

The Enterprise.

VOL. 1.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1896.

NO. 16.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:29 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
8:14 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
9:14 A. M. Daily.	
10:04 P. M. Daily.	
2:47 P. M. Daily.	
4:23 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.	

SOUTH.	
7:26 A. M. Daily.	
8:49 A. M. Daily.	
11:16 A. M. Daily.	
12:35 P. M. Daily.	
3:52 P. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
6:02 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Daily.	
12:19 A. M. (Sunday A. M. only).	

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

TIME TABLE.

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

TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abbottoir, South San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M. Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

POST OFFICE.

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

MAILS ARRIVE.

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

MAIL CLOSURE.

No. 5 South	8:30 a. m.
No. 14 North	9:50 a. m.
No. 15 South	2:30 p. m.
No. 6 North	6:00 p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

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

MEETINGS.

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

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

Henry W. Wiegerson and wife to Arthur W. Henwood, lots 255 and 267, San Mateo City 'Homestead.' 10

James Burke to Alfred Keller, lot 158, San Mateo City 'Homestead.' 10

Joseph L. Neumiller to George A. Neumiller, lot 20, block 33, Western Addition to San Mateo. 10

Frank Robb and wife to W. O. Booth, lot 4, block 15, San Mateo. 2100

Eugene C. Schuller to A. Morgenthal, part of lot 4, University Heights, of trust. 5

MORTGAGES AND DEEDS OF TRUST.

Angelo Armanini to Celestina Lagomarsino, crop mortgage. 1423

W. O. Booth to San Mateo Co. B. & L. Assn., lot 4, block 15, San Mateo. 2200

The Federal Grand Jury at Tacoma has returned an indictment on fourteen counts against President Oliver of the Columbia National Bank, naming Cashier W. G. Peters as an accessory on each count. The crime alleged is the transferring to Oliver's account of \$6500 deposited by D. Bottuns of Cincinnati. Oliver checked it out and used it in land speculation. The money was transferred in two sums. Each transfer and each check constitute the basis of one count. The indictment goes into great detail and covers nineteen typewritten pages.

Hoar of Massachusetts in presenting a petition from Marc A. Shipley for the establishment of the 24th of June, the anniversary of the discovery of the North American coast by John and Sebastian Cabot in 1497, as a National holiday, asked Hill of New York as to the committee to which he thought it should be referred. He remarked that the bill to make Lincoln's birthday a National holiday had been reported from the Committee on Library, while Hill's bill for a Jackson day had been referred to the Judiciary Committee. Hill's reply was that in his opinion all of the bills on the subject should be referred to the Judiciary Committee, and he suggested that the Lincoln bill now on the calendar should be sent to that committee. He expressed a doubt whether Congress had the power to establish any National holiday except for the District of Columbia and the territories.

Waller To Be Pardoned.

Paris.—The pardon of John L. Waller, convicted by court-martial on the land of Madagascar of illegally communicating with Hovas, and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, has been sent to President Faure for signature.

ALONG THE COAST.

The News of the Slope Condensed for the Busy Reader.

NOTES BOTH BY MAIL AND BY WIRE.

A Brief Resume of Important Happenings in Coast States That Will Interest Everybody.

The run of herring in Nanaimo harbor still continues.

Butter is agitating for a mining and commercial exchange.

Guerneville people expect a lively year in the lumber mills.

Riverside is spending \$90,000 macadamizing the principal streets.

The railroad pay roll at Pocatello aggregates \$40,000 monthly.

The carpenters have nearly completed their work on the Courthouse at Nanaimo.

An Indian has been sent to jail at Westminster, B. C., for selling trout out of season.

There will be from 3000 to 12,000 boxes of apples shipped from Orcas island this year.

The Santa Monica Trustees have reduced the salaries of the Clerk, Marshal and Recorder.

They are digging for gold in the vicinity of Bloomfield and the quartz gets better the deeper they go.

Estimates on the amount of wheat in the Kittitas valley, Wash., place it at from 40,000 to 50,000 bushels.

The Cajon lumber and Box Company has been organized at San Bernardino with a capital stock of \$50,000.

Ventura will bid this year for the Southern California encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The Kittitas Valley National Bank shipped from Ellensburg sixty-three ounces of gold nuggets recently.

The Santa Barbara Electric Company has ordered six miles of rails, and have poles set as far as Summerland.

A petition will be sent from New Westminster to Ottawa in favor of extending the franchise to women.

The total exports of California wine for January amounted to 575,459 gallons aggregating a value of \$267,891.

The Orange County Fair Association has been reorganized under the name of the Orange County Fair Company.

There is talk at Redlands of issuing bonds for \$500,000 to purchase the plant of the Domestic Water Company.

Anaconda clerks are engaged in a campaign to secure the closing of business houses at 6 p. m. during the summer.

An opposition telephone company in San Jose is laying a complete underground system, the trenches being two feet deep.

After an elaborate computation the Butte Chamber of Commerce estimates the present population of the city at about 35,000.

Frank H. Senborn, a carpenter, was thrown from a horse in Everett, Wash., and received injuries from which he died soon after.

The wheelmen of Missoula have organized under the name of the Garden City Cycling Club, with S. H. Draper as president.

Officers made a raid on the Chinese gambling houses of Butte, Mont., the other night, rounding up twelve Chinese and three whites and \$631 in cash.

The Trustees of Idaho City will soon order pipes and hydrants so that work can commence on a system of water works as soon as the snow disappears.

Santa Barbara wants a new charter and citizens are discussing the advisability of an election of fifteen freeholders to amend the old charter or draft a new one.

The Redlands fire company has disbanded; the members were dissatisfied because the Trustees would not secure them better quarters and allow pay for two drills a month.

Alaska travel is growing to such an extent that the Pacific Coast Steamship Company has determined to put another steamer, the Mexico, on the route, in addition to the Topeka and Al-Ki, which are now crowded every trip with freight and passengers for the north.

An analysis of a deposit from a lake in Adams county, Wash., has been made by the chief of the mineral division of the geological survey. He found that the deposit consisted of a mixture of chloride sulphate and carbonate of sodium. The deposit was gathered by R. H. Chilton, of Waitburg.

City Attorney Wickerham, of Tacoma, brought suit against Stuart Rice, receiver of the Washington National Bank, for \$5670, being the balance due the city on its deposit made by Treasurer Boggs. The city wants this amount paid out of any funds in the receiver's hands as a preferred claim, under the recent decision of Judge Pritchard.

NATIONAL CAPITAL NOTES.

Congressman Bell of Colorado has introduced a bill in the House to authorize the exploration and purchase of mines within the boundaries of private land claims.

A new Postoffice has been established at Gilmer, Klickitat county, Wash., with George W. Gilmer as Postmaster. Frederick Walton has been appointed Postmaster at Davis, Utah.

In the Senate Allen of Nebraska offered a resolution requesting the Secretary of the Interior to suspend the further issuance of patents for lands of bond-aided railroads who are in arrears to the Government until their accounts have been settled.

Morgan of Alabama offered a resolution in the Senate, which was agreed to, calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for reports of treasury agents in the year of 1894 as to hunting and destruction of fur seals on the Pribiloff Islands and in Behring Sea.

Congressman Johnson of California authorizes the statement that he was not opposed to the appropriation for restraining dams. On the contrary, he favored and will support heartily the bill introduced by him appropriating \$250,000, to be used with like amounts appropriated by California, in erecting restraining dams.

A delegation from Los Angeles, Cal., was given a hearing the other morning by the River and Harbor Committee of the House for the appropriation of \$392,000 for the improvement of San Pedro harbor. The delegation, which was introduced by Mr. McLaughlin, consisted of Colonel H. G. Otis, W. C. Patterson, W. G. Kerichoff and W. D. Woolwine, all of Los Angeles. All of them addressed the committee on the subject in hand, as did also Senators Perkins and White.

The President has sent to the Senate the reply of the Secretary of State to a Senate resolution calling for information concerning the claim against Peru of Thomas W. Sparrow and others, members of the Hydrographic Commission of the Amazon employed by the Government of Peru, for compensation for their services on the commission. The correspondence, which continues over a period from 1877 down to the present shows that this Government has constantly pressed the claims upon the attention of the Peruvian Government.

The President has sent a message to the Senate in answer to a resolution of inquiry, transmitting a report from the State Department upon the claims for compensation of B. H. Henry and other citizens of Oregon for lands on the Fiji islands taken by the British authorities. The report shows that the claimants were rather severely treated by the British commission which adjusted the titles to lands on the islands in the application of very technical rules. Incidentally the Secretary of State calls attention to the fact that he is prevented from submitting all the documents called for by the Senate by reason of their great bulk.

The Secretary of War has directed that First Lieutenant Nathaniel F. McClure, Fifth Cavalry, shall be relieved from duty with Fourth Cavalry on March 1st by the commanding officer at the Presidio and proceed to join his proper station at Fort Bliss, Tex. The Secretary has also ordered the following transfers: Lieutenant William W. Quinton, assistant surgeon, from Fort Logan, Col., to San Carlos, A. T.; Lieutenant Paul F. Straub, assistant surgeon, from San Carlos to Angel island; Lieutenant Charles E. B. Flagg, assistant surgeon, from Angel island to Fort Duchesne, U. T.; Captain Henry D. Snyder, assistant-surgeon, from Fort Duchesne to Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont.

The President, in his annual message, referred to the burdensome restrictions placed upon various American life insurance companies by the German Government. The President has sent to the House of Representatives the correspondence concerning it on file at the State Department, which shows that, notwithstanding the remonstrance of the State Department, the concession to the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York was canceled on September 1 last, because the company did not conform to certain Prussian matters. The last important communication in the correspondence under date of January 5 shows that the Imperial Secretary had promised Ambassador Runyon that the matter of the reconsideration of the withdrawal of the concession would be considered, and that the subject would be referred by the new Prussian Minister for Foreign Affairs to experts on his accession to office. Mr. Uhl, who began the correspondence, will now be able to carry on the negotiations in person as Ambassador to Germany.

A band of Oregon horses, in transit to Kentucky, a few days ago, says the Halley Times, was taken from the cars at Shoshone and the animals sold for 50 cents apiece.

The executive committee for Montana of the Northwestern Immigration Association has inaugurated an active movement to attract desirable immigrants to that State.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Interesting Occurrences From all Over the Country.

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED

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

The new Manitoba Legislature has opened at Winnipeg.

The Indian appropriation bill has been completed by the committee at Washington.

Miss Frieda Bethmann of Boston has been chosen governess for the children of President Cleveland.

John J. Curley of Philadelphia is said to be slated for sergeant-at-arms of the Democratic National Convention.

A lot of real estate known as the overflow property on the old Central Railroad was sold at Atlanta under order of court.

At the second annual convention of the Nebraska Beet Sugar Association at Fremont, Neb., Governor Holcomb advocated more factories.

The directors of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe have awarded the sleeping and dining car privileges to the Pullman Company.

The president of the Wisconsin College of Agriculture advocates immediate legislation by Congress for the protection of the cheese industry.

