfort and happiness.

Another quality is a business-like talent for reigning. She has work to do, and she performs it in an orderly, methodical way. Her life at court is conducted by the clock. Everybody in attendance upon her is required to be punctual to the minute, and every day's arrangements are carefully ordered so that she will have time for every detail of public business and courtly ceremonial. She never allows herself to be hurried in examining and signing public papers.

She is thorough and precise in everything which she does. A portion of each day is taken up with the business of state. What remains is divided so that she has time for an afternoon drive, social life at court, the direction of the royal household, and adequate rest. She knows nothing of the secret worries of royalty.

Another trait is sterling common sense. Throughout her reign she has adapted herself to the conditions of constitutional rule, under which the continuance of monarchy has been possible in a revolutionary age.

She has respected the will of the people in every election; she has taken no interest in party politics; she has followed the advice of the ministers of the day; and she has shown sound judgment in making the crown the instrument of popular government. One prime minister after another has found her to be a capable, experienced ruler, well informed in home and foreign affairs, and with clear ideas of her own relations to the state.

Her greatest virtue as a sovereign has been her womanliness. As wife, mother, widow and first lady of the realm, she has never unsexed herself, but has remained an example of womanly graces of character.

Short in stature and without beauty of feature or grace of carriage to impress either a well-ordered court or the throngs of sightseers crowding the streets through which she passes on Jubilee days, she commands respect by her purity of life, her devotion to her husband's memory and her children's welfare, and her genuine womanly qualities.

Elizabeth, with her inflexible will and hard, masculine order of mind, was a kingly queen in an iron age of conquest. Victoria has been a womanly queen in a home-loving empire, reigning in a golden age of progress.

Tropical Birds in Germany.

A gold medal was recently awarded Herr von Prosch for his success in introducing tropical birds into German forests. Disliking to keep his pets in cages, his canaries were first liberated in a large room, then allowed to pass out and in through small windows, always getting their food inside. The birds soon began to build nests outside, and to rear their young there. Two pairs of South American parrots were next set free, and last summer raised a brood of young, which, with the old birds, passed safely through the exceptionally severe winter. In their wild life the yellow of some of the canaries has disappeared, the entire tribe now having the green color of canaries in their native islands. This new bird colony is located in southeastern Saxony, where the average winter temperature is about that of New York and St. Louis, the summers being more like those of Quebec.

Fight at a Perilous Height.

A free fight on top of Nelson's pillar in Sackville street furnished excitement for a Dublin crowd one morning recently. The monument is 120 feet high and the platform on which the statue stands about eighteen feet square. A Carlow farmer, having made his way up to the platform, threw down his hat and stick, climbed up the flagstaff and when the keeper and a policeman interfered tried to throw them over the railing. They succeeded in holding him off until men from the street came to their help and had a hard time getting the crazy man down after they had bound him.

Careless.

"Yes," said the editor of the picture paper, "he is a very good artist. I have only one fault to find with him."

"What is that?"

"His style is getting monotonous. He drew two portraits of the same woman, and he made them both look alike."—Washington Star.

Why We Are Tired.

The fatigue felt after exercise is usually attributed to the presence in the muscles and blood, of the chemical products that result from action.

People worry a great deal over troubles that come under the head of things that are none of their business.

DO WE NEED BIG MUSCLES?

By no means. Persons of herculean build frequently possess a minimum of genuine vigor, and exhibit less endurance than very small people. Real vigor means the ability to digest and sleep well, and to perform a reasonable amount of daily physical and mental labor without untimely fatigue. It is because of a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters enables the enfeebled dyspeptic to resume the allotted activity of every day life, as well as to participate without discomfort in its enjoyments. It is such a pre-eminently useful medicine.

"What is a pathy?" "It's a strange and dangerous condition that a man sometimes falls into—a condition in which he has even been known to lend his bicycle."

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

PURE FOOD.

Thoburn Maple Syrup is absolutely pure and rich in flavor. Recommended by physicians.

I believe Piso's Cure is the only medicine that will cure consumption. — Anna M. Ross, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 12, '95.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark. I, Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the facsimile 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 5, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

CHEAP IRRIGATION.

The Hercules Gas Engine Works of San Francisco, Cal., the largest builders of gas, gasoline and oil engines on the Coast, are making extensive preparations for the season's business.

They are filling several orders for large irrigating plants and as this line of their business increases each season, it is safe to say the farmers throughout the State are appreciating the advantages of irrigation with water pumped by this cheap power.

The Hercules Works are at present building an 80 H. P. engine for Geo. F. Packer, Colusa, which will raise 600 gallons per minute from the river and distribute it over his land. This will be the largest gasoline pumping plant in existence.

PURE FOOD.

Tea Garden Drops is a pure sugar product. The sweetest and best flavored table syrup ever made.

First Populist—Wouldn't you like to see the railroads carry us all free? second Populist—I dunno. I think the millionaires ought to be made to pay their fare.

As early as the time of Alexander II of Scotland a man who let weeds go to seed on a farm was declared to be the king's enemy.

One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it.—Russian Proverb.

Mr. Grocer: there are thousands of people who want good tea (many don't drink tea now, because it has been either costly or bad) and here is Schilling's Best—good tea at a fair price.

Don't you want to sell lots of such tea, and money-back if your customers don't like it?

A Schilling & Company San Francisco

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FOR SALE BELOW COST.

DIFFERENT SIZES.

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A marvelous cure for DRUNKENNESS. Can be given secretly at home. It is harmless. All Druggists, or write Renova Chemical Co., 66 Broadway, New York. FULL INFORMATION GLADLY MAILED FREE.

RHEUMATISM and PILES cured; NO PAIN until cured; send for book. Drs. MANSFIELD & PORTERFIELD, 538 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO.

CHILDREN'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, alleviates all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

S. F. N. U. No. 796. New Series No. 39.

PISO'S CURE FOR GIBBS WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

GOWNS AND GOWNING

WOMEN GIVE MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY WEAR.

Brief Glances at Fancies Feminine, Frivolous, Mayhap, and Yet Offered in the Hope that the Reading Public Restful to Wearied Womanhood.

Gossip from Gay Gotham. New York correspondence:

HIRRING and tucking are characteristic of the current elaboration of dresses, and promise to continue in style, though cases are not few where they are overdone. Some dressmakers have blundered from believing that summer dresses could hardly be too fanciful, and by such errors almost laughable results came from a tremendous lot of time expended upon costly fabrics. Artistic makers know that when a certain degree of elaborateness has been passed, the need of a trained eye in adding further trimming is positive. Take all the ornamentation that was applied to the first bodice shown to-day; unless it had been applied in the nicest balance the finished garment would have looked overlaid, and what was intended as proof of discriminating taste in the wearer would have accused her of nothing less than vulgar display. The gown was ecrú linen over Nile green taffeta, and the bodice was very freely trimmed with appliqued guipure, lace braid and insertion. Narrow valencienness frills bordered each side of the skirt's front breadth, and the sleeves were shirred from top to bottom. Epaulettes of linen edged with lace and taffeta, and taffeta belt with large bow at the side, completed the garniture.

Plaids and plaid effects are just now very popular, and it is small wonder that plaid gingham are being made up, even though it is rather late in the season. They come in just the checks and plaids of silk, and make up every bit as prettily as silk. When a woman gets herself into a half blouse of such gingham, with wide lapels of white duck, or, still daintier, embroidered lawn, shades, is especially suitable. It is very inexpensive, it will make up as simply as cloth, and when well made has all the style and exclusive effect of cloth, while it is much cooler and lighter. These denims in covert grays and browns are made up with a lot of flat tucks, with cape effects at the shoulders and with skirts that clear, and are worn on the street with little round, rough, straw fall toques. Then Made-moiselle appears to have put herself promptly into a swell tailor cloth gown, and to look as cool as if she hadn't, too. The dress can go to the wash once or twice before the cloth is really worn. It is all nonsense to talk about new

onstrations in "importery." From the third picture it will be seen that a bodice that, without the tucking, might be called perfectly plain is elaborated by rows of tucks that pass around the figure from left to right and from right to left, over the shoulders, crossing and making a delightful crisscross. Sometimes ribbon is run on to simulate tucks, and when the rows cross the ribbon is woven in basket fashion with dainty result.

Fall gingham and wash materials are the proper wear just now, whether you are making a late stay in the country or taking up your winter's work. Denim, especially in covert cloth



CRISSCROSSED WITH TUCKING.

shades, is especially suitable. It is very inexpensive, it will make up as simply as cloth, and when well made has all the style and exclusive effect of cloth, while it is much cooler and lighter. These denims in covert grays and browns are made up with a lot of flat tucks, with cape effects at the shoulders and with skirts that clear, and are worn on the street with little round, rough, straw fall toques. Then Made-moiselle appears to have put herself promptly into a swell tailor cloth gown, and to look as cool as if she hadn't, too. The dress can go to the wash once or twice before the cloth is really worn. It is all nonsense to talk about new



STYLISH SAILOR RIGS THAT ARE JUST RECOGNIZABLE AS SUCH.

and when her soft front of mull is run with lines of dainty ribbon to match the colors in the plaid, and with a nice chon of mixed ribbons at each side of the neck, then the entire rig, with a white duck skirt, is one pretty enough to make every one who looks at her wish summer was not almost over. Take a look at her in the second of the accompanying sketches, and you'll wish the same thing. This fashion of blouses open in the front is one of the prettiest for the season and a lot of girls have made themselves all sorts of swagger changes of effect by little touches of alteration in the fronts of their white duck blouses. One



TO GO TOO SOON.

day a soft, loose lawn front, over a color; another an irreproachable starched linen and high collar, a third time a high-necked vest effect of duck with bright stripes, and so on. Plaided effects are often carried out by cross tucking, and some of the fall wash gowns are made very stylish by this sort of elaboration. How in the world do you suppose the makers ever make the gowns match and come together all tucked that way? It looks as well to wonder, and if you wonder with enough of an air your little home-made tucked gown will pass for a dem-

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



EVERY man has a tiger-keep it chained. Love sets courage on fire. Opportunities travel on wings. Set patience to driving a balky horse. Self-respect is the backbone of manhood. The surest way not to get sympathy is to whine for it.

Why is it that the dollar rings louder than the church bell?

The time saved from the table by hurried eating is lost in bed.

There isn't room to draw a line between sympathy and sugar.

The devil is never too busy to rock the cradle of a sleeping saint.

Only love for the drunkard makes righteous hatred of the saloon.

Jesus Christ never tried to cram the ology down an empty stomach.

A city's righteous men do more to preserve its peace than its police.

The congregation needs to stick as closely to the text as the preacher.

Don't talk about a "free salvation" when you mean a cheap salvation.

Many a man will fight for his creed, who has no blood to shed for Christ.

If we will do all the will of God we know, we will soon know more to do.

The man who would lead others, must have the courage to step off alone.

Whenever you find an empty whisky bottle, you may expect to find a full man.

God was light to the children of Israel, but a lightning stroke to the Egyptians.

The greatest danger in the "dangerous classes," is the danger of classifying men at all.

It is impossible for any man to live for Christ, without first knowing that Christ died for him.

Selfishness is a Dead Sea into which all the sweetness poured turns bitter for want of an outlet.

When Jesus said, "Let your light so shine," he was talking to those who had light that did shine.

More irreligious persons would attend preaching, if more of the preaching was aimed at them.

Unregenerate man is a powder magazine with passion and appetite enough to wreck him, if ignited.

A man with splendid abilities that are not consecrated to God, is like a first-class fiddle unstrung.

People who don't believe in revivals of religion, can't consistently believe in washday or house-cleaning.

It is a waste of breath for the mother to warn her boys against the cigarette while their father is puffing away at a pipe.

A high-priced choir may decoy sinners to the church, but the preacher who depends on such things never bags the game.

Some people ought, like spring doors, to have "pull" or "push" painted on them, for when you go at them they fly in your face.

A man who would be shocked at the idea of renting a building for a saloon, votes to rent out the State's authority to the same saloon.

Try a Text Roll.

The Evening Post tells of "a mother who could hear in the next room every morning her small son of nine talking to himself as he spelled out the words and added figures, crosswise, up and down, and in every possible way, of a large calendar that hung directly in front of his bed, who bethought herself of furnishing him better occupation. She took down the calendar and put up in its place a good print of the "Madonna della Soggiola," this with no word to him of the change. The next morning the little one's voice was stilled, but a noiseless peep into the room showed his eyes glued rapturously to the picture, while about his lips the hint of a smile betrayed that his absorbing interest was a pleased one. Since then at intervals his morning picture is changed, not too frequently, for a child demands reiteration, until the boy has become a small connoisseur in famous paintings, and his occasional short visits to an art gallery are a great delight to him because of his matn studies. The first ten minutes of a child's day are a most valuable receptive period. The young brain is refreshed by sleep, unexcited by any of the day's occupations, eager for impressions, and peculiarly responsive to their influence."

Jupiter's Nearest Moon.

One of the queerest of the heavenly bodies is the satellite that is nearest to Jupiter. Though it is bigger than our moon, its substance is less than half as light as cork. It is also believed that it is cut in two; and that instead of one moon, it is really two, and they floating so close together that the inhabitants of either hemisphere—if there be any inhabitants—may almost talk to each other. They are, at least, so close that it may be possible to have arranged a telegraph system between the two. Prof. Barnard says if the satellite is not in two parts, there must be a light belt around it, which is very much like that of Jupiter itself.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

When a girl is preparing to get married, her friends make as much fuss over her as if she was going away to a hospital to be operated on.

As Numerous as the Smiths. No fewer than 629,897 people named Mueller are now living in Germany.

FIGHT FOR A BIRDHOUSE.

Flycatchers Driven Out by Bluebirds. Wrens the Final Victors.

"One spring," said a lover of birds, "there came to a birdhouse in my garden a pair of great crested flycatchers. I had a dozen birdhouses scattered around. This particular one was about a foot square, with a peaked roof and a chimney at each end, a doorway for the birds to go in and out and a couple of anger holes bored through the back to give the house light and air.

"This birdhouse, the summer before, had been occupied by a pair of bluebirds, who had left their nest behind them. This nest the great crested flycatchers pulled apart and threw out of the house, every twig and straw. They cleaned the house out completely and then they brought in everything new and built a nest of their own and settled down comfortably for the summer.

"But in a few days a pair of bluebirds came along, and they made for this house. It might have been the same identical pair of bluebirds that occupied it the summer before. I don't know about that, though I have no doubt that robins and other birds that have been south for the winter, hundreds of miles away, do come back in the spring to the same places and to the same trees. Anyhow this pair of bluebirds wanted that birdhouse, and they were ready to fight for it, and that is what they did. The flycatcher is a nice little bird and a pretty plucky sort of a fighter, but set a match for the bluebird. They had a grand round up inside the house, and finally the bluebirds pitched the flycatchers out, and later they pitched out every stick of furniture that the flycatchers had brought in, cleaned the house out entirely and then brought in fresh material and built a new nest according to their own ideas, and they settled down for the summer.

"Well, a few days after that a pair of wrens came along, and they took a fancy to that particular birdhouse, too, and they sailed right in and tackled the bluebirds on the spot. You couldn't see the fight from the ground, but every now and then you could see a straw or a feather shoot out of the front door of the house. The bluebird is a good, sound fighter, but the wren is a better one, and the upshot was that the wrens fairly put the bluebirds out and took possession of the birdhouse themselves. And then the wrens did just what the others had done. They pitched out every scrap of stuff in the birdhouse—just tumbled it out of the door, to fall on the ground—and then they brought in new stuff and built a nest for themselves.

"Nobody molested the wrens. They staid there and raised their young there, and in the fall they all flew away and left the birdhouse again deserted for the winter."—New York Sun.

Daniel Lambert, the most noted example of obesity recorded in medical annals, was born in 1770 and died at the age of 40 of excessive fat. His weight was 739 pounds.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

"Will you kindly allow me," writes Miss MARY E. SAIDT, of Jobstown, N. J., to Mrs. Pinkham, "the pleasure of expressing my gratitude for the wonderful relief I have experienced by taking your Compound? I suffered for a long time with nervous prostration and general debility, caused by falling of the womb. It seemed as though my back would never stop aching. I could not sleep. I had dull headaches. I was weary all the time, and life was a burden to me. I sought the seashore for relief, but all in vain. On my return I resolved to give your medicine a trial. I took two bottles and was cured. I can cheerfully state, if more ladies would only give your medicine a fair trial they would bless the day they saw the advertisement, and there would be happier homes. I mean to do all I can for you in the future. I have you alone to thank for my recovery, for which I am very grateful."



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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1897.

SALVATION COLONIES.

Commander Booth-Tucker is coming West to personally supervise the work of establishing a colony of the unemployed upon land near Soledad. This experiment will if successful open the way for the relief of overcrowded cities through a transference of the surplus population to the pure air and productive fields of the country.

The Salvation Army methods are highly practical, whether the work be that of saving the souls or taking care of the bodies of the weak, the weary and the wicked.

The semi-military rules and regulations of the Army people are admirably adapted to colony work, in which an absolute central authority and strong governing arm are essential to success.

The locality selected for this latest colony experiment possesses advantages which render it especially suited to the purpose. In addition to a fertile soil and an equable and healthful climate, is the important fact that it is within the sugar beet belt and near the site at which the largest beet sugar factory of the world will soon be in operation. It is also understood that Mr. Claus Spreckels is in hearty sympathy with this colony movement that he has made a liberal cash contribution to the colony fund and stands ready to purchase all the sugar beets the colonists may be able to produce.

It has been truthfully remarked that "the very foundation-stone of all true charity is to help the helpless to help themselves."

A migratory movement from our overcrowded cities to the broad lands and fertile fields of the country will, under proper direction, work the temporal salvation of tens of thousands at present practically helpless, by enabling them to help themselves.

Let all the charitably disposed give their charity contributions to the Salvation Army to be used in establishing these Salvation colonies.

STATE DAIRYMEN'S CONVENTION.

The fourth annual convention of the State Dairymen's Association will be held in San Francisco, commencing Thursday, October 14, 1897.

The subject of the tuberculin test of cows will occupy a prominent place in the deliberations of the convention, and it is expected that there will be an exhaustive discussion of this important matter.

Representatives of leading organizations of the State will be invited to take part in the discussion of this question. Prof. Jordan of Stanford, and Prof. Hilgard of Berkeley, will be asked to attend.

U. S. Senator William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, is out in a letter appealing to Republicans to meet with joyous welcome the first step England may take toward bimetalism.

Inasmuch as the Republican party pledged itself in its platform at St. Louis to promote the free coinage of silver, by international agreement with the leading nations of the world, and a Republican President elected upon that platform has put in motion the agencies to make his party's pledge good, Chandler's appeal will be rightly attributed to his solicitude with regard to the discriminating duties of the new tariff rather than to any plan on his part as to the readiness of Republicans to welcome England's advance toward bimetalism.

The recent action of the Farmers' National Congress in rejecting resolutions favoring the free coinage of silver, the income tax, and the initiative and referendum, was a rude shock to the presumption of Populist politicians who have heretofore assumed a sort of proprietary interest in and to these horny-handed sons of the soil.

Judge Slack's decision in the Fair case will be generally accepted as sound.

No one believes Fair would have given \$1,500,000 of property to Mrs. Craven, unless she was his wife, and no one believes she was his wife.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

DIVERSIFIED INDUSTRIES.

The manufactured product of the New England States in 1890 was valued at \$1,499,000,000; that of the Middle States was \$5,648,000,000; the Southern States in the same year produced only \$706,000,000. Commenting on these figures, which show a production per inhabitant of \$319, \$253 and \$39 respectively, for the sections mentioned, Mr. Mulhall says: "The inferiority of the South as regards manufacturing, is due to the lower level of instruction, owing to one-third of the population being colored and to the fact that the average wealth per inhabitant is much less than in other parts of the Union, and hence the ability to consume manufactures is less." Mr. Mulhall is a great statistician, but when we reflect that the tier of States which he includes in his prairie section of the Union, increased its product of manufactured articles from \$147,000,000 in 1850 to \$3,161,000,000 in 1890 we are inclined to believe that he does not size up the situation correctly. Had the Prairie States remained content to be merely producers of agricultural products they would have been as poor today as the South. But they took advantage of the protective system, promoted manufacturing industries, and their possessions increased so rapidly that the per capita wealth of the section is nearly as great today as that of the Middle or New England States. If the South perseveres in her recent course she will have the same story to tell, in spite of the admitted drawbacks of an ignorant colored population. All the South needs to do is to follow the advice of Adam Smith and cease acting as a hewer of wood and drawer of water for manufacturing countries, and she will soon have wealth enough to consume as abundantly as the people of the North.—S. F. Chronicle.

THE FRUIT CROP.

Large quantities of apples and tomatoes are going to waste in this vicinity that ought to be dried for future use. Next winter, or in the early spring, there will be a better demand for all sorts of dried fruit, for shipment to Alaska, and it will have a marketable cash value the same as wheat or corn. California dried fruit will keep for a long time and will bear transportation for long distances, and it is popular wherever it has been introduced. We are sending apricots everywhere and cannot produce half enough to supply the demand. So it will be with our prunes when the outside barbarians learn how good they are. California's prune crop will be about 90,000 tons this season, and next year it is estimated that it will be 100,000 tons. At ten tons to the car, this would load 10,000 cars. No wonder the railroad combination will not permit the government to construct the Nicaragua Canal so long as it can charge "all the traffic will bear" on the thousands of tons of oranges, prunes, and other fruits. But there is a God in Israel, and some day the government will assert its right to give the people a deal.—Petaluma Argus.

The Champion believes in practical, thorough, permanent road work. The way to build permanent roads is to build them—not talk about them and "resolute" about them; and right now is the time for our board of supervisors to take the first steps toward this end. The people of this county are not going to object to a high tax levy for road purposes. And the only way to commence permanent work is to apportion to the road fund money in excess of the regular requirements for repairs. Do it now. Even if but one mile of road in each district is made permanent the first year, that mile will not require a large expenditure for repairs the next season. The same levy the following year will complete a much longer stretch of road, and therefore the work will progress faster each year, or the tax levy will not necessarily be so large. As we said before, no complaint will be heard of a high road tax levy. But every individual member of the board of supervisors will heap benedictions on his head by voting for a sufficient tax to make the initiative at once for a system of good permanent road work. We have no quarrel with courthouse building—only let it be entirely secondary to a campaign of good road work.—Chino Valley Champion.

The Buffalo Times has read Pitchfork Tillman out of the Democratic party. After awhile there won't be anything left of the organization, except the editor of the Times, "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair."—S. F. Evening Post.

I'm a populist, Lord, and I do not pray For the wicked souls of the lost; But send us, O Lord, in thy own good day, A good, saving, early frost.

Exchange.

Here and there a sad-eyed farmer in Nebraska gazes at the market reports and uses words that burn. He is the man who contracted to sell his 1897 wheat at 40 cents a bushel if McKinley were elected. There are said to be enough of these unfortunates in Mr. Bryan's State to man several asylums.—S. F. Chronicle.

Ex-Governor Campbell admits that dollar wheat has submerged the Democratic party in Ohio. The party would have preferred rye, but it had to take what came.—S. F. Chronicle.

The latest advices in regard to the Eastern peach crop are that after all there will be a comfortable supply. Our own peach shipments seem to have been kept up too long, and have lately shown a loss.

RECKLESS NAT GOODWIN.

An Illustration of How the Comedian Has Money to Burn.

A story I have just heard anent Nat Goodwin is but another instance of his reckless generosity and constant desire to burn money upon all possible occasions.

Nat had been in the habit of passing part of his time at a certain hostelry—that is all the description necessary of the place—presided over by a fat, good natured German. They had known each other well and were on excellent terms. It came about one day, during the broaching of a bill, that Mr. Goodwin disputed an item of \$50. In doing so he was morally certain that the indebtedness was not his. Mine host was equally sure on his side of the contrary. The dispute waxed hot and heavy.

"See here," said Goodwin, "I don't care for a trifling amount like \$50. It's the principle of the thing, that's all. Just the principle of the thing."

"Der same vay mit me," retorted the landlord. "I don't care me for \$100,000."

"Perhaps not," doubted the comedian. "But I'd sooner throw the money away or burn it than give it to you when I don't owe it to you."

"Ah," exclaimed the German sarcastically. "You haf money to burn, eh? Vell, I don't believe me dot."

"Is that so?" returned Nat. "Well, now, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll burn \$50 right here before your eyes if you'll recede the bill."

"By Chiminy!" said the best. "I'll yeost go you vonce."

Without another word Nat Goodwin took his checkbook out of his pocket, filled out a check for \$50, tore it out, applied a lighted match to it, and held it until it was reduced to ashes.

The German, who had watched the process with bulging eyes, banged a rubber stamp on the disputed bill, scrawled his signature across it and said with a sigh:

"Chumping dividends! You can't get ahead chf dese actor fellows no-how."—New York Journal.