The proposed pool of the white wine men in Minnesota is now said to be impossible, owing to the refusal of the Monemine manufacturers to cooperate.

The Senate Indian Committee has authorized a favorable report on Senator Pettigrew's bill for the taxation of lands allotted to Indians in severalty.

The Excelsior Manufacturing Company, a large stove-making concern of St. Louis, has made an assignment. Assets, \$340,000; liabilities, \$250,000.

The Bay State Agricultural Society adopted resolutions at Boston upholding Secretary Morton's refusal to distribute seeds to members of Congress.

Dr. F. C. Smith, physician in charge of the hospital for lepers recently erected in British Columbia, says that no real cure for leprosy has yet been discovered.

A favorable report on the bill to dispose of abandoned lands in Fort Assinaboine Military Reservation, Montana, has been made to the House of Representatives.

The Lake Michigan Car Ferry Transportation Company, which is the lake end of the Wisconsin and Michigan Railroad, will on April 1st establish a Chicago connection to their line.

Acting Secretary Reynolds has ordered a suspension of operation of his recent order disbaring Belva A. Lockwood from practicing as an attorney before the pension Bureau.

The hearing at New York on the application for an injunction restraining the Joint Traffic Association from operating under its agreeable agreement has adjourned until March 6th.

The Minnesota Republican State Committee has issued a call for a State convention in Minneapolis on March 24th for the selection of four delegates at large and nine Presidential Electors.

The executive committee of Tammany unanimously endorsed the appointment of John C. Sheehan as chairman of the finance committee, which carries with it the leadership of Tammany.

A special to the Denver Republican from Lander, Wyo., says: Men said to be agents of ex-Secretary Whitney and several other rich men of New York are in the southwestern part of this county near Newfork capturing elk. The method employed is to run down the calves to a ranch alive. They often drop dead while being pursued. Cow elk make the run with the calves and very often die while being pursued. The destruction of elk now going on is said to be very large. Prosecuting Attorney Vidal will at once take the matter in hand.

The Grain Inspector of Galveston, Tex., reports that from October 12th to January 29th there were exported from Galveston to foreign points 2,618,697 bushels of corn. During the present month there have been exported about 800,000 bushels. The United States Civil Service Commission will hold examinations on March 11th at Boston, New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco for positions as Meat Inspector, Stock Examiner and Tagger. Applicants for Meat Inspectorships must be graduates of recognized veterinary colleges, and applicants for Stock Examiner must have had at least three years' experience in handling meats or meat-producing animals.

Hundreds of hogs have recently died in the vicinity of Casadero, the result of a disease that causes the animals to break out in sores. One farmer lost 100 head.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed,

WOOD AND COAL.

LINDEN AVE., BET. ARMOUR & JUNIPER AVES.

Leave orders at Postoffice.

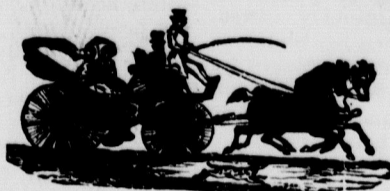
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WAGON WILL CALL AT YOUR DOOR with the best and choicest of all kinds of Fresh and Smoked Meats. Chickens on Saturdays.

SHOP—MILLER AVENUE, NEAR GYPSY, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.



Detroit Livery Stable

EXPRESS AND TEAMING

OF ALL KINDS.

WOOD, HAY AND GRAIN.

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THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST!

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MANUFACTURED BY THE CALIFORNIA PAINT CO., 22 JESSIE ST. Also Manufacturer of Colors in Oil, Putty, Etc., and dealer in Glues, Varnishes, Etc.

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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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GENERAL :- MERCHANDISE.

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

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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.

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Corner Grand and San Bruno Aves.

A TRIBUTE TO MISS ANTHONY.

Will Allen Dromgoole speaks of her as the "Mother of a Great Cause."

Miss Will Allen Dromgoole, the popular southern author, gave an address at the Capital college in Atlanta recently, and paid a high tribute to Miss Anthony, which was warmly applauded. She said:

It is a great thing to be the mother of a great cause. Years ago there flashed upon the world a woman. She had no other announcement than the "wild scheme" she had mothered. Wherever she went the hiss, the sneer, the finger of scorn were sure to follow. Yet she pushed right on, the implacable enemy of slavery in vanity's dress, the mother of an unborn cause. To me she stands majestic among women. To me she is the grandest picture in the book of our time. To me, like the prayer of my childhood, the name of Susan B. Anthony holds something grandly, solemnly, pathetically, magnificently sacred. Whatever may have been her blunders, whatever her faults, still she fought for women. And since she fought for women, in the name of womanhood let no woman cast a stone at her.

She is one of those who will never die. Her name will go thundering down the ages long after you and I are forgotten, while her cause, the child for which she sacrificed so much that makes a woman's life dear to her, will live, and throb and thrive and flourish long after she has found a refuge under moss and marble. And her name shall outwear the marble that shall cover her great heart. Posterity shall weave for her a crown that old Time cannot touch.

You may refuse her a hearing today, deny her the rose and the laurel, but tomorrow shall avenge her, and already that tomorrow is dawning. Upon the western slope where her sun goes down already the rose of the new day is reflecting.

Already the world has caught her message; already the ear of woman is attuned to its meaning; already the multitudes rise up to "call her blessed," already upon the threshold of life stands the new woman, the creature of her inspiration, knocking for recognition. And as Moses refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, so this new woman refuses longer to be regarded merely as man's amusement and stepdaughter to Adam's sparerib.

INDIAN HOMES.

The Earth Lodge the Most Elaborate Structure of the Red Man.

The most elaborate structure used as a dwelling by the Indians of the West, writes Alice C. Fletcher in the Century Magazine, was the earth lodge. The outline—a circle with an oblong projection toward the east—was carefully measured and traced on the ground, the sod cut from within the figure, and the earth well tramped by the feet of the builders. The framework was of poles, and the dome-shaped roof of closely laid poles was supported by large posts, five or more in number, set in a circle a little back of the central fireplace. Outside the wall of poles great bundles of the coarse prairie grass were laid, and over all a double layer of sods, so that when completed the wall was nearly two feet thick at the bottom, and sloped gently to the line where it joined the roof, which was also and bloom, except at the top, where they were thick. To frame it well about the central opening required considerable skill. The exterior resembles a mound more than a dwelling. The grass creeps upon it, and over it the birds drop seeds, from which flowers grow, so that it is completely covered with verdure



AN EARTH LODGE.

the blackened sod tells of the heat and smoke of the fire below.

Another Indian structure is the sweat lodge, built when possible on the margin of a stream and used for the purpose of a bath. Water is thrown upon heated stones on the floor and the people "bathe" in the steam. During this proceeding religious songs are generally sung.

A Tragic Incident.

Major Toselli's death in Abyssinia and the conduct of the native servants reads like a page of Roman history. After sending on the wounded and those who could escape, Toselli faced the enemy and held them back till the ammunition failed, and he was killed. When they saw their master dead two of the servants shot themselves through the head with revolvers, while the third stabbed himself to the heart with a dagger.

Few Acres, but Paid For.

The traditional little farm well tilled and the little barn well filled is sufficient for contentment. Many a farmer has lost all peace in life through a mortgage put on to build a bigger barn or to take in more land than he could till.

Greatness to Come.

"Pat, who, in your opinion, was the greatest man that ever lived?" "Folk, an' at the rate we're goin' it's me own opinion he hasn't been born yet, at all, at all."—Waverly Magazine.

SUMMER SONG.

Sing me a song of the summer time, Of the fire in the sorrel and lily clover, Where the garrulous bobolinks rill and chime, Over and over.

Sing me a song of the strawberry bent, Of the black cap hiding the heap of stones, Of the milkweed drowsy with sultry scent Where the bee drones.

Sing me a song of the spring head still, Of the dewy fern in the solitude, Of the hermit thrush and the whippoorwill Haunting the wood.

Sing me a song of the gleaming scythe, Of the scented hay in the buried wain, Of the mowers whistling bright and blithe In the sunny rain.

Sing me a song of the quince and the gage, Of the apricot by the orchard wall, Where bends my love Amritage, Gathering the fruit of the windfall.

Sing me a song of the rustling slow, Sway of the wheat as the winds croon, Of the golden disk and the dreaming glow, Of the harvest moon.

—Duncan Campbell Scott in Scribner's.

A HOLIDAY TRAGEDY.

All my life I have been—well, not exactly a woman hater, but a firm believer in the idea that man is the lord of creation, and that woman is not an absolute necessity. For many years it was my proud boast that I was able to dispense with feminine aid and yet live a very enjoyable life, as, with clockwork regularity, I went from my bachelor lodgings to business each morning, returning in the afternoon and spending the evening at the club or some place of amusement. The idea of having a lady companion in my rambles never entered my head.

True, my landlady—good old soul—prepared my meals and cleaned my rooms, but that was because I had not time to do it myself, and a manservant was beyond my means. But in all else I dispensed with woman's aid. Boot cleaning, sewing buttons on, lighting the fire, etc., were all done with my own hands—may, at a pinch I have even washed a pocket handkerchief.

I desired to stand forth as a living example of the original Adam and a proof of the superfluity of the modern Eve. But my misguided companions refused to profit by my teachings or to follow my example. One by one they fell under female influence, one by one they married, and then—I cut them dead. Ah, me, those free bohemian days were happy ones, as year after year I pursued my adopted course in spite of the continual falling off of my comrades. Then came a time when my circle of acquaintances had decreased so considerably that I began to feel lonely. Bachelor chums were more difficult to find than ever. To loneliness succeeded melancholy, and I grew miserable and pessimistic.

One friend, to whom I laid bare my woes, said: "You keep to yourself too much. What you ought to do is to lodge with some family where there are two or three grown up daughters. They would wake you up a bit."

This, to me, the hitherto ideal advocate of an Eveless Eden! And yet, after the advice had been tendered several times, I began to think that such a change might be beneficial. Such a course need not involve the rendering up of my tenets; but, as woman still formed a part of the world, she might at least contribute to my amusement. So, after very serious consideration, I decided to seek fresh apartments, with light society thrown in.

Now my troubles commenced. I could not make the direct inquiry, "Have you any grown up daughters?" So I generally viewed the rooms, listening to the landlady's verbiage, settled the rent, and then casually asked, "Have you any children?" and the reply would be: "Yes, 'four,' 'five,' or 'six'" (as the case might be); "the eldest is 10 years old and the youngest two months. But they are as good as gold and never make a bit of noise."

The numberless journeys I made and the many desultory conversations I listened to were all to no purpose. No one appeared to possess grown up daughters—the eldest was always 10. Just when I was about to abandon my search, fortune—or was it fate?—led me to Myrtle Villa, Paradise gardens, Upper Dulwich. The door was opened by a vision of loveliness, faultlessly dressed, and with bright blue eyes and golden hair. "Newly married," thought I. "Well, here at least the eldest won't be ten!" She invited me in, and then disappeared, a middle aged lady entering directly after. We proceeded to discuss terms. Then came the inevitable inquiry as to children.