SHAKING WITH 60,000.

The "God Bless You" of Honest Hearted People a Benediction.

In an article describing "The Social Life of the President" in The Ladies' Home Journal ex-President Harrison tells of the fatigues of handshaking and also of the benefits of being brought in contact with the good, honest hearted people of the country. "In the first two weeks of an administration," he says, "the president shakes hands with from 40,000 to 60,000 persons. The physical drain of this is very great, and if the president is not an instructed handshaker a lame arm and a swollen hand soon result. This may be largely or entirely avoided by using President Hayes' method—take the hand extended to you and grip it before your hand is gripped. It is the passive hand that gets hurt. It has been suggested that a nod or bow should be substituted for the handshake, but it would be quite as admissible to suggest a revision of the Declaration of Independence.

"The interest which multitudes attach to a handshake with the president is so great that people will endure the greatest discomfort and not a little peril to life or limb to attain it. These are not the office seekers, but the good, honest hearted, patriotic people whose 'God bless you' is a prayer and a benediction. They come to Washington for the inauguration, and later with excursions, but they are mostly to be found near their own homes. They come out to meet the president when he takes a journey, and his contact with them and their unselfish and even affectionate interest in him revive his courage and elevate his purposes. Mr. Lincoln is said to have called these popular receptions his 'public opinion baths.'"

Gladstone and the Queen.

Gladstone is the one living man whose political experience stretches beyond that of the queen. His is the one figure that for a longer period than that of the queen has filled the political stage. That is a remarkable position for any public man to hold. To all others the queen represents knowledge, experience and training which none of them can possibly possess. She knows more about politics, persons, movements, routine, than any man who may be one of her advisers. She began by learning from the least of them; she ends by instructing them all. No one knows so much of the private history of men and of families, and in all her life there has been, with the exception of the Lady Flora Hastings case, of which we yet know little or nothing, no example of any mistake or indiscretion on the part of the queen. She has hated some of her advisers, distrusted some, and merely disliked others, but every one of them has testified to her perfect faithfulness to them all.—"Yoke of the Empire," by R. B. Brett.

Her Point of View.

They were discussing the construction of a new gown.

"From a hygienic point of view and merely as a matter of health," suggested the dressmaker, "I think it should be made!"

The haughty beauty stopped her by a gesture.

"Hygienic point of view!" she exclaimed. "Matter of health! What has that to do with it? When I want health, I will go to a doctor. When I want style, I come to you. We will now eliminate all absurdities and discuss this purely from a common sense standpoint. Will it be fashionable and becoming?"—Philadelphia Times.

Striking.

"Aunt," said Polly, ruefully rubbing her forehead, "that big photograph of you is a striking likeness, isn't it?"

"Do you think so, deary?"

"Yes," said Polly. "It just fell off the mantelpiece and hit me on the forehead."—Harper's Bazar.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Themes Which Men and Women Discourse About on Street Cars.

A certain physician of this city, who never neglects an opportunity to study the traits of the people among whom his business takes him, has been making some observations recently that may serve as a basis for estimating the character of the average modern American.

"I have to travel on street cars a good deal," the physician said in explaining his course of procedure, "and I hear all kinds of people talk. A short time ago I thought I would keep a record of the words most frequently used within my hearing by people of all classes.

"I omit names, profanity and vulgarity, but otherwise this list, which represents one week's street car conversation, is absolutely correct. Here, then, is a summary of what married men talk about:

"Dollars mentioned within my hearing, 407 times; business, 295; money, 206; dollar, 194; stocks, 163; bonds, 152; job, 81; son, 65; daughter, 11; wife, 4; literature, 0; music, 0; art, 0.

"Married women: She, 409; party, 326; dress, 324; splendid, 316; dollars, 201; trimming, 187; cards, 151; prize, 151; society, 130; baby, 129; clothes, 84; weather, 62; rich, 60; lovely, 59; perfectly awful, 46; doctor, 43; medicine, 34; music, 6; literature, 0; art, 0.

"Young men, unmarried: Corker, 502; daisy, 467; girl, 416; beaut, 391; fairy, 306; winner, 302; stunner, 284; hummer, 251; dance, 104; party, 87; old man, 83; fight, 79; money, 72; dollars, 50; no good, 42; cigarette, 31; college, 1; literature, 0; music, 0; art, 0.

"Young women, unmarried: Lovely, 509; just perfectly lovely, 491; horrid, 476; gorgeous, 463; fellow, 469; engaged, 387; dress, 371; stunning, 353; love, 295; party, 291; wear, 284; she, 206; opera, 108; ring, 81; mamma, 28; papa, 16; music, 9; mother, 1; picture, 1; poem, 1; art, 1.

"I intend," concluded the doctor, "to pursue this subject further, and may be able to give additional figures that will be interesting."—Cleveland Leader.

Obbliging.

"Madam," said Meandering Mike, "hev ye got any cold coffee?"

"No," replied young Mrs. Tokins in a tone of sympathy, "but you wait a few minutes and I'll put some in the refrigerator and cool it for you."

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LOCAL NOTES.

Knesse for groceries and general merchandise.
 Mrs. S. D. Trask has removed to the Hansbrough Block.
 John Riley of San Francisco paid our town a visit last Saturday.
 Charles Johnson is engaged in building some cottages near Ocean View.
 The choicest cigars in South San Francisco at Dr Holcomb's drug store.
 Mr. J. Huber has removed from the Kluegel cottage to the Merriam Block.
 Remember Eikerenkotter carries a full line of hardware as well as groceries.
 The rock crusher has been kept smashing and grinding away steadily the past week.
 Julius Eikerenkotter reports business in the grocery line very much improved of late.
 Contractor John Kelso was in town on Sunday in company with Land Agent W. J. Martin.
 Surveyor Hunt has been busy the past week taking the soundings of the company's ship canal.
 George Knesse has purchased the Cohen stationery stock, which he will retail at specially low prices.
 Al Lynd came home on Sunday for a short visit to his father and mother and sister at the Baden Hotel.
 For insurance, either fire or life, and in first-class companies only, apply to E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice Building.
 Rev. George Wallace will hold services at Grace Church tomorrow (Sunday) at 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 3:30 p. m.

The heavy blasts at the quarries exploded in breaking rock for road work, are calculated to remind an old miner of his mining camp life.
 Col. George H. Chapman, secretary of the Land and Improvement Company, spent a portion of Monday in town on business for the Company.
 Mr. Manuel Empena, superintendent of the Steiger Pottery Works, has moved his family from San Jose and has leased one of the Company's cottages.
 We regret to learn that Superintendent R. K. Patchell has been quite ill the past week suffering from an attack of a grippe, which is epidemic here at present.
 Dr. A. J. Holcomb reports business in his new drug store very much improved. His stock has been largely increased of late and every thing is sold at bed rock prices.
 The brick plant is having hard work securing moulders. Twenty men are now employed. As soon as more moulders are secured this force will be largely increased.
 Mr. Louis Steiger, General Manager of the Pottery Works, who has been quite ill for the past week, we are glad to learn, is now rapidly recovering, and will soon be on duty at the new plant.
 Two holidays last week. Labor day on Monday and Admission Day on Thursday, neither of which obtained observance, notwithstanding the fact that this is an industrial town with the native son predominant.
 The Steiger Pottery Company is gradually increasing its working force and will soon have a large number of men employed. The machinery of the plant was put in full operation last Tuesday and the first kiln of ware is ready for burning today. Oil will be the fuel used both under the boilers and in the kilns.
 We are pained to learn of the serious accident which recently befell Mrs. Dr. George Baker, wife of Government Inspector Baker, whilst on a visit to her parents in the East. Mrs. Baker and her mother were both thrown from a buggy whilst out riding, and both sustained very serious injuries, which will confine them to their beds for some time.
 On Wednesday morning the sailing master of a schooner loaded with salt for our big packing company, was around town trying to rustle up three or four men to unload the cargo, and, after scouring the town from end to end, secured two men only, and was obliged to take a hand himself. There are no idle men in this industrial hive.
 The serenade given Charley Funke and J. E. Graham, on Monday night, had been long delayed, but the default was amply atoned for in the variety of instruments, the diversity of music, and the remarkable aggregation of talent employed. In each instance there was a prompt surrender. The fair brides were duly toasted, and every one went home happy.

PRESS NOTES.

JOURNEMEN BUTCHERS.

A Grand Entertainment Soon to Be Given.

Interesting Items Pertaining to the Brotherhood Furnished by Our Special Correspondent.

A grand ball, supper and entertainment will soon be given under the auspices of Lodge San Mateo, No. 7, J. E. P. & B. A.

The entertainment so far as arranged will consist of living pictures, such as Goddess of Liberty, Rock of Ages, Benevolence, Charity, Rebecca at the Well, etc. The ball and entertainment

will take place on the evening of October 30, 1897. We have not yet decided on a hall, as the Hansbrough Hall is rather small. You will receive full particulars as soon as the committee of arrangements make their final report.

The society is willing to sell the supper privilege to the highest bidder, and would invite bids from the different hotels and restaurant keepers in our town.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, is getting along nicely. We made a nice profit on our last picnic and expect the next annual picnic given by San Francisco Lodge will take place in this town instead of San Jose. San Francisco Lodge is making arrangements for a butchering contest between the Beef Butchers of the W. M. Co. and those of Butchertown.

There will be initiation of a number of candidates at our next regular meeting, and the second degree will be conferred to those who are eligible.

Ben Davis of San Francisco, and Gus Roemer of Oakland Lodge, paid San Mateo No. 7 a visit on Tuesday last, and enjoyed their hospitality. Both visitors were highly elated with the sound and financial standing of San Mateo Lodge, \$200 in bank and about \$60 more in the hands of the treasurer, inside of three months, besides all expenses paid. Those who predicted that it would break up inside of three months got left for once.

We expect in the near future visitors from the different branches of our orders, but our meeting place at present is far from being attractive. Would not some enterprising gentlemen put up a hall for meeting purposes which would be a pride to this town?

DR. JORDAN SPEAKS.

This morning's Call reports Dr. Jordan's address to the students last evening, as follows:

It is the custom not to tell new students what we are doing here. It is part of their education to discover this for themselves. Yet I shall perhaps tell you this evening something about our affairs and what our ideals are.

Bismarck once said that one-third of the students in Europe killed themselves by excesses, one-third by overwork, while the remaining third governed Europe. It is for those students that represent the governing third that the Stanford University exists.

The business of the university is to disclose the secret of power. This makes man, and man rules whether he is numerical majority or not.

I remember when our first football team was surprising the people of San Francisco that some one near me said that in a few years those men would be ruling California, and the members of the pioneer class are already running their own little worlds. The tendency of the college of today is to throw on the student as much responsibility as possible, and the tendency of the elective system is to strengthen character. It is of no use to educate a slave. Free should the scholar be—free and brave. It is not worth while to educate men who have not high ideals toward their fellowmen, nor men who are cowards.

What does it matter if you do not please every one. If you are silent because you fear criticism, you are worthless. It is a good thing to be courteous, but not cowardly. It is impossible to teach morals in college. Each man should learn to be his own moral teacher. Bad men make a bad environment, and that is what destroys men.—Palo Alto Live Oak.

DAIRYMEN'S CONVENTION.

The Fourth Annual Meeting to Be Held Next Month.

The fourth annual convention of the State Dairymen's Association will be held in this city, beginning on the 14th of next month. At a meeting of the directors of the association yesterday afternoon, at 330 Pine street, this date was decided upon, and it was determined that the gathering should be of unusual importance to the milkmen of California.

The most important matter that will arise for consideration will be the tuberculin test of cows, and the subject will receive exhaustive discussion by the delegates. It was decided yesterday that representatives of leading organizations of the State should be invited to take part in the debate of this question, and the Board of Health, Chamber of Commerce and Manufacturers' and Producers' Association will be asked to delegate some of their members to be in attendance at the deliberations of the body. Professor Jordan of Stanford and Professor Hilgard of Berkeley will also be asked to attend.

The sessions of the convention will probably be held in the meeting-room of the Chamber of Commerce. Those present at yesterday's meeting were President Joseph Maillard, Secretary Samuel Watson, Treasurer Fred E. Green and Directors Martin, Sneath, Brewer and Le Baron.—S. F. Chronicle.

Walter Eikerenkotter has been visiting his father for a few days. The young man will leave for the northern gold fields in March, accompanied by another young fellow. They will be grub-staked by a San Francisco firm. The prospective miners are presently employed by this concern.—Times-Gazette, Redwood City.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. John McGrath died last Friday night after a short illness of membranous croup. The afflicted parents have the sympathy of the community in their loss.—San Mateo Leader.

Ed Watkins, nephew of G. E. Daniels, has accepted a position in the Palo Alto Meat Market.—Times, Palo Alto.

POSEY'S PLUCKY PARSON.

He Started Grant and Garfield on the Road to Military Fame.

One of the unique and heroic figures of the West is Rev. J. F. Jaquess, of Posey County, Indiana. He was one of the fighting parsons of the war period and has the undisputed distinction of having set Grant and Garfield on the road to military fame.

The career of this man of the gospel and gun is interesting. He was born in the wilds of Indiana early in the century, when pioneers were few. As he grew up his educational facilities were poor, but he finally succeeded in working his way through Asbury College and then began preaching in southern Illinois. Those were rough and ready days, but Jaquess was equal to every emergency, and, if needed, could use his fists as well as any man in the county. The way he could swing with his brilliant mental qualities, made him an idol among the pioneers. A decade before the civil war began he founded the Woman's College at Jacksonville, Ill. When the war broke out Gov. Yates, of Illinois, sent for Mr. Jaquess to come to Springfield. The preacher obeyed the call and became the companion and adviser of the Governor.

He was in the office one day when a calm, blunt man came in and declared that he thought he could be of use to the Governor in getting troops. The Governor looked over the rough man, but did not see that there was anything that could be assigned to him just then. Mr. Jaquess was sitting near the desk, and he whispered to the Governor to ask the man to call again to-morrow. After he had gone out Jaquess turned to the Governor and said:

"Yates, there's something in that man, I believe, and I think you'd better keep track of him."

"I don't see what I've got for him," was the reply.

"Well, keep him anyhow, for I feel there's something in him, and I think I am something of a judge of human nature."

"What can I give him to do?"

"Put him at that desk in the corner and let him write letters until you have something else to give him."

"If you are so certain about his merits I'll do it, by George."

"This is the worst swearing the worthy divine ever heard from the war Governor. About two weeks later they met again.

"Jaquess, I thought you were something of a judge of human nature," said the Governor.

"I think I am; what's the matter now?"

"Why, that man Grant, who you thought was the one I should keep available, has been at that desk two weeks and hasn't yet written a letter I'd sent out."

"I didn't suppose he would be very valuable as a clerk; I considered him better as a military drill master. Commission him as colonel and set him to work with the soldiers. Now, there's the Twenty-first on the borders of mutiny. Put him in charge of them and see what's in him."

"By George, I'll do it."

Gov. Yates took the advice and the world knows the rest. This was the beginning of Grant. It made an impression on Rev. Mr. Jaquess and he concluded to take the field also. He went to the front with the Sixth Cavalry, but he came back at the request of the Governor to work as a recruiting officer. His eloquence was magical. He talked over the State, and in a short time had 3,000 men at Camp Butler. There was enlistment after enlistment made on the promise from the parson that he would command the regiment and go into the fight with it. This led to the formation of the Seventy-third



REV. J. F. JAQUESS, M. D.

Illinois, he being at its head. He started his men on the march almost before his commission was dry. Col. Jaquess and his men were in many battles, including Chickamauga. They stood in the slaughter pen, ordered there by Gen. McCook. Once his horse fell, he leaped to another. This one was shot under him. The ball would have taken off both his hands, but at this particular moment his hands were not in their accustomed places. His body seemed under some strange charm. He took his regiment to Missionary Ridge. The regiment was in the lead at the onslaught. The intrepid colonel was in front encouraging the men. The first position of the enemy was taken, and when they pushed with the rest of the army, while Grant was asking who had ordered the charge and declaring his army was lost. They were met by a shower of balls. They charged with their bayonets, and so impetuous was the onslaught that nothing could stop them. The first line of fortifications fell, and then the second, and the guns on top of the ridge. The Seventy-third planted their colors on the spot, and on

the way they captured almost as many men as they were themselves in the regiment.

President Lincoln wanted to promote the fighting parson. The parson said it would not be fair for him to leave the men who had entered with him. He knew a man who would make a good major general, and he wrote to President Lincoln to that effect. This man was James A. Garfield. The President made him a general, largely upon the recommendation of the preacher from Posey County, Indiana. The Colonel went back to Camp Butler, but he returned with only 200 of the able men who went with him, and 200 disabled for the rest of their lives.

The Colonel took up his Bible where he had left it and went after men—not shooting at their heads or hearts, as he had told his men to do literally during the war, but figuratively. He kept it up ever since.

SNAKES DRIVE OFF ROBBERS.

Queer Pets Save Ernest Barbour, a Downer's Hill, Pa., Hermit.

The geese saved Rome once upon a time, but probably the only case on record where a rattlesnake proved a benefactor to its owner occurred when Ernest Barbour, the hermit of Downer's Hill, was attacked by burglars in his hovel and the robbers were driven away by a rattlesnake. Downer's Hill is in Susquehanna County, Pa., not far from the line separating New York and Pennsylvania. Barbour has lived in a hut there for many years and has secreted about \$50,000 in securities. He also has considerable money about the little hovel at times. There he lives with two large dogs and a number of rattlesnakes which he has charmed or tamed so that he can freely handle them. The neighbors usually avoid the place on account of the snakes and the fierce dogs and Barbour is left quite alone. But last week a number of robbers planned an attack on the hut, attempting to get the money and securities in the place.

They made the dogs insensible with drugged meat and were about to seize Barbour when the faithful rattlesnakes intervened. One of them bit a robber in the leg, whereupon the marauders



HERMIT BARBOUR.

fled in terror. Two days later a man died from rattlesnake bite in a farmer's house six miles from Hallstead.

Although Barbour is a recluse, he came out of his hovel when he heard footsteps. When asked about his rattlesnakes he pulled two of them out of his pockets and said they were as tame as cats. Barbour became a hermit because of disappointment in love.

Fishermen of St. Pierre and Miquelon.

Near the west coast of Newfoundland are the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. They are the last relics of the once great possessions of France in North America. They have a French governor and a uniformed French police. Many French fishermen make their headquarters on these islands. These Frenchmen "sail their trawls." Their fishing vessels are much larger than ours, and include even bark. Instead of dories they carry sail boats. The vessel comes to anchor, and near her each boat drops its first trawl-keg overboard. Then one boat will set a zigzag trawl by tacking against the wind, another will run a straight-away course, so that the trawls, while all converging toward the vessel, do not interfere with one another. Then, too, the fishermen can in foggy weather get back to the vessel by simply under-running their trawls. Our fishermen set theirs where they think they will hook the most fish, and the vessel, instead of coming to anchor, cruises about where she put the dories over.—St. Nicholas.

Ant Pic.

Savages, we know, indulge in such luxuries as grubs and locusts, but for a civilized white man to finish up his dinner with a dish of raw ants seems too nasty to be credible. Yet in Mexico it is the custom—and a custom adopted by plenty of colonists and visitors.

The ant eaten is called the honey ant, and is perhaps as curious an insect as lives. With a tiny head and legs, it has a huge body as big as a large pea, and this is yellow and swollen with excellent honey.

In each nest there are 300 or 400 of these honey ants, which are attended by thousands of others. The honey ants hang on to the roof of the cells in the nest while the others feed them. They are, in fact, living storehouses of winter food. An observer says that if one of the honey ants falls from his perch a worker will go and pick him up and replace him. This is as if a man were to walk up the face of a cliff carrying a large buffalo or cart horse on his back.

Value and Price.

"I suppose, of course, that's a \$100 wheel."
 "That's what it is."
 "How much did you pay for it?"—Chicago Post.

A MAN OF APPETITE.

AN AWFUL ORDEAL FOR A DYSPEPTIC LITTLE LAWYER.

Went Into the Restaurant Just to Have a Few Oysters—Met Mr. Grump, the Brewer, Who Was Lunching a Little Before Going Home to Supper.

"There used to be a famous place for these things down in Atlanta," remarked the portly gentleman as he cautiously eyed the Welsh rabbit and sipped his musty ale.

"Why, don't these snit you?" asked the man who had never traveled.

"Oh, yes, fine, but I was just thinking of a little incident that occurred there."

"A story, is it? Well, let's have it."
 "It's not much of a story, but I will tell it the best I can. You see, the place I spoke of was kept by a man named Beirmister and was not only famous for his Welsh rabbits, but for its oysters and hard crabs as well. Delicious they were too."

"There was a dyspeptic little lawyer around town, sharp and shrewd, but a martyr to the stomach. He used to go around with the boys until some one would suggest going over to Beirmister's and getting some crabs and beer; then you could count the lawyer out. The boys would try to persuade him by telling him how delightful were the crabs, how succulent the oysters, but the lawyer would flee from them in terror at the thought.

"About 5 o'clock one fine afternoon in the early spring a friend and myself were journeying toward Beirmister's when we met the dyspeptic lawyer. As usual, he stopped us for a little chat, and we walked down the street together. In a few moments we were in front of Beirmister's, and my friend, taking a different tack, persuaded the little lawyer to enter with us on the plea that we would find no one in at this time of day and that we were only going to eat a few oysters.

"Once inside, we found the place crowded. The seats at the tables were all occupied, except at one table, over in a far corner of the room, at which there were three vacant chairs, the fourth being occupied by a fat German brewer named Grump. We knew Grump, and so went to this table. I introduced the lawyer—Blakely, I believe his name was—to the brewer and ordered beer for the crowd. The lawyer protested, so we left him out.

"Mr. Grump," I remarked, 'we are about to have a few oysters. Won't you join us?'

"Well, you see, I have already something ordered."

"Oh, that's all right," I insisted, 'A few oysters will give you an appetite.'

"Is dot so? Yah, I take me a few—chust von lictle dozen."

"My friend had been engaged in an earnest conversation with the lawyer while I was talking to the jolly old German, and when the waiter came with the beers he told him to bring some crabs, 2½ dozen oysters on the shell and a glass of hot water. He had persuaded Blakely to try some oysters.

"At Beirmister's when an order was given for crabs they invariably brought a dozen, and you paid for as many as you consumed out of that number. The waiter soon returned with oysters, crabs and hot water. In the meantime Grump, who was a great talker, had struck up a conversation with the lawyer, and they were cracking jokes at a great rate.

"Blakely's courage fell when the oysters were placed before him. He manfully drank the hot water and commenced to imitate Grump's heroic style of eating oysters. He managed to down two and then laid his fork gently by his plate and fastened his eyes on Grump. With the aid of a few glassfuls of beer the brewer's oysters had vanished. My friend had managed to get away with two crabs and insisted that Grump help him dispose of the remainder. I was still busy with my dozen oysters.

"Well, I help you some," said Grump, and picking up a knife he went at those crabs like a dorky shucking oysters. The dyspeptic watched him as if fascinated and remarked in a sneering tone that came straight from the stomach:

"You have a good appetite, Mr. Grump."

"Yah, I tink pretty goot," and he actively went for another crab. The dish was cleared in a few moments, and I made a mental note that Grump had eaten nine crabs, a dozen large oysters, and drank ten glasses of beer. When the crabs were no more, Grump called to a waiter:

"Hare, Franz, I am waiting."

"Franz disappeared, and in a few moments brought in a large Welsh rabbit and deposited it before Grump. I could see the little lawyer shrink from the odor wafted across the table, but he was game and would have staid at that table until he died. Grump insisted that we share the dish with him, but all hands refused.

"With apparent relish and a fresh glass of beer he attacked the rabbit, and in an incredibly short time the dish was clear of the least particle. Grump wiped his mouth, folded his napkin, and called for another round of beers. If I had not had a reputation to sustain, I would have refused, but as it was we drained the glasses.

"Now, I must home be going," remarked Grump, rising.

"What's your hurry?" asked the dyspeptic lawyer in his most sarcastic tones. "Do stay and have something else."

"Nein, I must to mein supper go," answered the German.

"The dyspeptic wilted. Now, if you are looking for a fight, just tell that little lawyer that Grump wants him to eat supper with him. You'll get it quick and strong."—Washington Post.

De Quincey, who devoted his life to the reading of books, said that the greatest number of books any one man could hope to get through within man's allotted time was 8,500.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market in better shape and prices are strong, while in some cases ¼ higher.

SHEEP—Desirable sheep of all kinds are in demand at strong prices.

HOGS—Desirable hard fed hogs are plentiful and prices ¼ to ½ lower.

PROVISIONS are in good demand at stronger prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are ½ lb less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle, delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

Cattle—No 1 Steers 6½@7c; No. 2 Steers 6@6½c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers 5@5½c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers 4@4½c.