"I have two grown up daughters, the younger of whom opened the door to you."

At last! Need I say that, within a week, I was installed in Myrtle Villa? The landlady, a widow, was a genial, homely woman, and the youngest daughter, Annie, aged 25, I have already described, but the other daughter, Julia, did not impress me favorably. She was neither good looking nor pleasing, and, without being exactly bad tempered, always insisted upon having her own way.

I now seemed to be in a new world. My boots bore a brilliant luster each morning without my aid, and my slippers were laid ready for me in the evening, and as for lending me a needle and cotton—the idea!—if I would only leave them outside, they would only be too happy.

I no longer needed to seek relaxation at the club after the labors of the day. Julia played the piano well, her only accomplishment, while Annie sang divinely, and thus the evenings passed all too quickly. Male acquaintances they did not seem to possess. Yet, stay, there was one—a Mr. Malcolm, whose name I frequently heard mentioned, but as his calls were always made in the daytime I never saw him. I had rapidly passed into that condition of mind which raised a feeling of jealousy on his account, so one day I questioned my landlady on the subject.

"Oh, he's a very old friend of ours. Once we thought he would have pro-

posed to Julia, but nothing came of it." So time went pleasantly on, and then—how can I confess it?—my lifelong creed was thrown to the winds, my proud ambition humbled in the dust, and I became a willing slave to the sex I had so long despised and ignored. My only thought now was how and in what words I should beseech my darling Annie to become my wife. Time after time I was on the point of speaking, but Julia always turned up at the critical moment.

One evening Julia announced that a week thence she had an engagement to play at a concert. Then burst upon me a brilliant inspiration. I purchased two stall tickets for the Lyceum for that same evening, and making pretense that I had had them given to me I persuaded Annie to promise to accompany me. This time Julia would not be able to intrude, and I should know my fate. In two months' time I should be taking my summer holiday, which would fit in just nicely for the honeymoon.

On the eventful day I hastened homeward with a queer fluttering in my heart and a flower spray for Annie in my hat. Julia opened the door, and hardly permitted me to enter before she informed me that Annie had been out in the hot sun and had been obliged to go to bed with a very bad sick headache. My fluttering heart gave one huge bound and then seemed to stand still. However, to disguise my feelings, I said:

"I am sorry, and you have to play at the concert?"

"No," she replied, "the concert has been postponed."

"Then may I beg the pleasure of your company? I did not ask you before because of the concert engagement."

"Thanks! I shall enjoy it immensely."

What a miserable failure that evening proved to be! I do not even know what the play was called. I was thinking all the time of my poor, sick darling, and not of the acting or the woman who sat by my side wearing the flower spray that was meant for Annie.

The words were still unspoken when my holidays arrived, and tearing myself away from the two sisters who stood at the gate and waved their handkerchiefs as long as I remained in sight it was with no feelings of joyful anticipation that I betook myself to Hastings for rest and recreation.

Rest! Where could I find it? Not on the parade or pier amid hundreds of couples promenading, as I had pictured Annie and myself doing; not on the beach, where the Ethiopian musicians were eternally playing "Annie Laurie," "Sweet Annie Rooney," and "Annie, Dear, I'm Called Away." For a whole week I wandered aimlessly hither and thither. Then I could stand it no longer. So I wrote a long letter commencing "Darling," and pouring out the impassioned, pent up love that comes but once in a man's lifetime, I besought and beseeched her to take pity upon me, or my lifeless body should surge in the billows that beat relentlessly on the rocks of Beachy Head.

When I had finished, I happened to catch sight of a photograph which I had purchased the previous day, representing one of the yachts preparing to start on her morning trip, with my own figure in a prominent position in the bow. "Ah," thought I, "I'll send that to Julia."

If it were possible I had now less rest than before, night or day, while waiting for the answer. Rising in the morning with haggard looks and burning brow, the other boarders would remark that the sea air did not seem to agree with me, while under the mask of assumed indifference there raged within me the fiercest volcano that ever burned in the heart of man.

At last the reply came, and bounding up to the privacy of my own room, with trembling fingers I tore open the envelope which hid from me—life or death?

"Dearest, I am yours forever. I cannot say your proposal was unexpected, for I have felt that you could mean nothing less ever since that evening when you so openly expressed your preference by taking me to the theater."

What, what, where! I looked at the signature, "Julia." Oh, heavens, I saw it all! I had placed them in the wrong envelopes and sent the letter to Julia and the photograph to Annie! How I raged and fumed and tore my hair, until at last, in sheer exhaustion, I sank into a chair and endeavored to finish reading the letter.

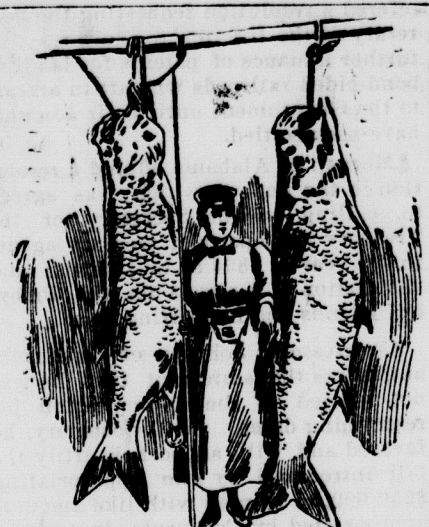
"Annie thanks you very much for the photo, and she desires me to tell you that yesterday Mr. Malcolm proposed to her and was accepted. We will have the two weddings on the same day. Won't that be nice, dear?"

Nice! This was the last straw. Nice indeed for me to be married to a woman I did not care for, and at the same time to see the one I loved given to another man. I cannot remember what I did for the next hour or two beyond cursing my foolishness and swearing I wouldn't marry Julia. Then, when I became calmer, I saw an action for breach of promise looming. I thought of all my hard earned savings of years being swept away by a sympathetic jury to heal Julia's broken heart. There was no escape for me. She had my letter, which simply commenced "Darling," and as no name was mentioned in it from beginning to end was it possible that any body of intelligent men could be brought to believe that I intended it for Annie when I addressed the envelope to Julia? No, no! I must go through with it. I would marry Julia. Yes, and I would teach her that man is the lord of creation, and that woman is but a helpmate and not an equal, and so, in my married life, triumphantly assert those principles which I had held so long.

Julia married me at the same time and place as Annie became Mrs. Malcolm. I now spend my evenings endeavoring to solve a difficult problem, and that is, Why do you call woman the weaker sex?—London Tit-Bits.

CHAMPION WOMAN ANGLER.

If any proof were needed that man strength is a secondary consideration with the practiced angler it could be found in a recent experience of Mrs. J. N. Patterson, of Philadelphia, who with her husband is passing the winter in Florida. Mrs. Patterson is an enthusiastic angler, and is able to show unexpected endurance considering her petite figure. One day last week her husband made what was for him an unexpectedly good catch—better than anything Mrs. Patterson had as yet been able to do. Of course, he bantered her better half freely on her supposed lack of ability with her rod and line. Roused by his teasing, Mrs. Patterson rose early the next morning, called her boatman and rowed out on the Caloosahatchee River, where tarpons are said to abound. The morning was pleasant, and there was every indication that the tarpons were hungry. In a very short time one was hooked, and then began an exciting struggle. The tarpon is a very timid fish of the herring kind, and his timidity, coupled with his



MRS. PATTERSON'S WONDERFUL CATCH.

great size, and strength, makes him a desirable prey to the angler. After Mrs. Patterson had hooked her fish it took twenty minutes of hard fighting to tire him out. Then he was hauled up alongside and gaffed by an enormous hook fastened to a pole. This implement was handled by the boatman, Mrs. Patterson relaxing the feminine character of the proceedings far enough to permit of his humble assistance. The fish weighed 107 pounds and was 5 feet 8 inches in length.

Not content with this prize and determined to forever stop her husband's good-humored boasting about the catch he had made, Mrs. Patterson baited her hook again. An hour passed before she got a second bite, but it was a whopper. The monster made heroic efforts to break away, but there was a new woman on the other end of the line and all his struggles were unavailing. She let the fish leap and roll and plunge and dive as it would, the line was always stretched out to the proper degree of tautness. It took sixteen minutes to kill this fish, which was exactly six feet long and weighed 120 pounds.

Mrs. Patterson was back in the hotel in time to catch her husband and other guests at breakfast. As may be supposed she did not fall to compare her champion catch with that regarding which he had boasted so much. Residents of the neighborhood declare that Mrs. Patterson's basket was the biggest ever landed by a woman.

Proper Position for Waltzers.

The objectionable method of encircling a young woman's waist while in the act of waltzing has been subjected to adverse criticism. The mode which now prevails is graceful, modest, and entirely consistent with propriety. To acquire the proper position the gentleman's left hand should be placed just below the shoulder of the lady. The body should incline slightly, and he should relax a little in order that artistic grace may be observed. He holds his partner's hand in his right, while his proficiency as a dancer and his good taste tell best how to dispose of the clasped hands.

Good China Cement.

A cement for mending broken glass or china is made by dissolving half an ounce of gum arabic in a wineglassful of boiling water and adding enough plaster of Paris to make a thick paste. Apply it with a brush to the edges of the broken parts. Hold the pieces carefully together until the cement has hardened sufficiently for them to adhere. If the article to be mended is broken in several pieces, do not attempt to cement a second piece before the first has thoroughly hardened.

Advice from Hetty Green.

A New York reporter a day or two ago interviewed Miss Hetty Green, "the richest woman in America," regarding the best way to invest small sums of money. Mrs. Green said:

"I would advise any woman with \$500 at her command to invest it in real estate. She should buy the real estate at auction on occasions when circumstances have forced the sale. If she will watch for such an opportunity it will surely come, and she will find that she can buy a parcel of land at one-third its appraised value. I regard real estate investment as the safest means of investing idle money. It does not always bring a steady interest, but it is less likely to depreciate in value than stocks, which are always somewhat uncertain. A woman with tact and ability will be on the alert to learn of a mortgage about to be foreclosed. In such cases she should negotiate with the owner of the property and give him enough to clear his debt, thus saving him the costs of a sale. Many a woman has profited by an opportunity of this kind. Of course, if a woman has \$500 cash and wishes to speculate she may branch out more broadly and take greater risks, with the prospect of greater returns. But she should bear in mind that real estate is the collateral to be preferred to all others."

The Conservative Woman.

Writing of "The Conservative Woman."

in the Ladies' Home Journal, Ruth Ashmore, considering her "as a companion," pays her this pretty tribute: "She is the woman who with her husband and her sons is the best companion. She surrounds herself, unconsciously, with a spiritual atmosphere that is a rest to the weary, especially to the weary man. She is not a bigot. She is in sympathy with whatever work the man may be doing; in many ways she may help him with it, but when he has thrown off the trammels of labor he finds in her all the sweetness, all the rest and all the happiness that can be given by a woman who sets her life so that it is like perfect music unto perfect words."

Fits the Style for Big Hats.

It has come. It is in the concrete, and it is making itself felt. It may lead to revolution and bloodshed; it may fill many asylums for the hopelessly mad, and may increase the mortality from suicide, but it is here and it will stay. Consuelo Vanderbilt, who is the Duchess of Marlborough, devised it, and it is named and hailed the "Marlborough Hat." Consuelo has revived the Elizabethan ruff, but her hat is her piece de resistance. It is making a sensation abroad, and is a success because it is essentially one of the queer things the scurrying years at the century's end are flinging off. The thing itself has a broad brim and a round top. It may be trimmed to suit any woman whose genius is diverted from usefulness in the direction of millinery. But this



Marlborough hat is of petunia velvet, which covers the crown and brim in soft, uneven folds. At the left are grouped three stately black feathers, and three shorter ones fall negligently toward the front and repose on the brim. At the back is another cluster of three that nestle close to the hair. A giant chrysanthemum of the velvet is tucked on the brim on a bandeau. The Duchess has money enough to have all the hats her heart craves for and her heart craves for very many, and she has them. Sometimes she likes velvet and sometimes felt, but the shape remains constant. She'll have no dalliance with the shape. It's got to be Marlborough or nothing.

Unique Novelty for the Nursery.

An excellent invention for the use of mothers and nurses has been brought out in London in the shape of a bath with a hammock hung in it, on which the baby can comfortably rest while it is being washed. It is really a capital invention, as the child can lie at its ease while it is being washed, while for timid children who object to being put into water it will prove invaluable, as the hammock will allow them to be thoroughly sponged without being immersed.

Satin Underskirts with Lace Insertion

The new underskirt has many charms and the pretty silk creation decked with lace is a costly article, but nevertheless a triumph of art. Silk underskirts are advancing in favor, and from the plain silk to the richest satin with lace insertions find ready demand. Silk skirts for spring will supplant the heavy, stiff, and weighty moreens recently revived.

A REAL NEW WOMAN.

She is From England, Wears Bloomers and Will Not Give Them Up.

Miss Dorothy Christie, the English actress recently arrived in this country, has altogether discarded skirts for daily wear. Much astonishment has been created in New York during the last fortnight whenever she has appeared in the shopping district in her knickerbocker costumes, and in the elevated and cable cars she has been the center of attraction.

Miss Christie said, when interviewed by a press representative: "I have been a 'new woman' on the stage for two



years, and have derived so much comfort, so much greater freedom of limb from my bloomers that I would give up my Indian clubs, or my boxing gloves, or even my wheel, rather than have to confine myself in skirts once more. Please say that I dislike notoriety, and that in London, where I have for some time worn this dress, bloomers are not an uncommon sight on the street. It seems to be the pioneer here, but this is a case where, if the world and I are to think alike, the world will have to come to me."—New York Letter.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

A Neat and Ingenious Way of Imitating This Delicate Flower.

Hold a lighted wax or spermaceti candle over a glass of water and let half a dozen drops of wax fall into the water. Each drop will be transformed as soon as it touches the water into a little floating white cup.

These little cups have exactly the shape of the bell flowers of the lily of the valley, and they may be made large or small according to the distance from



the water at which you hold the candle.

Now take a piece of very thin wire, and having warmed it, with it pierce the center of one of the little wax cups while it is still in the water. Then push the cup down to the end of the wire, which must be curved, with a little hook at the end to hold the cup. Repeat this until you have nine or ten of the cups wired, and then intertwine the wires, with the smaller cups above, and place the whole in a vase furnished with pointed leaves made of green paper.

This will give you a stem of lily cups almost exactly like those of the natural flower.

The Tee-he Girl.

I know a little maiden, but really, on my word,

You would sooner think this person was a tee-he bird.

For no matter what you say, If it's sad or if it's gay,

This silly maiden answers you with "Tee-he-he-he."

With a "Tee-he, tee-he, tee-he-he."

She's quite a pretty little girl, with bright and smiling eyes,

And in some things I understand that she is very wise;

But though she knows her letters, No matter what her betters

Or her elders may remark to her, this little maiden, she

Is sure to end her answer with a "Tee-he-he,"

With a "Tee-he, tee-he, tee-he-he."

If you tell her that your pocket is just stuffed all full of toys,

If you tell her you've a headache and she mustn't make a noise,

If you tell her she's your pride,

Or if you scold and chide,

It really is the same to her so far as I can see,

For her answer is a giggle with a "Tee-he-he."

A "Tee-he, tee-he, tee-he-he."

I have heard this little maiden say that she was very tired;

I have heard her ask for lots of things she very much desired,

But to everything she uttered,

Or mumbled forth or muttered,

She tacked that senseless giggle that is quite devoid of glee—

That foolish little habit of a "Tee-he-he,"

A "Tee-he, tee-he, tee-he-he!"

I sometimes feel quite worried lest an elf of whom I've heard

Should come along and change this girl into a tee-he bird.

When, in all sorts of weather,

With each curl turned to a feather,

She'd have to sit the livelong day alone upon a tree,

Just calling out to folks below her "Tee-he-he-he-he,"

Her "Tee-he, tee-he, tee-he-he."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in St. Nicholas.

The Moon's Face.

Gerald sat on his mother's lap looking out at the moon that had just come from behind a bank of clouds. They were having a bedtime talk.

"There he is," said Gerald, "sober as an owl."

"Now he's laughing," said Gerald's mother.

"Yes, and what a big mouth! Don't he look jolly?" cried Gerald. "Oh, mamma, mamma! See! He's looking sober again, and now he's fretting about something. Look! He's getting real cross and ugly, and his mouth is all twisted to one side! What makes him do so?"

"A tiny, tiny cloud," replied mamma. "See! It is just going away from his face."

"He looked like a cross boy," said Gerald, when the moon's round face was clear again.

"Yes," said mamma, "and a cross boy's crossness is generally caused by a cloud, too, only the moon couldn't help the cloud's coming in front of his face, while the cross boy can."

"That's so," said Gerald, after a few moments. "I know, because I've had clouds myself."—Annie Isabel Willis in Youth's Companion.

Gravitation.

One of our boys is somewhat perplexed over a question of gravitation. Suppose, he says, that you stand on an elevation, with a piece of lead weighing five pounds in one hand and a piece weighing half a pound in the other. If you drop the two pieces at the same instant, which will reach the ground first?

It might be thought that the heavy piece would, but, as a matter of fact, they would reach the ground at the same time.

Make the experiment with a five pound piece of lead and a piece of cork, and the result will be the same—they will reach the ground simultaneously. Indeed a feather would fall as quickly as the lead were it not for the air, which would resist the feather more than it would resist the lead.

No matter how high we go above the earth this tendency of bodies to fall toward it is the same. The tendency is weakened by degrees as we ascend, but it exists, even in the remote depths of space, for it is the great, mysterious, all-pervading power of gravitation, through which and in which the universe exists.

—Philadelphia Times

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

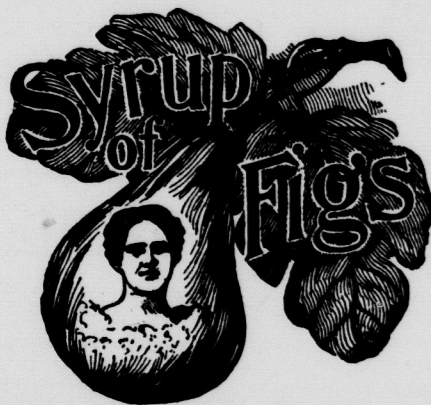
ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Fire Curtain of Water.

An effective device for the protection of buildings from fires in adjacent structures has been successfully tested in Boston. The idea worked out in the apparatus is to maintain a sheet of water between the fire and the building to be protected. This is done by placing on every open side of the building near the top a line of perforated piping for carrying water. The complete apparatus consists of a five inch standpipe, extending over the upper story. From it runs another pipe around the sides and front, from 2 1/2 to 4 inches in diameter. On the front are three revolving sprinklers, and one is placed at each exposed side, in the center. The arms are of bronze metal, slightly curved. At each end of the arms is a ball nozzle, such as is used by fire departments on regular hose lines. At the base of the standpipe is a Siamese connection for four lines of three inch hose. At the Boston test a fire department steamer furnished the power, and for about 15 minutes poured through the sprinkler a delivery of 1,000 gallons a minute, completely drenching the walls and keeping a continuous sheet of water from top to bottom.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Spirited Old Lady.

Mrs. Mary Ann Smith of East Lyme, Conn., lately celebrated her ninety-fourth birthday. Four days before this event she led forth a party of women to mend the roads she had vainly petitioned the selectmen to repair. One petition after another had been presented to the town fathers, without avail, but the women and children, with old Mrs. Smith at their head, cleared the loose stones from the road and made a safe passage of what had for weeks been a perilous track.



Gladness Comes

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

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

Wagons, Carriages and Harness.

WAGONS, CARRIAGES, HARNESS, FACTORY PRICES. Write for Catalogue, or call. Carts... \$10 to \$25 Buggies... \$15 to \$40 Sulkies... \$12 to \$18 Wagons... \$20 to \$75 Harness... \$8 to \$15 We ship everywhere. California Wagon and Carriage Co., 327 Fremont Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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TREATED FREE. Positively Cured With Vegetable Remedies. Have cured thousands of cases. Cure cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first onset symptoms disappear in ten days at least. Two thirds all symptoms removed. Send for free book testimonials of numerous cases. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial, send 10c in stamps or pay postage. Dr. H. H. Green & Sons, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

THE AEROMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/10 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs them at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Gearing, Steam, Gas, and Oil Engines, and Feed Grinders. An application it will name one of the articles that it will furnish you. January list at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

ROWELL'S FIRE OF LIFE. An Unfailing Cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago and Acute Nervous Diseases. For sale by all Druggists. \$1 per Bottle. BURNETT & CO., 327 Montgomery St., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. For sale by all Druggists. 25 cents a bottle.

THE HEROIC ENGINEER.

A Picture of the Brave Man at His Dangerous Post.

"Would you like to ride on the engine?" asked the courteous conductor the other night.

"Indeed I would," cried I, and we left at once for the locomotive. The night, writes Amber, was as dark as clouds and a moonless sky could make it. From behind a few torn places in the heavens clusters of pallid stars looked quickly out and were as soon withdrawn. We tore through long defiles of echoing rock or swung over slender bridges and out into reaches of limitless prairie. Like a lion from its lair, like a bird from the bending bough, or a yacht before the wind we flew. Now turning sharp curves, now darting into rumbling hills, now threading precipitous banks, or flashing by dwelling places whose inhabitants were all away in slumberland gathering popples. That drop of savage blood that reddens all our veins began to thrill in mine. No longer timid, I sprang erect into fearlessness. The wind of the wilderness fanned my cheek, the elixir of viking deeds throbbed like wine in every pulse. Faster! faster! was all my desire, even if I could not put through a day without suffering extreme nervous tortures, which would increase hour by hour till finally, to save myself as it seemed from almost flying to pieces, I had to light the little white pipe-stick and swallow the smoke.