Hogs—Hard, grain-fed, 135 to 250 lbs 3½@4c; under 130 lbs 3¼@3½c; over 250 lbs 3¼@3½c.

Sheep—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 3@3½c; Ewes, 2½@3c; Spring Lambs—¾@3¾c, gross, weighed alive.

Calves—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 4c@4½; over 250 lbs 3¼@3½c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:

Beef—First quality steers, 6@6½c; second quality, 5¼@6c; First quality cows and heifers, 5¼@5½c; second quality, 4½@5c; third quality, 3¼@4c.

Veal—Large, 6¼@7c; small, 7½@8½c.

Mutton—Wethers, 4c@4½c; ewes, 5½@6c; Sucking lambs, 6¼@7c.

Dressed Hogs—5¼@6c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 9@10; picnic hams, 8½c; Atlanta ham, 8½c; New York shoulder, 8½c.

Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 12c; light S. C. bacon, 11½c; med. bacon, clear, 9c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 9½c; clear light, Bacon, 10c; clear ex. light Bacon, 10½c.

Beef—Extra Family, bbl, \$10 00; do, hf-bbl, \$5 25; Extra Mess, bbl, \$8 50; do, hf-bbl, \$4 75.

Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 8½c; do, light, 8½c; do, Bellies, 9@9½c; Extra Clear, bbls, \$17 00; hf-bbls, \$8 75; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4 35; do, kits, \$1 45.

Lard—Prices are ½ lb:

Componded 5 3½; 50s, 20s, 10s, 5s.

Cal. pure 6½; 3½; 3¼; 3¼; 3¼; 3¼; 3¼.

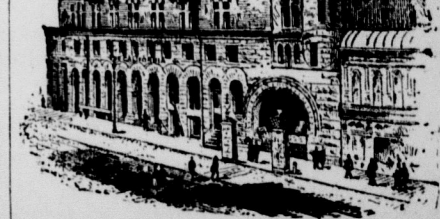
In 3-lb tins the price on each 15¢ higher than on 5-lb tins.

Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$1 00; Is \$1 05; Roast Beef, 2s \$1 00; Is, \$1 05.

Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

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Dinner from 5 to 8 p. m. 75 cts.

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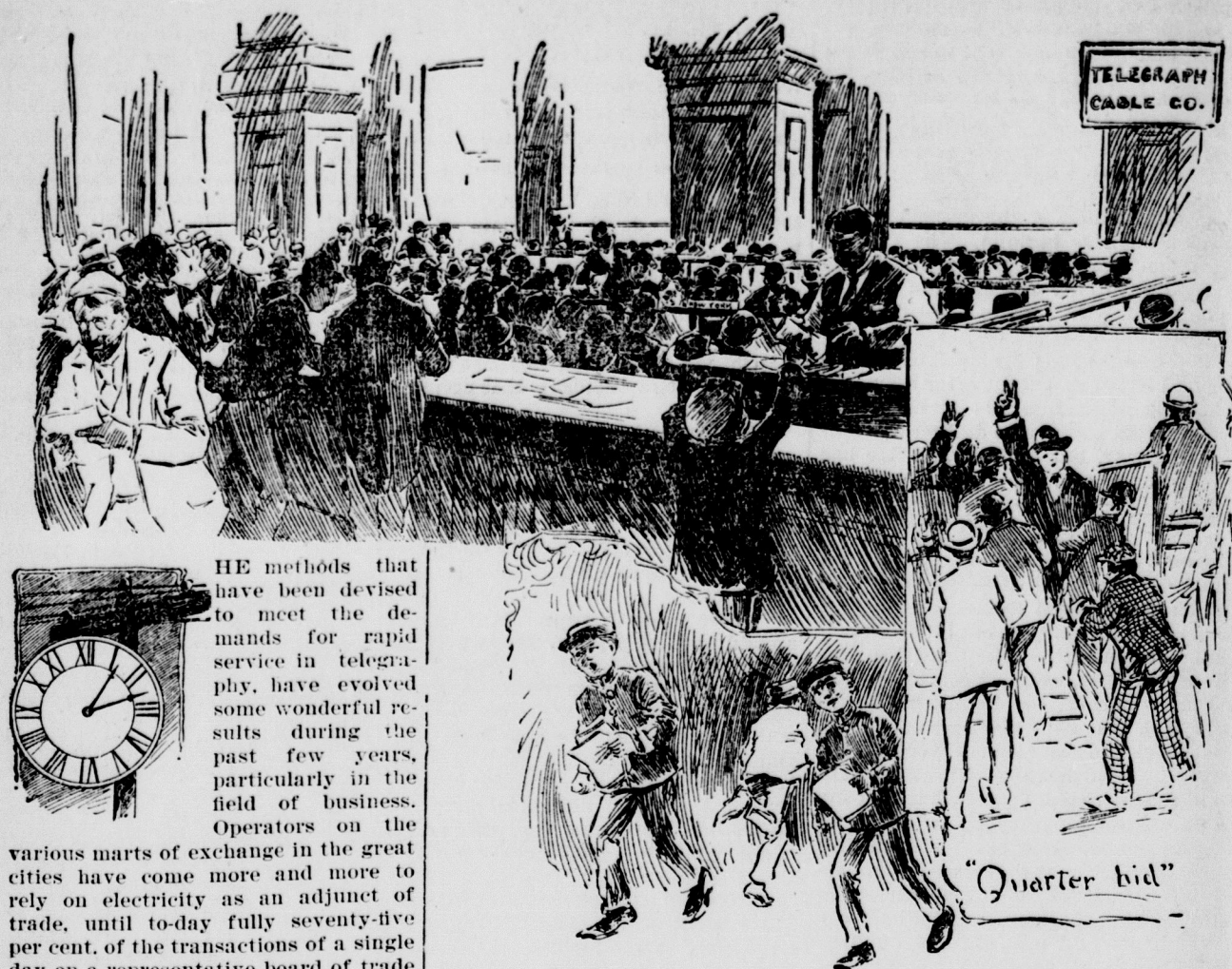
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HENRY MICHENFELDER, Proprietor

THE TELEGRAPH CORPS AT THE CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE.



HE methods that have been devised to meet the demands for rapid service in telegraphy, have evolved some wonderful results during the past few years, particularly in the field of business. Operators on the various marts of exchange in the great cities have come more and more to rely on electricity as an adjunct of trade, until to-day fully seventy-five per cent. of the transactions of a single day on a representative board of trade or stock exchange are made by wire. So perfect have become telegraphic methods in this particular, that New York was queried from Chicago recently, and an answer returned in thirty seconds. The humble citizen who has tried to telegraph his wife at some near suburb that he will not be home to dinner, and who on his arrival about bedtime finds the police looking for him, and is routed out of his comfortable bed several hours later to receipt for the message he filed down town early in the morning, will smile with incredulity when he reads how differently they do things on 'Change. But the demands of the commercial world and the sharp competition of the rival companies have resulted in a system so perfect that "impossible" feats in the race of trade against time are performed on the Board of Trade every day.

At a fair estimate 75 per cent. of the actual transactions on the board are executed on telegraphic orders. Add to these purely "order" messages the mass of gossip in the form of opinions, crop estimates and reports, and advice and market letters, and it is easily seen how the wires are kept hot. The trading on the exchange originates in three ways: Orders are given personally by members present on the floor; they come over leased lines to the so-called "private wire" houses, or over public wires from the floors of other commercial exchanges in different sections of the country. The character of business done demands the greatest possible celerity in every stage of its handling, and for this reason it is generally arranged with the companies to have their instruments and operators close to the trading pits in the various exchanges.

On the Chicago Board of Trade, two completely equipped offices, duplicates of each other in every respect, are used. Fifty-two main line wires center in each, and a force of one hundred operators may be employed on them. These lines radiating from the exchange floor spread out over the country in all directions and bring the principal trading centers under the fingers of the telegraph company's clever young men. Six of the lines take care of the New York business, two of the six terminating on the floor of the produce exchange there, one each tapping the Stock, Cotton and Oil exchanges, and the remaining one working a set of instruments in the main office of the company. Minneapolis, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, Buffalo and a few other important cities have two wires each, and the remaining points get along with a single one. The long, narrow operating tables, cutting the space into rows of slender aisles, have the instruments grouped upon them according to the cities they serve, and so contracted are the quarters that the operators' shoulders are wedged together as they sit at their keys.

This company of experts is directly under the chief operator and four assistants. From the opening to the close of business the overseers circulate among the men, watching the message books to see that there is no accumulation of business or delay in transmission. Twenty-eight messengers attend to deliveries on the floor, and as the operators are the flower of the office force, so the lads are especially trained for the business and are the brightest to be had. Their preliminary education on the floor involves the acquisition of the knowledge of the personnel of every firm on the board, and they must know personally by name every trader operating in the various pits. If they change from one firm to another the messenger must know it and be careful that messages for the old house do not fall into the hands of the ex-employee.

The business that this force can handle is simply enormous. Most order messages are short—generally under ten words. Three such messages have been handled by a single operator in a minute in the ordinary course of business.

Eighteen hundred messages in the four hours between 9:30 and 1:30 have been handled frequently over the two New York Produce Exchange wires. This is an average of two complete messages a minute for each of the operators. Over the fifty duplexed lines, therefore, if worked to their limit, two

hundred messages a minute could be handled. Accuracy is the great thing. A wrong figure might make a difference of thousands of dollars to the sender or receiver of the message, and when one considers the high pressure under which the men work, with scores of sounders about them snapping out, and with a thousand brokers splitting the air with trade jargon yelps, the percentage of error is so small and unimportant as to be hardly worth considering.

Up to a year ago the orders received over the private wires were carried from the private offices to the floor representatives of the firms by a corps of active boys, but lately a group of private telephones was installed in the trading hall, with wires leading to the offices of the private wire houses. Now a mild young man, with an ear muff receiver bolted to his head, sits on a high stool at the telephone, receives the quotations by signal from another employe in the pit, repeats them to his house below and transmits buying orders to traders in the various pits.

A simple system of signals is employed more or less by everyone on the floor, to indicate the fractional fluctuation during active trading. The right hand is used in signaling, each finger and the thumb standing for an eighth of a cent. Two fingers held up represent one-quarter of a cent; three fingers, three-eighths; four fingers, one-half, and with the thumb, five-eighths. With the fingers extended close together and the thumb across the palm, three-quarters is indicated; seven-eighths is shown with the hand closed and the thumb extended at right angles, and the even cent by the closed fist. If the fingers point up the price shown is bid; reversed, pointing down, the figure is asked by sellers.

Where messages are received for points to which no direct wire runs from the floor of the Board of Trade, the same are shot through pneumatic tubes to the main offices of the telegraph company, and thence distributed by messenger boys. The best record on a message and reply, New York, is eighteen seconds. The same record has been made with Minneapolis.

Mistakes are seldom made. One or two curious errors, however, have been due to the similarity of the dots and dashes in numbers and words. One commission man was puzzled by the receipt of a message advising him that "angel cars" had been received consigned to him. The mystery was cleared up when a different division of the dots and dashes in the word "angel" disclosed the figures 170. Another broker was mystified by being wired to ship several cars of grain to J. Bloom Splagent. Knowing no one of that name he started an investigation, and discovered that it was "J. Bloom, spl agent," to whom he should ship.

An order to buy 10,000 May "cats" caused a good deal of merriment here one morning. Of course it should have been "cats." And a delivery clerk thought he had discovered a new kind of a job when he received a message addressed to "James Gilles, Pie Clerk Steamboat." Later it was translated to James Gillespie, and reached him on his boat.

Slave Trade in Morocco.
Late accounts from Morocco show that the Moors still carry on slave trading at the very doors of western civilization. A powerful administrator of the Gharb district, named El-Ameen-Oold-el-Dawia, recently purchased three slaves, one of them being a handsome-looking woman of about 27 years, for which this official paid \$22. This slave buyer is a persona grata at the shereefian court and makes presents to influential court personages. At times these distinguished courtiers find they possess more slaves than they require, so they send these wretched beings to the "public auction market" in the capital, and generally obtain good prices for them.

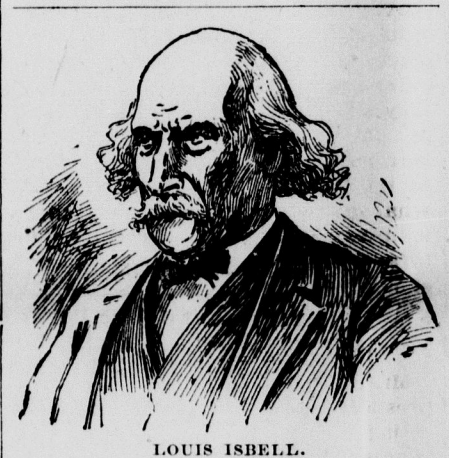
Generally the slaves are taken from negro families that have been brought up from their childhood in Morocco, and dealers are continually bringing others from the Soos provinces. At least two dealers journey to Tangier itself twice a year, bringing boys and girls, who are sold privately to the rich Moors of that city. Moorish government officials do not stop this disgrace-

ful traffic through the Soos provinces, nor prevent the sale of slaves in the chief centers of Moorish civilization.