"One day I read in my paper 'Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away,' just what I was doing; it came to me like the warning of the man who waves the red flag of danger at the railroad crossing, and said that No-To-Bac was an absolutely guaranteed relief from tobacco slavery."

"I did not believe it, but like a drowning man grasping at a straw, I commenced taking No-To-Bac. The effects were magical; it destroyed the nerve craving and desire for cigarettes. Two boxes, would you believe it? made me well and strong. 'I have gained mentally, physically in vigor and manhood, and with the brain free from the nicotine and a breath no longer befouled with tobacco smoke, I am so happy today to write No-To-Bac did it all a year ago, so the cure is time-tested and tried, not only in my own case, but several of my friends who have also been cured. 'We have a baby boy now. 'My wife and I feel that all this happiness started from the time when I first used No-To-Bac, and in evidence of our appreciation, and in order that the memory of the happiness may be perpetuated in a living form, we want to name our baby boy after the man who wrote the line 'Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.' 'No-To-Bac is popular here and all our druggists sell it. 'Hardly a day passes but somebody asks me about No-To-Bac, so I don't want you to hesitate to use these lines in any way that you think will make known to suffering humanity the happiness that there is in No-To-Bac for the many men with nicotine-brained brains and weakened resolutions, if they will only make up their mind to save the waste of vital power—to say nothing of the money—now going up 'tco smoke and out in tobacco spit.'"

An American Girl's Success.

Some years ago, when Camilla Urso was in the flush of her professional career, a little girl, after hearing her play, thought, "One woman has mastered the violin, why not another?" This girl was Maud Powell, an American artist whose name is famous in both hemispheres. Twice a week, while not yet in her teens, she traveled alone 40 miles to Chicago and back to take her lessons, and at 13 had made such progress that her parents decided to send her abroad for a year of study. When she appeared for examination before the staid professors in the conservatory at Leipzig, her talent was so pronounced that all took an unwonted interest in her. When the year was over, Miss Powell decided to go to Paris for one year more of study.—Ladies' Home Journal.

In the Lawyer's Office.

"I confess I was startled," said a man from another city. "I wanted to ask a little legal advice, and I stepped into the first law office I came to in a building I had been told was full of good lawyers. A pleasant looking woman, wearing a shirt waist, was writing at a desk. I was about to ask if her employer was in, when she rose, bowed gravely, put on her coat, and then said, with professional seriousness, 'Do you wish to consult me?' I was so rattled I stammered out something about having made a mistake and backed out of the room. Yet my own sister has just taken an A. M., too," he added pensively.—Boston Transcript.

The Burgomaster's Ready Wit.

The London Standard special correspondent gave a description of a picturesque incident of the Hamburg fetes. When the emperor, after the banquet in the town hall and in response to the acclamation of the crowds outside, stepped on to the balcony to show himself to the people, there came a terrific clap of thunder. The first burgomaster, with the quickness of a true courtier, at once remarked to his majesty, "Sire, le ciel vous salue!" (Sir, heaven salutes you.) The emperor's reply is not recorded.

WIND SWEEP.

Were it not for the intervening mountain ranges, this country, from Northwest to Southeast, would at times in winter be swept by devastating tornadoes. Blizzards seem to arise out of the caves and canons of the plains. Gaining strength and volume over a wide expanse, their force is arrested by the battlements of big hills. Sometimes they rise above the barriers and sweep the Middle States with fury. There you enjoy one day a mean temperature, and the next may be far below freezing. It is like an ice water bath on a warm day, and the shock to muscles, nerves and circulation is the cause of sudden neuralgic and rheumatic attacks, both violent and acute. Those predisposed to such should have the master cure. St. Jacobs Oil, always ready. Its prompt use prevents the chronic stage, and in the chronic stage it is a prompt, sure cure.

Effie—Jack, papa said we must not see each other any more. Jack—Indeed! Shall I turn the gas out?

Ask for them—get them, plant them. They are the standard seeds everywhere; sown by the largest planters in the world. The most valuable book for farmers and gardeners ever given away. Mailed free. D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

THE BEST IN AMERICA. W. G. Woods & Co's. "CASTLEWOOD" KENTUCKY BOURBON. CARTMAN, MCCARTHY & CO. SOLE AGENTS, AND DISTRIBUTORS. SAN FRANCISCO.

GOT A BABY BOY NOW.

Happiness in a Southern Man's Home.

Heed the Red Flag of Danger at the Railroad Crossing. A Warning to America's Men.



"For twenty-six years I have used tobacco in great quantities, and of late years took to cigarette smoking" writes Mr. W. E. Simpson, of Le Compe, La. "I want to go on record that tobacco has robbed me of many years of life and a great deal of happiness. I realize it now as I compare my feelings, and my condition with that of a year ago, when I was a tobacco saturated cigarette fiend."

"Many and many a time did I try to quit smoking myself into eternity, but I could not put through a day without suffering extreme nervous tortures, which would increase hour by hour till finally, to save myself as it seemed from almost flying to pieces, I had to light the little white pipe-stick and swallow the smoke. 'One day I read in my paper 'Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away,' just what I was doing; it came to me like the warning of the man who waves the red flag of danger at the railroad crossing, and said that No-To-Bac was an absolutely guaranteed relief from tobacco slavery."

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The Thin One—Dear me! You are losing all your outlines. The Fat One—And you are getting to be nothing else.

He—Why do they call women the fair sex? She—To distinguish them from the unfair sex, no doubt.

FITZ.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after the first day's use. Mailed free. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free. Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 351 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

I use Pisco's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

Try Germes for Breakfast.

Nervous

People wonder why their nerves are so weak; why they get tired so easily; why they do not sleep naturally; why they have frequent headaches, indigestion and Nervous Dyspepsia. The explanation is simple. It is found in that impure blood feeding the nerves on refuse instead of the elements of strength and vigor. Opiate and nerve compounds simply deaden and do not cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla feeds the nerves pure, rich blood, gives natural sleep, perfect digestion, is the true remedy for all nervous troubles.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c

A penny—or two

all extra profit. That's the merchant's reason who urges an inferior binding for a costly skirt. It's not (nothing is) as good as

—S-H-&M—

Bias Velvetene Skirt Binding. Look for S. H. & M. on the label and take no other. If you order will not supply you we will.

Send for samples, showing labels and materials to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 659, New York City.

SURE CURE FOR PILES. Itching and Bleeding or Protruding Piles, yield at once to the DR. BO-SANKO'S PILE REMEDY. Simple, quick, and sure. A positive cure. Circulars sent free. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. DR. BO-SANKO, Phila., Pa.

VERY AWKWARD INDEED.

This is precisely the kind of mistake a man makes if he "turns out" on the wrong side of the road when a vehicle comes toward him. No less absurd is the error of the individual who takes drastic medicines to relieve his liver. That organ is on the right side, and the road to its relief is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine also adapted to the relief of dyspepsia, constipation, kidney and rheumatic ailments and malaria.

He—Do you think my picture looks like me? She (sympathetically)—Yes, I am sorry to say it does.

NOTICE. Drs. H. H. Green & Sons of Atlanta, Ga., are the greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Cure more patients than the entire army of physicians scattered over this beautiful land of ours. A valuable discovery outside any medical book or publisher's opinion. A purely vegetable preparation. Removes all dropsical symptoms rapidly. Ten days' treatment mailed to every sufferer. See advertisement in other column.

HOW'S THIS. We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West & Trux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

SURE CURE FOR PILES. Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for piles and itching of the rectum, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Price, 50c. per box. Sold by druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, \$1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

F. M. Peter, leading costume, theatrical masquerade costumes, wigs and play, books. Catalogue of price, \$1.00 per box. 729 Market St., S. F. is masquerade balls a specialty.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An Elixir of Life.

T. A. Slocum Offers to Send Two Bottles Free of His Remedy to Cure Consumption and All Lung Troubles.

Nothing could be fairer, more philanthropic or carry more joy in its wake than the offer of T. A. Slocum, M. C., of 183 Pearl Street, New York. Perfectly confident that he has an absolute remedy for the cure of consumption and all pulmonary complaints, he offers through this paper to send two bottles free to any reader who is suffering from lung trouble or consumption, also loss of flesh and all conditions of wasting. He invites those desirous of obtaining this remedy to send their express and post-office address, and to receive in return the two bottles free, which will arrest the approach of death. Already this remedy, by its timely use, has permanently cured thousands of cases which were given up, and death was looked upon as an early visitor.

Knowing his remedy as he does, and being so proof-positive of its beneficial results, Dr. Slocum considers it his religious duty, a duty which he owes to humanity, to donate his infallible remedy where it will assault the enemy in its citadel, and, by its inherent potency, stay the current of dissolution, bringing joy to homes over which the shadow of the grave has been gradually growing more strongly defined, causing fond hearts to grieve. The cheapness of the remedy—offered freely—apart from its inherent strength, is enough to commend it, and more so is the perfect confidence of the great chemist making the offer, who holds out life to those already becoming emaciated, and says: "Be cured."

The invitation is certainly worthy of the consideration of the afflicted, who, for years, have been taking nauseous nostrums without effect; who have ostracized themselves from home and friends to live in more salubrious climes, where the atmosphere is more congenial to weakened lungs; and who have fought against death with all the weapons and strength in their hands. There will be no mistake in sending for these free bottles—the mistake will be in passing the invitation by.

Reggy (quoting Hamlet)—"If thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool. Maude—Oh, Tom, this is so sudden."

Pocket Knives and Scissors

FREE

We will send FREE either a large 2-blade Pocket Knife with stag handle, OR, a pair of 7-inch full Nickel Scissors. Both Guaranteed to be best quality steel.

For 40 Coupons; or, for 2 Coupons and 40 cents.

You will find one coupon inside each 2 ounce bag, and two coupons inside each 4 ounce bag.

BLACKWELL'S GENUINE DURHAM TOBACCO.

Send Coupons with Name and Address to BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO CO., DURHAM, N. C. Buy a bag of this Celebrated Smoking Tobacco and read the coupon which gives a list of other premiums and how to get them. 2 CENT STAMPS ACCEPTED.

Alcock's Porous Plaster

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an Alcock's Porous Plaster. BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND PENNYROYAL PILLS. THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and Reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, and Druggists, Beware of cheap imitations. Boxes sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Always Subscriptions and Testimonials. All pills in postpaid boxes, with wrappers, are guaranteed genuine. A Druggist, or send us 10c in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Price Free. Sold by all Local Druggists. CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2519 Madison Sq., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Arctic Oil Works

Manufacturers of the Celebrated WHITE LIGHT OLENA. This Oil is made from Pennsylvania Crude, and put up for Family Use for such persons as desire an oil that is ABSOLUTELY SAFE—no smoke, no smell, high fire test, and water white. This Oil has no superior in the market, and a trial will satisfy any person, so they will use no other.

Office: 30 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE. CABLED FIELD AND HOG FENCE.

Also CABLED POULTRY, GARDEN and RABBIT FENCE. We manufacture a complete line of Smooth Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as represented. Ask your dealer to show you this Fence. CATALOGUE FREE. DE KALB FENCE CO., MAIN OFFICE, DE KALB, ILLINOIS. PACIFIC COAST OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE: 26 BEALE STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE." BUY SAPOLIO 'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.

MARRIED LADIES. RENALDO is a health donor. It does away all germs and will preserve your health. Sure and harmless. No medicine internally. Particulars on writing us. Sufficient for 2 months use \$6. Address: Bruno Chemical Co., box 1060 San Jose, Cal.

S. F. N. U. No. 4714. New Series No. 9.

DR. GUNN'S LIVER PILLS. A Mild Purgative. One Pill for a Dose. A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They cure Headache, brighten the Eyes, and clear the Complexion better than cosmetics. They neither grip nor sicken. To convince you, we will mail sample free, or full box for 50c. Sold everywhere. DR. BO-SANKO MED. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

PISCO'S CURE FOR CHICKS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use in time. CONSUMPTION.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 30 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

LOCAL NEWS.

Washington's Birthday. Pay your water rent. Pull together for local improvement. Patronize all home enterprises. Whooping cough is widely prevalent in town.

THE ANNIE PARKER INQUEST.

The mystery regarding the disappearance and fate of Miss Annie Parker, of 1213 Fourteenth street, Oakland, Cal., who left her home on the evening of January 23d last, and for whom the most careful search was made by the police of Oakland and San Francisco, and by anxious relatives and friends, without avail, was solved on Saturday last as fully perhaps as it ever will be made known, by the finding of the body of the unfortunate woman floating in the waters of the Bay of San Francisco, near this place.

THE THOMAS-COOMBES NUPTIALS.

Married, in the City of San Francisco, at the residence of Rev. W. W. Case, D. D., at 11:30 a. m., on Tuesday, February 18, 1896, by the Rev. Doctor W. W. Case, J. M. Thomas, of Cleveland, Ohio, to Miss Laura Selina Coombes of South San Francisco, Cal. Owing to the illness of the bride's father, Mr. S. C. Coombes, the wedding was a very quiet one.

TOBIN, CAL.

Mr. J. Noonan, the well-known furniture dealer of San Francisco, has been stopping at Hotel San Pedro for several days. During his leisure he has been indulging in piscatorial sport and made a great catch of sea-trout, blue and rock-cod and a number of large eels.

PRESS NOTES.

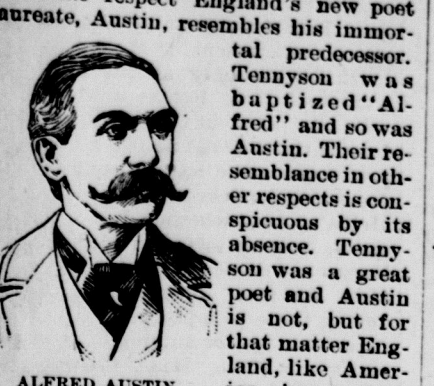
MINING OUTPUTS COMPARED. California Can Make Better Returns Than Those of South Africa. Prof. McCaw, of California, says that if California had \$100 to put into the development of the lode for every \$1,000 put into the African mines, she would easily run \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000. Hayward, at the Utica-Stickles mine in Calaveras county, turns out five times as much as the Robinson, the most noted of the African mines. The Utica-Stickles employs 700 white men at \$2.50 to \$3 a day, while the Robinson has 2,500 Kafirs at 30 cents a day.

CHEAPER SUGAR FACTORIES.

There is a good prospect that the sugar question will be solved soon to the benefit of the farmers. Factories that will make crude sugar in the beet districts will undoubtedly be erected for less than \$50,000 and the crude article can be shipped to the larger institutions and refined into the commercial article. Kansas is hard at work on this plan and a proposition is being advocated of the State giving a five-year bounty. At the annual meeting of the Nebraska Beet Sugar Association, Governor Holcomb strongly advocated these small factories.

ALFRED THE SECOND.

The New Poet Laureate Rembles Tennyson in One Particular at Least.



In one respect England's new poet laureate, Austin, resembles his immortal predecessor. Tennyson was baptized "Alfred" and so was Austin. Their resemblance in other respects is conspicuous by its absence. Tennyson was a great poet and Austin is not, but for that matter England, like America, has a very indifferent assortment of great poets at the present time.

MARKET REPORT.

The Fresh Meat market is steady. No particular change in prices during the week. Live stock, Provisions and Lard higher and strong. PROVISIONS—California hams, 9@10% picnic hams, choice, 6 1/2@7c.

ARMOUR HOTEL

Table and Accommodations The Best in the City. Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars. Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel.

ELECTRIC LAUNDRY CO.

215 VALENCIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. W. A. PETERSON, Driver. CALLING DAYS: Tuesdays and Fridays. Leave Orders at Postoffice, Baden, Cal.

MODERN LAUNDRY COMPY

Office, 385 and 387 Eighth Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special Attention Paid to the Washing of Flannels and Silks.

GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County. GREEN VALLEY MEAT MARKET. G. E. DANIEL. Wagon will call at your door with choicest of all kinds of fresh and smoked meats.

BADEN HOTEL

Board by the day or week at reasonable rates. Table Board a Specialty. P. J. LYND, PROPRIETOR.

THE CALIFORNIA

Bush St., near Kearny, S. F. For the Celebrated Beers of the Wieland, Fredericksburg, United States, Chicago, Willows and South San Francisco BREWERIES THE UNION ICE CO. Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.

WM. NEFF, Billiard

AND Pool Room Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars. SAN BRUNO AVE., - NEAR GRAND.

FRANK MINER, Contractor

Grading and Teaming-work. No. 1 Crushed Rock for Roadways, Sidewalks and Concrete. Shells for Sidewalks. Sand for plastering. Sand and Gravel for Concrete. OFFICE: Office and Stable, Lux Avenue. South San Francisco, Cal.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

MRS. NETTIE COKE, NOTARY OF FRESNO, CAL.

The Handsomest Woman in London. Daughters of the Confederacy—Lady Dudley's Humble Start—A Relic of Barbarism—The Pay of Women Musicians.

Of all the conservative towns in conservative California Fresno takes the lead, if there is a leading place in conservatism. The warm little city is decidedly opposed to innovation, except railroad innovation, which is received with open arms.

The new notary is Mrs. Nettie Coke, who has the distinction of being the only feminine holder of such an office in the southern portion of the state. She has been a thorn in the side of the Fresno



MRS. NETTIE COKE.

ites, who prated of puddings and pie plates as the prerogative of womankind, for some time. She has always been possessed of what Mary Wilkins calls "faculty," and has helped all her life at offering inducements to the wolf to sit at some one else's doorstep.

She was born in western Illinois, where they grow people of indomitable pluck, and her father was a frugal farmer with a large family, which was, as Bill Nye would say, "composed principally of boys and girls." The children were all healthy, with the normal appetite of childhood, and those who observed found out what it meant to have your liabilities and your assets a perpetual equation.

This one particular daughter was an exceedingly studious child to whom books were a delight and the chimney corner, with a magazine, a haven of refuge. She ranked high in the district school and had college aspirations after the fashion of girls in the middle west. But the much coveted prize of a classical education always dangled just beyond her reach.

After awhile there was a wedding on the Illinois farm, and 12 years ago Mr. and Mrs. Coke, with their child, came to California. They went to Woodland, where they lived on a little ranch for several years. In order to assist her husband Mrs. Coke became a bookkeeper in a dry goods store. Presently she went to Fresno to accept a better position in the same line which had been offered her, and while there was left a widow.

With her own support and the support and education of her daughter to provide for Mrs. Coke looked rather seriously into the future. The problem was no longer how to eke out the living the small ranch supplied, but how to feed two mouths and fill one small head with learning with two hands that were very quick and capable, but not over-skilled. While clerking in a store Mrs. Coke began to study shorthand and typewriting without a teacher. It was not such an easy task. After waiting on the people all day she brought a rather tired head to her self appointed task each night, and without a teacher to guide and inspire it needed all the Illinois courage and the schooling of life on a small farm to keep her from becoming discouraged in her attempt to master the mysteries of hooks, crooks, dots and angles. But some people thrive on obstacles, and Mrs. Coke is of that species, rapidly becoming extinct.

After acquiring a degree of proficiency she entered the law office of Frank H. Short, where she now is, and daintily picked her way through the legal jargon, at first stumbling over "incorporal hereditaments," "coertiar" and other sweethearts of the common law. But she stuck to it, and is now ranked among the most proficient law stenographers in California.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Handsomest Woman in London.

It is now ten years since the beautiful Lady Helen Venitia Duncombe made her bow to London society under the chaperonage of her sister, the Duchess of Leinster. Her grace's death leaves Lady Helen Vincent, as she has now become, the most beautiful woman of London society. She is of slender figure, with a perfect bust, full arms, and a face exquisitely chiseled and denoting intelligence of a high order. Her skin is white with the whiteness of snow; her eyes are a light blue. Her husband, Sir Edgar Vincent, not so many years ago was voted the handsomest man in the household troops, to which he belonged in the capacity of captain of

the Coldstream guards. At present he occupies the lucrative position of financial adviser to the khedive and director general of the Ottoman bank.

Lady Helen comes from a stock that has given England many beauties. Her great-grandmother on her mother's side was known as "the beautiful Miss Linley," and became the wife of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, author of "The Rivals," himself a very good looking man. Other descendants of Sheridan noted for their beauty were Lady Seymour, afterward Duchess of Somerset, at one time England's crowned "Queen of Beauty," and the mother of the present Marquis of Dufferin. And all these women not only inherited the good looks for which their brilliant ancestor was noted, but also some at least of the esprit and wit that made his fame.

Lady Vincent was the brightest of the Duncombe sisters and did not make the mistake of marrying for love and position alone, like her late sister, the Duchess of Leinster. Her grace, while in the flesh, was always hard pressed for money, and was very glad of the several hundred pounds per year which the enormous sales of her photographs yielded her. Sir Edgar Vincent is a millionaire and is growing richer every day.—Munsey's.

Daughters of the Confederacy.

The patriotic women's societies of the country are now re-enforced by another, the National Daughters of the Confederacy, which has for its object a sisterhood of the various organizations of women in the south. It is nonpolitical and is designed solely to cultivate the ties of friendship among the southern women. This new association embraces several others, such as the Monumental association, organized for the purpose of erecting a tribute to the dead at Mount Olivet, and the Ladies' Auxiliary, the first association of women in the south formed to act with gentlemen. The Ladies' Auxiliary, in conjunction with the men, applied to the legislature for a portion of the old Hermitage tract. This was given, with a sum sufficient to put the place in order and erect the comfortable quarters which now shelter almost 100 old soldiers. Last autumn the Nashville daughters invited the members from other states who had also united for the same purpose to form a national association, and this has recently been accomplished. Mrs. M. C. Goodlett of Nashville is the president, Mrs. L. H. Rains of Savannah first vice president, Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie of Dallas second vice president, Miss White May of Nashville third vice president, Mrs. John P. Hickman of Nashville recording secretary, Mrs. J. B. Lindsley of Nashville corresponding secretary, Mrs. W. B. Maney of Nashville treasurer, Mrs. John Overton of Nashville president of the state association.—New York Mail and Express.