Through the measures taken by the late Sir John Drummond Hay in 1885, while British minister at Tangier, public sale of slaves was forbidden in Tangier city, but public sales of slaves are still allowed in every other place, and even in Tangier, though greatly lessened, sales are regularly effected privately.—London Mail.

FIRST BARBER IN CHICAGO.

Colored Man Who Shaved Lincoln in Early Days Still in Business.
The first barber to open a shop in Chicago is still doing business, although not exactly at "the old stand." He is an aged colored man, Louis Isbell, who came to Chicago and began removing beards and cutting hair in 1838. Although 78 years old, still he has a shop at 335 West Randolph street. Isbell is a fine-looking old man, with long white hair falling almost to



his shoulders. He is remarkably spry and active for one of his years. He does not do as much work now as most barbers who run shops, although he is always in his place of business ready to take a hand in case of a rush. He has two barbers working for him and spends most of his time sitting about in the shade thinking of old times, ready to talk of the days when Chicago was young.

The old barber was born in 1819 at Prestonsburg, Ky. He was especially fortunate for one of his race in those days, for he was released from slavery when he was only 5 years old and removed to Paris, Ill. There he lived with his parents until 1838 and there he picked up the rudiments of the barbers' trade. When he began to approach man's estate Isbell decided to leave the little country town in which he was raised and strike out for himself in Chicago. His shop soon became the favorite of all the politicians of that day and in the years in which Isbell was in business there he shaved Abraham Lincoln, who came to Chicago to attend court on several occasions; Stephen A. Douglas, "Long John" Wentworth, General Beaubien, William B. Ogden, Walter Newberry and many other early Chicagoans.

It Stood the Test.

A public writer had a partition wall fixed up in his study and ordered the carpenters to make it in such a way that no sound could penetrate through it.

"The best thing will be to fill it in with shavings," said the man, and set to work.

When he had finished, his employer went and stood on one side of the partition and called out to the man who was on the other side:

"Do you hear me, Jantke?"

"No, sir," was the prompt reply.

Another Kind.

"Light," said the minister, "is the natural symbol of truth."

"How about the light that lies in a woman's eyes?" asked the layman.—Judge.

Poor Eyesight in Schools.

In the public schools of France more than 24 per cent. of the pupils are nearsighted; in those of Germany, 35 per cent.; in those of the United Kingdom, 20 per cent.

No man ever amounted to anything who could answer all the fool questions asked at a school or civil service examination.

THE MONEYLESS MAN.

Hardships of an Experimental and Amateur Tramp.

It was nearing noon, and I was very hungry. The question of earning a meal was no longer an interesting speculation, but a pressing necessity. I turned all my attention to that. A large iron gateway leading into a cemetery attracted me. Several ragged, tow-headed children were playing about the lodge. One of them told me that his father was inside, and he indicated the general direction of the tombstones. I found the digger sweating freely in a half-finished grave, and instantly offered my help as a means of earning a dinner. The grave-digger was an Irishman. He leaned at ease upon his spade, and soberly looked me over, and then declined my offer. He was polite, but not at all a communicative man, and he met my advances with the one remark that his "old woman" was not at home.

A little farther on I saw three women in pursuit of a hen. I eagerly volunteered my help, and asked for a dinner in payment. They quit the chase, and stood confronting me with serious faces, while I eloquently pleaded my readiness to help them. Nothing in the situation seemed to strike them as strange or irregular, but they touched upon it with short, grave speech, until I had the feeling of something momentous, and I accepted their refusal with a sense of relief.

At last in the outskirts of the village of Westport I found a man moving his lawn, and he was willing to give me a dinner for completing the job. My final success in getting an odd job was a splendid stimulus. I urged the mower over the lawn with a vigor that surprised me, and the dinner which I ate in the dim corner of an immaculate kitchen was a liberal return for the labor.

All that long summer afternoon I went from house to house, asking subscriptions for the magazine. The rack would have been easier upon my feelings, but I was eager to discover some ready way of approaching people. Not even the loafers at the station were in the least inclined to share their company with me. At nightfall I earned, by sawing wood for an hour, a supper and the right to sleep in an unused barn.—Scribner's.

Birds Puzzled by Kites.

Many amusing experiences have been the lot of the scientists who have been manipulating kites for scientific purposes. Large birds are always interested in the strange devices floating in the air and cannot quite make out what they are. Prompted by sharp curiosity, they hover around the floating kites and subject themselves to the danger of becoming entangled in the silken string and being dragged down to earth.

No bird, however, has ever alighted on a kite or attacked one, says the Chicago News. While one scientist was flying a train of five kites a couple of years ago a large silver-tipped eagle came suddenly out of the higher air and swooped round and round the first kite, looking against the sunset sky like a huge silver ball. As the train of kites was pulled in the eagle followed, visiting one kite and then another, seeming uncertain just what to do. In a few minutes when he seemed to have decided that they were not good to eat, and he knew nothing about them anyway, he indignantly flew off and was lost to view.

Another experience was had with a stork that came from the New Jersey side of the Hudson and flew straight for the queer object in the air. He apparently had made up his mind to go straight through it, but changed and dived underneath it. He went around and above it, and through a glass it could be seen that he cocked his eye at the intruder in a most comical manner. He started away a few hundred feet, changed his mind and came swooping back. He finally reluctantly went away, mystified over this queer addition to the inhabitants of the air.

While kites were high in the air one March flock of geese flying in the V-wedge flew over. They invariably stopped, broke up and hovered about the queer object, and at last slowly reformed and flew away. While the larger birds all come from heights above the kites, the small birds of the air will alight on the string holding the kite and sway to and fro.

Fountain Pens Are Ancient.

Fountain pens are rather older than most people imagine. As long ago as 1824 they were in use, for in that year Thomas Jefferson saw a contrivance of this sort, tried it, and wrote to General Bernard Peyton of Richmond, Va., asking him to get one of them. The pen was of gold and the ink tube of silver and, according to Jefferson's letter, the maker was a Richmond watch repairer, named Cowan. The price, he understood, was \$5. The first American patent for a fountain pen was granted in 1830, to one Douglas Hyde, but the earliest English patent was issued twenty-one years before.—Scientific American.

Descendant of King Harold.

When the Norwegian man-of-war Harold Haarfarge was launched recently she was christened by a lincal descendant of the Norse king whose name she bears, a Mrs. Stang. Mrs. Stang is thirty-third in descent from "Harold the Fair-Haired," a great searover in his day, who could have given Captain Kidd cards and spades. And the grandson of Bernadotte, the private of marines, who occupies Harold's throne, looked on with royal benignity while the daughter of the old Norse king broke the bottle of champagne.

Poor Keep Clean.

Berlin has no "slums," as we understand them. Even in the poorest quarters of the city the streets are paved with asphalt and are kept faultlessly clean.

WOMAN IS AN EMBEZZLER.

Alice M. Barrett's Case Disproves the Sex's Innate Honesty.

Ever since woman entered the domain of active business, accepted and performed the duties of trust and responsibility, it has been urged that the gentler sex is essentially honest. A woman embezzler has been regarded as an impossibility. The sex has not been sufficient to protect them from the commission of other crimes, but that one would deliberately steal from an employer and endeavor to conceal the defalcation has been considered of the things not possible to nature.

This dream of superiority in innate honesty received a rude shock when the tragic fate of Miss Alice M. Barrett, the Boston bookkeeper and stenographer, showed that under the same temptation and with the same incentives at work, there can be and is but little difference in humanity, whether clad in skirts or trousers. Sad as it is to the sorrowing relatives, sad as it may seem to all who sympathize with them in their double bereavement, the evidence was too direct to admit of doubt. The young woman not only took the funds of her employers, but, fearing the inevitable exposure incident to a change in the make-up of the firm, followed in the footsteps of so many of the same class. She ended her own life, rather than face the consequences of exposure.

The story of the death and all of the circumstances surrounding it has been told. The fact that an effort had been made to destroy the cash book by fire was known within a day after the fact was known that a bullet and not lightning caused the death of the attractive young woman.

Scarcely anyone could be surprised at the result of the examination of the firm's books, after her mother had admitted that the girl had lived on a scale that her salary could not possibly justify, and after it had been shown that the girl had suffered serious losses in wildcat speculation. A complete chain of circumstantial evidence had been forged. It shows that Alice Barrett was extravagant in her expenditures, that she gambled in stocks, that she took her employers' money in order to keep up this speculation, that she set fire to the books in order to conceal the defalcation, and perhaps with the intention of destroying the building in order to do so, and that she finally shot herself in order to avoid facing the dis-

more determined, for she hoped that success would yet come to her.

Miss Barrett's position in the office of Codman & Codman made it possible for her to carry on this work with little fear of detection. It is not believed that Miss Barrett intended to steal out and out her employer's money, but that she was merely using it as a means to an end. She hoped to succeed and make good what she had taken.

MOST WONDERFUL TEMPLE.

Built on a Rocking Stone on the Summit of an Indian Mountain.

The most wonderful temple in the world is built on a rocking stone on the summit of a mountain in Northern India. It is impossible to imagine a more wonderful situation than that of this temple. The rocking stone is situated on a mountain over 20,000 feet high. It



TEMPLE ON A ROCKING STONE.

weighs many thousands of tons, but is balanced on so fine a point that a comparatively light pressure is sufficient to make it sway. Whether or not the great rock was raised to its present position by human hands is a mystery to scientific minds. If it was, the labor was one to which no modern engineering feat can be compared. The Hindu priests teach their followers that the rock was placed in position by the help of the gods. In this way they add considerably to the feeling of awe which they desire to create. The worshippers at this shrine must first make the ascent of the mountain, a matter of great difficulty. Then they spend seven days of preparation in a temple built on the solid mountain before they are permitted to make the final passage to the mysterious rocking stone. To reach the stone it is necessary to cross a



ALICE M. BARRETT'S TRAGIC DEATH.

covery and disgrace which she supposed threatened her.

She was endowed with a lively imagination. She did not care for men nor for marriage, at least a marriage which would pinion her to the ordinary duties of a housewife. In one of her letters she said she preferred to sip her own cup of tea alone and still stipulated that the tea should be of good quality, and that she should not be obliged to drink it out of a cracked cup. She thought she was denied opportunity and she attempted to create it. Somewhere or somehow she had heard of the wonderful things done in the bucket shops. Here, she thought, was a quick road to wealth, lot wealth for its own sake but for the sake of the opportunities it would give her. She lost, and to cover this made false entries in the books.

It appears that Miss Barrett had been pursuing this dangerous course for about a year, when the awful day of reckoning came. The books, upon examination, show very clearly when she began to appropriate her employer's money, and the clerks recollect the fact that about the same time there was a marked change in the personal appearance of Miss Barrett. Her manner of dressing became more elaborate, her clothing was of the richest material and expensive jewelry figured in her adornments. These things were accounted for by the young lady to the satisfaction of her mother, but in order to explain these things the favorite child of her mother had to resort to further deception.

The first venture in speculation had proved a failure, but, added to her desire for finery, the fever of speculation had taken possession of her. She essayed a second venture and went into the mire deeper and deeper. Each succeeding loss seemed but to make her more

bridge over a great chasm. Nature and man had combined to make this Hindu shrine awe-inspiring to the devout. After crossing the bridge the pilgrim mounts a ladder, to which he clings in terror for his life here and in the hereafter. The temple on the rock is necessarily a small place. Three priests officiate in it. The mysteries which take place there no man is permitted to reveal. Europeans have seen it from a distance.—New York Journal.

Those Humorous Cincinnatians.

"What is a spiral stairway?"

This question was asked of 1,302 people in Cincinnati yesterday, and 1,301 of them raised his or her right hand and proceeded to illustrate in pantomime the winding course of a spiral stairway. The one who failed knew not what a spiral stairway was and so frankly admitted.

The harmless joke started on 'Change. A fun-loving broker asked another dealer the question and then laughed as he raised his hand in the air to illustrate, saying: "Why, it's like this." The victim, of course, started out to "get even," and before closing hour pretty nearly every one on the floor had at one time or another raised his right hand as though to take a solemn oath and had been laughed at for his pains. Members discussed the joke, and insisted that it proved that sign language antedates spoken words.

From 'Change the joke spread all over the city. People who had been "caught" asked the members of their families, "What is a spiral stairway?" and then laughed at them.

It's only a little matter, but it has its humorous side. Try it on some one who hasn't heard of it, and watch his hand go up.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune

CIDER-MAKING TIME.

The dear old cider-makin' time has come around agin. An' I feel so awful tickled that it seems almost a sin: Fer onct I heard the preacher say, with face twelve inches long: "When little chaps gets tickled, they's surely sumthin' wrong." But I can't help bein' happy when I see the orchard trees Jist breaking down with apples, an' I hear the hummin' bees Gettin' jist so drunk on cider that they gether everywhere. That they stagger in the flyin' and wabble through the air. No matter what the preacher says, it surely is a crime Fer boys to not be tickled in the cider-makin' time.

Oh, it's fun to git up airly on the cider-makin' day! The air's so stimulin' it drives the blues away. An' makes a feller go about a singin' ev'rywhere With heart so light and happy that he doesn't think of care. It's fun to bring the apples—them big, red northern spies, That make such jolly dumplin's and big, fat, juicy pies, An' the russets an' the pippins, some sweet an' others sour— Oh, I love to set an' smell 'em, an' taste 'em by the hour. Then the grindin' of the apples is a mighty pleasant sound. When some other feller's muscles makes the heavy wheel go round; An' the drippin' an' the pourin' of the cider in the tub. When they put the pressure on it, is a purty rub-a-dub.

At last we git the barrel full, an' then we have to stop An' turn it on its bosom with the bung-hole on the top. Then comes the sweetest pleasure that mortal ever saw. Of suckin' hallelujah through the bung-hole with a straw. I know you'll forgive me for borin' you with rhyme. Fer I feel so awful jolly in the cider-makin' time.

A DINNER DIALOGUE.

When I entered the drawing room Mrs. Tregunter smiled on me quite amiably. I wondered why, until I remembered that the Morning Post had a paragraph on my uncle's illness.

"I want you to take down Molly," she said, graciously.

I crossed to Molly at once, but she would not look at me. I ventured to remind her of my presence.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she remarked, pensively.

"Yes, you've got to go down to dinner with me."

She heaved a sigh.

"Is that quite polite?" I asked, reproachfully.

She flashed a glance at me. "Life is a continual pairing," she observed, standing up and shaking her draperies into becoming folds; "and so seldom with the right man."

"That is the comedy of life," I remarked.

"And what is the tragedy?"

"Having no partner at all." I indicated Miss Allemand, the governess, who was following alone.

"Poor dear!" said Molly. "I will relinquish you to her."

But I declined firmly. "I am afraid of governesses," I said, explanatorily. "It was a governess who wrecked my young life."

"What did she do?" asked Molly, seriously.

"She declined to elope with me."

Molly withdrew her arm. "I fear you are a dreadful person."

"I was only 14," I put in hastily.

We had taken our places at the table. I like a white shoulder, but white shoulder for two courses is too much.

"Is it quite fair to devote yourself solely to Sir Thomas?" I ventured to ask.

"He says such clever things." She flung the words beamingly over her sleeve.

"You mean to insinuate—" I began, crossly.

"Nothing at all."

"I don't think Miss Allemand has brought you up at all nicely."

"What do you mean?" she said, turning on me suddenly with a very severe face.

"O, nothing at all."

"You are very stupid."

"That isn't the way to speak to your ma's guests."

She scrutinized me. "I don't see what that girl could see in you," she murmured.

"What girl?" I queried eagerly.

She shook her head. "I oughtn't to have said that."

"But you did say it! And I insist on hearing to whom you referred."

She pouted. "Will you promise not to tell?" she replied after a little pause, her face suddenly lighting up with a roguish smile.

"I promise."

I watched the dimple growing on her cheek. She gave a little burst of laughter.

"Milly Vandike was here this afternoon."

"Oh, I sipped some champagne."

"She is my dearest friend."

"How nice of her!"

"We have no secrets from one another," said Molly, becoming very serious. "Haven't you?" My mind rushed helter-skelter through the past. Molly kept her bright eyes on mine, and I saw the dimple come and go.

"She tells me everything." Her smile deepened.

"Really?" I said, fidgeting.

"About Henley, for instance."

I looked at her for a moment. She nodded gravely.

"It isn't true—upon my honor it isn't."

I felt I was reddening.

"And what you said?"

"I assure I didn't."

"And what you—"

"I deny it."

"It's all right," said Molly, consolingly. "She's very fond of you."

I gasped. "I don't care two pins about her."

"How can you say so?" asked Molly, reproachfully, "after all that has occurred between you."

"Nothing has occurred," I cried despairingly.

"And the letters you have written."

"I never wrote any letters."

"I have read them."

"She had no right to show you those letters."

"Oh, but—I assure you it was in strict confidence."

"I don't remember in the least what I said."

"I do," she struck in quickly. "You said your heart was a boat moored in the light of her eyes, and—"

"Hush." I looked round apprehensively.

"I thought it so pretty," went on Molly. "And then there was that poem beginning—"

"Do you want me to scream?"

She laughed again. It is strange that a weak woman should rejoice in a strong man's agony.

"Of course I don't care for her," I said boldly, trying to make a stand.

Molly pursed her lips. "Of course I don't believe that."

"But you must believe it," I cried, desperately. "I only flirted a little with her at Henley because—"

"Because?"

"Well, you weren't there, you know."

"Oh, indeed?" She looked at me severely. "You mean you would have flirted with me instead if I had been there?"

"Not flirted," I said, weakly.

"What do you mean?"

"If you had been there I wouldn't have looked at her."

"Oh, indeed," repeated Molly.

"It was only in fun. She knew it was only in fun."

That dimple began to dawn again.

"Oh, no, she doesn't," she responded gayly. "She thinks you are in earnest."

"Nonsense," I cried.

"She told me so. She told me that you had practically proposed."

"You are teasing me," I said crossly.

"Am I indeed? Wait and see."

"It can't be true. Say it isn't true."

She gave another little burst of laughter.

"Of course you don't mind," I said, bitterly; "though it was all your fault."

"My fault!" cried Molly. "Well, of all the—"

"Why weren't you at Henley then?" I asked. "You see what you have done."

"I take no responsibility," said Molly, hotly. "Good gracious, if I had to be responsible for you!"

"I wish you would," I said earnestly.

"It's no use talking," said Molly. "You must face the music."

"Why didn't you tell her I was engaged?"

"What, another of them?" cried Molly, looking serious.

"You know what I mean. From the way you speak one might imagine I was a flirt."

"Um—yes," murmured Molly.

"The truth is there wasn't a decent looking girl at Henley, except—"

"Except Milly," remarked Molly, sarcastically.

"Well, she isn't bad looking in the moonlight."

Molly turned her head away a trifle disdainfully.

"You must save me from her," I said after a pause.

"How can I do that?"

"You must tell her I am already engaged."

"To whom?" asked Molly, her color rising slightly.

"To—the only girl I love."

Molly's eyes were fixed on her plate.

"Her name?" she asked in a low voice.

"Surely you can guess," I whispered. Her color deepened. "Please don't be absurd."

"It is the only way."

"Nonsense."

"But I tell you it is. I won't marry her."

"Perhaps she wouldn't have you," she said with a mischievous look in her eyes.

"But you said—"

"I was only teasing you."

"Really?" I cried with a sudden sense of relief.

Molly toyed with a grape. "She came to me to say that somebody else had proposed to her and to ask my advice."

"Well?"

"I advised her to—"

"Yes?"

"Accept the other man."

"Molly, you dear girl!"

"So it won't be necessary for you to get engaged to any one else," she went on, looking down.

"Molly, you know I love you."

"Hush," she whispered.

"Won't you?—O Molly, you must."

She turned and smiled. "What a silly boy it is!"

"I consider we are engaged." By great luck I caught one of her hands beneath the table cloth.

"There's the signal; I must go," said Molly, hastily.

"Say just one word," I urged.

"Do you know the little conservatory?" she murmured, pushing back her chair.

I opened the door. As she went out I caught her eye; she blushed divinely. —Pick-Me-Up.

Silk as a Barometer.

Silk dresses rustle much more loudly in dry weather, because they are almost devoid of moisture, and the friction between their folds is considerable. When rain is impending, the silks absorb a portion of the moisture and become more silent.

What has become of the old fashioned woman who sewed her boy's waist or in order to keep him from getting it off to go swimming?

TOPICS & TIMES

If the word "boom" were not in existence now it would be hard to find a word to fittingly take its place.

"The end of the Ottoman empire is near," the foreign correspondents are saying, just as they did forty years ago.

The roll of membership of the League of American Wheelmen last week footed up 57,025. Of these 7,661 are Pennsylvanians.

In Kansas thrashing an acre of wheat is estimated to cost \$1.18, while the housing, after the thrashing is completed, costs 30 cents.

Twenty new paper-making machines are to be added to the New England mills this year, each machine having a capacity of fifteen tons daily.

That flowers are generally beneficial in a sick room, instead of harmful, as formerly supposed, is fully established according to many physicians.

A trout of the Lochleven species weighing 113 pounds and measuring 2 feet 7 inches in length and 16 1/4 inches in girth, was recently taken in Kinghorn Loch.

The favorite team of the Emperor of Germany is a pair of chestnuts, one of which was raised in Susquehanna, Pa. The other came from Binghamton, New York.

"Ink suitable for love letters" is advertised by a Parisian stationer. It is made of a solution of iodide of starch and characters written with it entirely fade in four weeks.

Experiments with plants tend to show that in clear weather the evaporation by night as compared to that which takes place in the day appears to be in the ratio of 1 to 5.

The Japanese are very much alike physically. Recent measurements taken of an infantry regiment showed no variation except two inches in height or twenty pounds in weight.

Compressed food, which has proved a failure in our army, was found useful to the British expedition to Ashantee. The desiccated soup was not damaged by the climate.

Until 1871 there were no shad in Pacific waters. In that year a few thousand were introduced by the United States Fish Commission. Last year the catch sold for nearly \$40,000.

The first house built in Southeastern Indiana, and now the oldest house in the State, is still standing at Greensburg. It is the log cabin that was built by Thomas Hendricks, uncle of the late Vice President Hendricks, in 1811.

The latest invention to facilitate field operations is the typewriter bicycle. This consists of a typewriter mounted on a serviceable wheel, which can follow the movements of an army through an ordinary stretch of country.

It is said there is to be a concerted action to do away with the Australian ballot in Maine. By the way it has been manipulated it certainly has not accomplished what its friends claimed for it, and it has been a big bill of expense.

The pranticoles in confinement in the Zoological gardens, London, are announced as once more nesting and the female, which is now sitting on two eggs, is assisted by the male, who relieves her from time to time in her task of incubation.

It has been discovered after numerous experiments that a dark hair is much stronger than a light one. One dark hair can carry a weight of 113 grammes, while a light-colored hair will break if a weight of 75 grammes is hung from it.

The Hampshire, England, county council has issued an order forbidding the taking or destroying of the eggs of the following birds: Common buzzards, honey buzzards, kingfishers, Montagu's harriers, nightingales, owls and woodpeckers.

The very latest flying machine is the invention of a Washington boy, 16 years old, who is believed to have a remarkable talent for this sort of work. He has built a model which flies and which descends easily when the motive power is exhausted.

The total number of excise certificates issued in Brooklyn under the Raines law is 3,667, of which 3,375 are of the first grade. The total receipts were \$2,087,088. Exactly 1,035 saloon-keepers have been forced out of business through the new law.

The Katboke and Clambake Clubs are two rather unique organizations of the men of society in Newport. The former is a new feature of the present season, but the latter has before this summer delighted the hearts and tickled the palates of its members.

Stowe house, the residence of the last line of dukes of Buckingham and more recently of the comte de Paris, is offered for sale. Of it Pope wrote to Bolingbroke: "If anything under paradise could set me beyond all earthly cogitations, Stowe might do it."

London's new census shows a population of 4,411,271 for inner London, and of 1,756,421 for outer London, a total of 6,167,692. This idea of having an outer and inner enumeration will be a great boon to Chicago, which will now proceed to snuff out the British metropolis.

For the first time in its history Harvard has conferred the degree of master of arts on a negro. Booker T. Washington is the man honored, and it is an honor worthily bestowed. His great work in education in the South fully entitles him to the very unusual recognition.