Lady Dudley.

Lady Dudley, whose husband has received one of the minor parliamentary offices in connection with the new Salisbury administration, is probably the only peeress of the realm who has risen from the rank of a bona fide shopgirl to her present social eminence. True, she bore prior to her marriage the name of Gurney, one of the most ancient in Norfolk, one of her ancestors having been that Thomas de Gourney who murdered King Edward II in such an appalling manner with hot iron bars. The young countess' father, however, met with business reverses and was compelled to resign his partnership in the Gurney bank, as well as to surrender all his possessions for the benefit of his creditors.

Mrs. Gurney thereupon opened a milliner shop in London, but met with scant success, her two daughters, who had acted as assistants, ultimately becoming saleswomen in the Regent street store of the modiste, Mme. Elise.

About a year previous to Lord Dudley's marriage the now widowed Duchess of Bedford and her sister, Lady Henry Somerset, interested themselves in behalf of the two young girls and removed them to more congenial surroundings. Rachel, the eldest, became a member of the household of the duchess, while the younger, now Lady Trowbridge, was adopted by Lady Henry Somerset. It was as the adopted daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford that Rachel Gurney married young Lord Dudley.

A Relic of Barbarism.

Rev. J. S. Withrow of the Third Presbyterian church, Chicago, says:

Denying woman any place or part in society or state just because she is a woman and granting the same to man just because he is a man is, in my judgment, a mean relic of barbarism. The fact that some women do not desire the franchise has nothing to do with the duty of the state to grant it. If they should fall to exercise their granted right, it would be no more than men are doing. When it is said that it would coarsen women to mingle with men in political competitions, I venture the inquiry, Why would not the saving virtues of womanhood rather conquer the coarseness of men? But with the consequences to her we are not called in the first instance to deal. Banish and bury the barbaric ideas and usages which debar her from what the male gender enjoy on the sole ground of their sex, and when all such inequality is removed allow her as much freedom as fathers, brothers and sons to say what she will choose to do and what not. As to the ample opportunities and privileges, feeling the "attitude" of my own congregation in regard to the election of women as trustees, directors and to other offices in the church, it has not been a mooted matter. But it is my opinion that all feel sure there is nothing standing in the way of women's elevation in our church.

The Pay of Women Musicians.

Probably there is no field where more varying wages are paid to women than in the realm of music, writes Mrs. Garrett

Webster in The Ladies' Home Journal. The greatest and the lowest sums are alike received by them in this profession, while the average is probably as good as that received by women workers in any other field. Mme. Patti is remarkable not only as the greatest of living vocalists, but as the best paid woman worker in the world. She has frequently received \$5,000 a night for a performance and has not sung for many years past for less than \$3,000. Mme. Melba's fee, whether for concert or opera, is never less than \$1,000. Mme. Eames and Mme. Nordica received each \$700 for their operatic performances during the season just past. The latter's invariable fee for singing in concert or oratorio is \$500. Mme. Calve received \$600 a performance during the season of 1894. These prices are paid, it will be noticed, only to those who are the greatest in their art. Each of these women is not only an artist, but also a beautiful woman and a clever actress.

Women Engineers.

Miss Marian Parker of Detroit is the first woman to graduate from the engineering department of the University of Michigan. She won the degree of bachelor of science in civil engineering, took the full course, and stood well at the head of her class. Her object, she says, is to become a practical architect. There are now only about 50 or 60 women in this profession, one in Philadelphia, two in New York, several in New Orleans and others scattered about. Miss Parker's thesis for graduation was a design for a fireproof apartment building, on which she spent nearly the whole of her last semester, although not constant in her work. To an engineer who knows what it means to design such a building—figuring out the strength of every piece of iron in its construction—this will not seem a long time.—Ladies' Every Saturday.

A Canadian Postmistress.

Miss Sarah Dobson has been appointed postmistress of Yorkville, Canada. Her father had had charge of the office for 48 years. The nomination lay with W. F. Maclean, M. P. In his letter to the postmaster general he said: "In thus departing from the general rule which makes these appointments purely political, I have only to say that I do so out of respect to the wishes of the entire district of Yorkville, which seems determined on having Miss Dobson retain the position so long held by her father. Never before have I seen so much influence brought to bear in favor of an appointment. Conservatives and Reformers alike have joined in the recommendation."

Canoe Pincushion.

An odd little pincushion, a souvenir from the mountains, is in the form of an Indian canoe freighted with a couple of plush bags which hold pins. It is suspended by a silk cord. Different sizes



can be used for this purpose. The one sketched here is ten inches long. The bags are made of brown plush and filled with sawdust. They are tied together with brown silk cord, and the canoe is suspended with the same.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell has told a British interviewer that the public does not appreciate the mental and physical wear and tear which an actress undergoes in performing emotional parts. Her own remedy for this exhaustion is to devote herself to the commonplace duties of life and of her own household. Mrs. Campbell confesses that she made a romantic runaway match when she was a mere girl, and that she was the mother of two children before she was 20. She made her professional debut at the Alexander theater in Liverpool in 1888 after a short career as an amateur.

Queen Margherita.

A recent graceful act of Queen Margherita is being duly chronicled. Once a year she pays a visit to the girls' mission schools in Rome. She arrived there one day recently in an open carriage, and following came two others filled to overflowing with masses of exquisite flowers. These she ordered should be driven into the school gardens. When all the pupils and teachers had assembled, she handed to each a lovely bouquet with the laughing word: "Last year you all presented me with flowers. It is quite time that I repaid myself."

A Much Traveled Woman.

Mrs. John Richard Green, the widow of the historian, has returned to England, after an interesting and somewhat adventurous trip to Greece and to the site of Troy. During her travels Mrs. Green was fortunate in finding an opportunity of visiting the island of Delos, which is uninhabited and but seldom accessible to travelers.

The Omaha tinnverein has for nine years provided instruction for women in physical culture, and in the last winter had 70 women in the class. The costume worn is a loose belted waist with bloomers.

Health, said Miss Arnold in Boston to the Chauncey hall kindergarten graduates, is the first requisite of success. The "new" woman has none of the old fashioned belief in nerves and notions.

Upon curtains the principal part of the embroidery is now placed upon the turnover portion of the top. This has much the effect of a valance when effectively worked.

Powdered alum dissolved in the water in which the hands are bathed before putting on the gloves will check the perspiration of the hands.

In Paris the pretty fashion of decking the table with tiny trees—almond, orange and cherry—is being revived.

THE YOUNG WIFE.

They say her smile was sweeter when she lay in that entrancing power whose guise is sleep. And I remember now it was her way To smile in slumber deep!

Yet when I pressed the hand that lay so still And called her name and smoothed her pretty hair, She answered not, nor soothed with her sweet will My fond heart's crushing care.

How softly lay the lace on her breast— Methought she was so lovely in repose That surely paradise was still more blessed In claiming my sweet rose.

A rose that thrived in sunshine or in shade Until at length death touched the tender bloom And withered it just when it would have staid To brighten in the gloom.

And then at this my heart fell crushed and blind. I was but conscious of that vague unrest And ceaseless yearning that doth fill the mind When brooding death is guest.

Dear patient girl who was so loath to hear A single word against my ruthless ways— And who will guide me now with gentle fear And who will speak my praise?

Oh, still she sleeps. . . . The jasmine blooms as then, And nature bears its warm life from the deeps, And summer birds sing lightly once again, But still, alas! she sleeps! —Omaha Bee.

THE COLONEL'S WIFE.

The rupture was all about a two acre field. Colonel Fairholme, J. P., wanted it to fill out a dent in his ring fence, and Sir George Warburton stepped in and bought it over his head.

"And you can consider your engagement at an end, sir," the colonel wrathfully informed his nephew and heir. "No daughter of that sneak's shall be mistress of Broadwater."

Then Evelyn and Dick held a council of war on a neutral stile.

"I've had similar instructions," said the girl. "They're very much incensed at present, but it won't last. Within six weeks somebody will be giving a reconciliation dinner party. I know the dear old things so well."

But before the month was out Colonel Fairholme was on his way to Australia. During the first few weeks after his arrival in Melbourne he communicated regularly either with his maiden sister or with Dick. Then there was a gap for a couple of miles, and Dick was getting uneasy and meditating a cable of inquiry when the anxiously expected letter arrived.

MY DEAR BOY—I have a piece of news for you which, I dare say, will surprise you very much. After being a confirmed bachelor for nearly 60 years I have found my better half at last. I made her acquaintance at the table d'hôte here and we were married last Monday.

The lady is a great deal younger than myself, and I may say, without boasting, as charming in disposition as she is in appearance. You cannot fail to like her, and I am sure you will both be the best of friends. We are leaving in a fortnight by the Ormuz, so you will know when to expect us.

Colonel Fairholme, on board the Australian mail steamer Ormuz at Naples.

Return overland. Imperative business. Please don't fail. Dick.

If the colonel obeyed, he would be at home in three days—that is to say, four days before he would have arrived under ordinary circumstances—four days before he was expected by Mrs. Fairholme.

When the locksmith arrived, Dick had a little private conversation with him, and a bank note changed hands. As the result, the man told Mrs. Fairholme that the job was a long one, and that he could not undertake to accomplish it under three days.

The mysterious man, who was not from Bond street, went away, and on the third afternoon returned, but the strongroom door was not opened yet. The workman was awaiting instructions.

About 5 p. m. there was a rattle of wheels in the avenue, and somebody rang the front door bell.

The next moment the colonel, in traveling cap and ulster, stepped into the lamplight. She shrieked and sprang to her feet, overturning the bamboo table with a crash.

"Colonel Fairholme!" she gasped wildly. "Home already!"

"Mrs. Bellarmine! Bless me, what a remarkable thing! Why, I thought I had left you in Melbourne!"

"Then she's not your wife!" cried Dick aghast.

"My wife!" exclaimed his uncle, perplexed to irritability. "You know very well I have no wife, sir! I met this lady and her husband in Melbourne, and they very kindly nursed me through my bout of influenza. I told you so in my letters."

Of course the "man from Linklater's" was her husband, and the pair of adventurers, knowing the colonel's plans, had taken advantage of his illness to intercept his letters, forge substitutes to serve their own ends and make this bold attempt to steal the famous rubies.

The colonel beamed upon his nephew. "And what shall I do for you, Dick, for saving my rubies?"

"You can repay me very easily if you like, sir. Call upon Sir George Warburton."

The colonel made a grimace. But he went. And within two months Evelyn's prophecy was fulfilled.—Answers.

HE WAS A BAD SHOT.

Yet Every Time He Fired the Bullets Gave Rang.

A good story on the late General Dan McCauley of Indiana is related by Judge John N. Scott, now of Port Townsend, Wash.

On Judge Scott's last visit to Washington he, with his old college chum, General Joe Fullerton, and General McCauley, went on a trip up the river to one of the clubhouses.

The two former gentlemen wanted to indulge in some target practice. General McCauley protested vigorously.