The first United States coins bore the likeness of Martha Washington. The general was greatly annoyed and had the die altered, fearing that his political opponents would construe the im-

age on the coin as indicating a desire for royal honors. Our coinage once comprised a \$3 gold piece. The authorized act for this coin was passed Feb. 21, 1853, and its coinage was begun in 1854. It is said that very few of these pieces are now in existence.

It is popularly supposed that the sudden downpour which usually follows a bright flash of lightning has in some way been caused by the discharge of the electricity. The most advanced weather sharps are now making experiments which it is believed will prove that the contrary is the exact cause; in other words, that it is the sudden increased precipitation which causes the lightning flash instead of the lightning flash causing the sudden increase of the rainfall.

The keeper of a saloon hotel at 74 Stanton street, New York, was arrested the other Sunday for violation of the excise law. The saloonkeeper was a queer one. A number of bricks were on the bar. One of them bore a placard marked "Ham sandwiches, 10 cents." On another brick was a placard, "Tenderloin steaks \$1.70, to order \$9." On another was a card, "Cats without teeth, 72 cents; ladies, 71 cents." A fourth brick had a card marked, "Fried dogs, 35 cents; extra, 75 cents." Another was labeled, "Spring chickens, \$1.65." A piece of wood bore a card labeled, "Hamburger steak, 40 cents; extra fine, 20 cents."

Nursery Biscuits.
The following recipe for nursery biscuits is taken from Womankind: Nursery biscuits are highly recommended for the younger members of the family. To make them, set a sponge in the usual way, say, with one quart of milk—adding flour to form a stiff batter; let it rise; when raised, add one more quart of milk with four ounces of sugar dissolved in it, also the usual amount of salt. Then, for this quantity, take one pound of arrowroot and then add to it what flour you think will with the arrowroot form a rather stiff dough; add half a pound of butter and rub it in very firm; break down the sponge with the other quart of milk—break it down very fine; then add the flour, arrowroot, etc., and mix. When mixed either knead it very fine or pass it through rollers; let it rise, then knead or break down again, as the dough must be very fine. When again raised, break it up into one-ounce pieces, mold them up nice and clear—overhand molding—set them on a board, wash them with water; then place them on level baking pans, set the pans in boxes, turn another box over them and let them prove up light, but not light enough to fall in the baking. When proved bake in a steady heat; they must be fully baked. When baked, place them away to dry right through—a dry prover would be best—when dry they are ready for use. To use them, put one in a teacup, cover it with lukewarm water; let it remain until plumped up, then add milk, sugar, honey or what is needed, and with a spoon beat it into a pulp; it is then ready for the infant. If properly made, one of them should "pulp up" and fill a large teacup.

The Conjurer Astonished.
Mr. Charles Bertram, the well-known prestidigitateur, tells some very interesting stories in his recent Reminiscences. Among them he relates how one of his most ingenious tricks had an unexpected ending, more amusing to the spectators than to the performer.

He had borrowed a ring from a lady in the audience, and jokingly requested her to place a value upon it. This she did, assessing it at \$20. He then tied a piece of ribbon to it, placed the ring on a plate in full view of the audience, and proceeded to make an omelette.

Having mixed the ingredients, he threw the ring and the ribbon into them, and pouring a little spirits upon them, went through the make-believe of cooking the omelette in a pan.

On setting fire to the spirit there is a blaze, and a lid is placed upon the pan. When the lid is removed, instead of an omelette, a dove is found with the identical ring attached to its neck by a ribbon.

"All went well until I removed the cover of the pan," continues Mr. Bertram. "There was the dove sure enough, with the ring tied to its neck; but during the applause of the audience, the dove flew up, winged its way round the hall, and dashed out of an open window into Pileadilly. I never saw it or the ring again."

The conjurer mournfully adds that he had to make the best of a bad bargain and pay the lady \$20 as a compensation for her loss.

City Fathers Go on Strike.
The Austrian government is confronted with a strike of somewhat novel character. So great is the exasperation in the German districts of Bohemia in connection with the recent imperial decree which makes Czech equally with German the official language that the municipalities of a number of important cities and towns have declined to perform any longer the various duties with which they have until now been intrusted by the government, such as, for instance, the collection of certain taxes and the summoning of the army reserve men. The government has responded by dissolving a number of the municipalities, and matters are in such a critical condition that the suspension of the national constitution is being openly discussed as more than probable.

Pay of French Convicts.
Many of the convicts in French prisons are paid for their labor, and earn about one shilling and fivepence a day. Half of this they are allowed to spend for extra food, postage, etc., and the rest is saved, to be given to them on their discharge.

There is at least this to be said in favor of this hot weather: We are not troubled with Klondyked feet.

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.

Chimes of Normandy.
Do you want to hear the chimes of Normandy? If you do, all you need is a heavy silver spoon and a piece of string. Tie the string at its center around the handle of the spoon, leaving the ends three or four feet long. Now wind the ends around your two forefingers near the first joint and then thrust your fingers in your ears. Bend over and allow the tablespoon to knock against the wall or the door or a chair and you will be surprised at the really beautiful imitation of church chimes which you will hear.

Smallest Dogs in the World.
Over in Japan, where the people are fond of everything in miniature, the smallest breed of dogs in the world has its home. They belong to the family of spaniels, and are black and white or yellow and white in color, and the smaller they are the more money they will bring. A pup of 1 year weighing five pounds is worth \$200. If the breeder is fortunate enough to raise a spaniel weighing only three pounds or less he can get almost any price he wants for it. Sales have been made to the sum of \$500. One of these queer little dogs can easily lie on a man's hand or find a comfortable nook for sleeping in a bootleg. They are very delicate and tender, and they have to be watched and cared for like a baby. If given proper attention they will sometimes live to the age of 10 years.

How the Earth Is Held.
A pretty experiment, conducted by very simple methods, will show how this terrestrial globe is kept in its position in space. Secure two magnets of equal power, placing them an inch or

two apart. Then make a small ball of paper or other light material, fastening on opposite sides bits of steel or similar metal. Place the ball between the magnets, where it will assume of its own accord a fixed position, held only by the attraction of the magnets, which act on it as do the surrounding planets of the earth.

Polly's Mirrors.
Every Saturday Polly has to scour the spoons. That is all that mamma asks her to do, and it does not take much time, but Polly has always dreaded it so long beforehand, and grumbled so while she rubbed them, that it seemed like very hard work indeed. Every week it was the same old story, and you would think that the little girl was asked to clean the family plate in some old mansion.

But last Saturday mamma heard her laughing all by herself in the kitchen, and asked what she was doing.

"Making mirrors, mamma!" shouted Polly, gleefully.

So mamma came to see. Polly was rubbing away on a spoon, and when it grew quite bright and shiny, sure enough, there was a little mirror in the bowl of the spoon, and such a funny Polly reflected there, with very fat cheeks and very small eyes, and no hair. When she moved her head her cheeks grew thin, and her eyes as large and round as an owl's. How Polly did laugh!

Then she scoured another spoon, and soon there was another tiny looking-glass, and another queer little Polly, as funny as the first.

When she had twelve of these droll little mirrors her work was done, and she was surprised to find that it was only play, after all.

An Ostrich and a Hot Potato.
For odd appetites the goat and the ostrich stand supreme, with the ostrich just a step ahead. And yet an ostrich finds trouble in swallowing a hot potato. A South African writer tells an amusing story of greed and how it was punished. He says:

These ostriches were a source of endless trouble to us. They grew rapidly and developed great kicking powers, until they became sometimes positively dangerous, the dogs and the Kaffirs coming in for most of their attentions. Their appetite was insatiable. We used to make large quantities of biltong, or sun-dried meat, and there were usually dozens of strips of it hanging on rheims slung from wagon to wagon, and these were always objects of attention on the part of the ostriches. It was most amusing to see one trying to swallow a strip a yard long and two inches thick, just as a chicken struggles with a worm that is a little too big for it. Once we had to drag a huge strip out of one of the bird's throats to save it from choking.

But it was the culinary department that interested them most. They would always attack the Kaffirs bringing the viands from the "kitchen" to the tent, and sometimes were so pertinacious that the boy would get frightened and throw the dish away and bolt, and we would lose the best part of our dinner. They would even come into the tent and snatch things off the table, and we would take it out of them by smothering a dainty morsel with salt and cayenne pepper; but after awhile they seemed to flourish on it.

One day, however, we got the laugh on our side. Dinner was preparing and one of the birds was investigating the pots around the fire. A great pot of

hugo potatoes took his fancy, and he incontinently seized and swallowed a red-hot tuber as big as a large pomegranate. He danced, he jumped, he kicked, he twisted his neck about almost into knots, he flapped his wings and waggled things down and banging himself up against the wagons and stone walls, and at last tore away into the veldt at twenty miles an hour until he was out of sight, and did not appear again for a couple of hours.

Every morning soon after sunrise these birds would indulge in a dance. They would rush away into the veldt for about a mile, and then suddenly stop and commence waltzing round and round in the most ridiculous fashion, often till they dropped. I never could understand the meaning of this performance. It might be mere gamboling, but if so it must be nearly the only case of young birds playing, as so many young animals do.

Spiders as Weather Prophets.
One of the best of weather prophets is the spider. If there happens to be a web in the secluded corner of the porch watch it carefully for a few days or weeks and the spider will unfailingly predict the coming of storms.

When a high wind or a heavy rain threatens the spider may be seen taking in sail with great energy—that is, shortening the rope filaments that sustain the web structure. If the storm is to be unusually severe or of long duration the ropes are strengthened as well as shortened, the better to resist the onset of the elements. Not until pleasant weather is again close at hand will the rope be lengthened as before. On the contrary, when you see the spider running on the slender filaments, it is certain that calm, fine weather has set in, whose duration may be measured by their elongation.

Every twenty-four hours the spider makes some alteration in its web to suit the weather. If these changes are made toward evening, just before sunset, a fine, clear night may be safely counted upon. When the spider sits quiet and dull in the middle of its web, rain is not far off. If it be active, however, and continues so during a shower, then it will be of brief duration, and sunshine will follow. These various indications may be witnessed and studied to the best advantage in the open air. But you need not always go outdoors to watch the spider barometer. There are few houses where the crafty creature does not find an obscure corner wherein to swing its signboard: "Flies taken in and done for here." Watch these places, and when you see the spiders coming out on the walls more freely than usual you may be sure that rain is near.

The Sequence Car.
Freight car numbered 12345 of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad passed through Darlington, Pawtucket, one day last week on the branch railroad. What that car contained, where it was from, or where it was going is of no consequence. The number of the car, 12345, is all that is of special interest.

This number on freight cars is the fortunate number to find. A few years ago, and perhaps until to-day, commercial travelers and whoever else was traveling much, or was much about the railroad, were all the time looking for this magic number, in the belief that to see it was a good omen, and wonderful were the stories told of the good fortune which fell to those who were so happy as to see it. It is a simple matter, and yet it is not often a car with this number comes into view. It is very likely that had any other particular number been chosen it would have been as difficult to find it.

A gentleman who saw this car last week had been looking for it continually for more than half a score of years, and during that time had traveled thousands of miles, but his eye had never been blessed with a sight of it until Tuesday. He is not so superstitious as to fancy that his fortune is to change because he has seen the car with this number, but his curiosity is gratified after so long a search. —Providence Journal.

A Famous Pistol.
Capt. Wm. P. Hogarty, of Kansas City, Kan., has in his possession an old dueling pistol which was originally owned by Josef Maria Graf von Daun, who was commander-in-chief of the Austrian army during the Seven Years' War, and one of Austria's greatest heroes. The pistol is in an excellent state of preservation, although it has been little used since its owner in 1757 drove Frederick the Great from Prague and forced him to evacuate Bohemia.

Josef had two of these pistols, and after his death one passed to each branch of his family. William Theodore Maria von Daun, a grandson, who was banished from Austria in 1848, brought one of them to America, and before his death at Quindaro, a few years ago, he gave it to Capt. Hogarty. It is inlaid with gold and silver and artistically carved. Capt. Hogarty prizes it very highly. He is himself something of a military hero—having been decorated by Congress for his distinguished bravery in the battles of Antietam and Fredericksburg—hence it is a pleasure to him to own a pistol which was carried by such a great military character as Josef Maria Graf von Daun. —Kansas City Star.

Dear Old Boston Again.
Visitor—I hear there is sickness next door. Is it contagious?
Phillips—Oh, not at all, madam; merely contagious.—Truth.

It must often impress a father that love will work miracles in a girl's extravagant tastes, if it is love for a young man, instead of love for her father.

One day, however, we got the laugh on our side. Dinner was preparing and one of the birds was investigating the pots around the fire. A great pot of

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

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

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

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

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

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