Being pressed for his reason, he said the fact was he was such a bad shot he had made up his mind to quit it last time he tried it. He had never hit the bulleye in his life, he confided to them, and he was a little ashamed of it.

After some little trouble they convinced him that they were both worse shots than he, and they'd shoot for "place."

First the judge shot and made a fair showing, and then General Fullerton, making a better, and last General McCauley, who hit the bulleye.

No one was more astonished than the general himself. He began to be interested. They took another turn. Again he hit the bulleye, and yet again and again, and the ringing of the gong was music in his ear.

The others declared they'd shoot no more with him and threatened dire revenge for his deception.

In vain he assured them that it was the first time in his life he had hit the bulleye. He treated liberally, and they all enjoyed the jaunt, particularly the boy who tended the target, who was several dollars wealthier for their visit.

They came back to town, dined at General McCauley's expense, and he declared he had made the hit of his life.

"Dan never suspected us," laughed the judge, "of having bribed that target boy to ring the gong every time he shot. And he couldn't see the trick in it because his bullets never even touched the target, not one!"—Washington Star.

Mountaineering Memories.

I had not long left a public school and was unconscious of the possession of nerves. Given sufficient hold for hand and foot, I never felt any more inclination to fall in a place where a fall would carry me a couple of thousand feet to the bottom of a precipice than where it would only involve a tumble of a yard into soft snow.

But to poise oneself in going down a series of steps that are merely tiny chips in hard ice, tilted up at an angle greater than of an average roof—this sort of work demands some skill, which does not come by nature, but has to be acquired by experience.

The only safe way, when a novice is of the party, is not to allow him to move, unless the man to whom he is roped is firmly anchored, and this course was repeatedly adopted on our descent.

It was, however, when we had reached the ice fall of the glacier that the incident occurred of which I have the most vivid recollection. The snow bridges over the crevasses had easily borne our weight in the early morning, when the frost still held them in its grip, but by the time we returned the sun had produced its effect, and I was not the only one of our party who went through in the fashion already described.

Of course, the rope furnishes an absolute security, provided that the rest of the party are on what Mrs. Malaprop would call terra cotta, but I repeat that it is at first startling to find oneself swinging in vacancy over an apparently bottomless abyss.

In a good many years of mountaineering I have encountered certain real dangers, but none, I think, which has impressed me so strongly as the imaginary peril of that sudden descent below the surface of the Aletsch glacier some 30 years ago.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Preparing a Prescription.

"I noticed," said the druggist to his assistant, "that a gentleman came in with a prescription and that you took it and gave him the stuff in about three minutes. What do you mean by that?"

"It was only a little carbolic acid and water," replied the assistant. "I simply had to pour a few drams of acid into the bottle and fill it up with water."

"Never mind if you had only to do that," the druggist declared. "Don't you know that every prescription must take at least half an hour to dispense, or the customer will think he isn't getting anything for his money?"

"When a prescription for salt and water or peppermint and cough sirup is handed to you, you must look at it doubtfully, as if it were very hard to make up. Then you must bring it to me, and we will both read it and shake our heads. After that you go back to the customer and ask him if he wants it today. When he says he does, you answer that you'll make a special effort."

"Now, a patient appreciates a prescription that there has been so much trouble over, and when he takes it he derives some benefit from it. But don't you do any more of that three minute prescription business, my boy, if you want to become a first class druggist."—Liverpool Mercury.

Mr. English's History of Indiana.

William H. English of Indiana is 73 years old, as the phrase goes, but it does not follow that he is an old man. He is young enough to be industriously and intelligently at work on a history of Indiana, sparing no expense or research to obtain information and verifications. He is very liberal in the purchase of historical documents, and from the items we have seen in print about the work the book, when it is issued, ought to be the most valuable extant. A very first class and comprehensive history of the great state of Indiana, written as a labor of love, will be a monument to the author greater than marble or bronze or a career in public office. Mr. English has not been conspicuous in politics, though always in line as a Democrat, since he ran for vice president on the ticket with Hancock in 1880.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Too Much Knowledge.

"Some men," said Farmer Cornstossel, "is too well posted. L'arrin is a fine thing, but it's a misfit sometimes."

"What's the matter?" inquired his wife.

"That new hired man hez so much ter say 'bout the silver question that he stan's round an lets the hay git rained on."—Washington Star.

FROM THE RANKS BY CAPT CHARLES KING

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Down at the foot of the stairs he could see the night watchman making his rounds. He did not want to explain matters and talk with him. He would go around. There was a steep pathway down into the ravine that gave into the lake just beyond his sister's cottage, and this he sought; and followed, moving slowly and painfully, but finally reaching the grassy level of the pathway that connected the cottages with the wood road up the bluff. Trees and shrubbery were thick on both sides, and the path was shaded. He turned to his right and came down until once more he was in sight of the white walls of the hotel standing out there on the point, until close at hand he could see the light of his own cottage glimmering like a faithful beacon through the trees, and then he stopped short.

A tall, slender figure—a man in dark, snug fitting clothing—was creeping stealthily up to the cottage window. The colonel held his breath. His heart thumped violently. He waited—watched. He saw the dark figure reach the blinds. He saw them slowly, softly turned, and the faint light gleaming from within. He saw the figure peering in between the slats, and then—



He saw the figure peering in between the slats.

God, was it possible?—a low voice, a man's voice, whispering or hoarsely murmuring a name. He heard a sudden movement within the room, as though the occupant had heard and were replying. "Coming." His blood froze. It was not Alice's room. It was his—his and hers—his wife's—and that was surely her step approaching the window. Yes, the blind was quickly opened. A white robed figure stood at the casement. He could see, hear, bear no more. With one mad rush he sprang from his lair and hurled himself upon the shadowy stranger.

"You bound! Who are you?" But 'twas no shadow that he grasped. A muscular arm was round him in a trice, a brawny hand at his throat, a twisting, sinewy leg was curled in his, and he went reeling back upon the springy turf, stunned and well nigh breathless.

When he could regain his feet and reach the casement, the stranger had vanished, but Mrs. Maynard lay there on the floor within, a white and senseless heap.

CHAPTER X

Perhaps it was as well for all parties that Frank Armitage concluded that he must have another whiff of tobacco that night as an incentive to the "think" he had promised himself. He had strolled through the park to the grove of trees out on the point and seated himself in the shadows. Here his reflections were speedily interrupted by the animated flirtations of a few couples, who, tiring of the dance, came out into the coolness of the night and the seclusion of the grove, where their murmured words and soft laughter soon gave the captain's nerves a strain they could not bear. He broke cover and betook himself to the very edge of the stone retaining wall out on the point.

He wanted to think calmly and dispassionately. He meant to weigh all he had read and heard and form his estimate of the gravity of the case before going to bed. He meant to be impartial, to judge her as he would judge any other woman so compromised, but for the life of him he could not. He bore with him the mute image of her lovely face, with its clear, truthful, trusting dark eyes. He saw her as she stood before him on the little porch when they shook hands on their laughing—or his laughing—compact, for she would not laugh. How perfect she was! Her radiant beauty, her uplifted eyes, so full of their self reproach and regret at the speech she had made at his expense! How exquisite was the grace of her slender, rounded form as she stood there before him, one slim hand half shyly extended to meet the cordial clasp of his own! He wanted to judge and be just, but that image dismayed him. How could he look on this picture and then on that, the one portrayed in the chain of circumstantial evidence which the colonel had laid before him? It was monstrous! It was treason to womanhood! One look in her eyes, superb in their innocence, was too much for his determined impartiality. Armitage gave himself a mental kick for what he termed his imbecility and went back to the hotel.

"It's no use," he muttered. "I'm a slave of the weed and can't be philosopher without my pipe." Up to his little box of a room he climbed, found his pipecase and tobacco pouch, and in five minutes was strolling out to the point once more, when he came suddenly upon the night watchman, a personage of whose functions and authority he was entirely ignorant. The man eyed him narrowly and essayed to speak. Not knowing him, and desiring to be alone, Armitage pushed past and was surprised to find that a hand was on his shoulder and the man at his side before he had gone a rod.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the watchman gruffly, "but I don't know you. Are you stopping at the hotel?"

"I am," said Armitage coolly, taking his pipe from his lips and blowing a cloud over his other shoulder. "And who may you be?"

"I am the watchman, and I do not remember seeing you come today."

"Nevertheless I did."

"On what train, sir?"

"This afternoon's up train."

"You certainly were not on the omnibus when it got here."

"Very true. I walked over from beyond the schoolhouse."

"You must excuse me, sir. I did not think of that, and the manager requires me to know everybody. Is this Major Armitage?"

"Armitage is my name, but I'm not a major."

"Yes, sir; I'm glad to be set right. And the other gentleman—him as was inquiring for Colonel Maynard tonight? He's in the army, too, but his name don't seem to be on the book. He only came in on the late train."

"Another man to see Colonel Maynard?" asked the captain, with sudden interest. "Just come in, you say? I'm sure I've no idea. What was he like?"

"I don't know, sir. At first I thought you was him. The driver told me he brought a gentleman over who asked some questions about Colonel Maynard, but he didn't get aboard at the depot, and he didn't come down to the hotel—got off somewhere up there on the bench, and Jim didn't see him."

"Where's Jim?" said Armitage.

"Come with me, watchman. I want to interview him."

Together they walked over to the barn, which the driver was just looking up after making everything secure for the night.

"Who was it inquiring for Colonel Maynard?" asked Armitage.

"I don't know, sir," was the slow answer. "There was a man got aboard as I was coming across the common there in the village at the station. There were several passengers from the train and some baggage, so he may have started ahead on foot, but afterward concluded to ride. As soon as I saw him get in I reined up and asked where he was going. He had no baggage nor nuthin, and my orders are not to haul anybody except people of the hotel, so he came right forward through the bus and took the seat behind me and said 'twas all right, he was going to the hotel, and he passed up a half dollar. I told him that I couldn't take the money—that bus fares were paid at the office—and drove ahead. Then he handed me a cigar, and pretty soon he asked me if there were many people, and who had the cottages, and when I told him he asked which was Colonel Maynard's, but he didn't say he knew him, and the next thing I knew was when we got here to the hotel he wasn't in the bus. He must have stepped back through all those passengers and slipped off up there on the bench. He was in it when we passed the little brown church up on the hill."

"What was he like?"

"I couldn't see him plain. He stepped out from behind a tree as we drove through the common and came right into the bus. It was dark in there, and all I know is he was tall and had on dark clothes. Some of the people inside must have seen him better, but they are all gone to bed, I suppose."

"I will go over to the hotel and inquire anyway," said Armitage, and did so. The lights were turned down, and no one was there, but he could hear voices chatting in quiet tones on the broad, sheltered veranda without, and going thither found three or four men enjoying a quiet smoke. Armitage was a man of action. He stepped at once to the group:

"Pardon me, gentlemen, but did any of you come over in the omnibus from the station tonight?"

"I did, sir," replied one of the party, removing his cigar and twitching of the ashes with his little finger, then looking up with the air of a man expectant of question.

"The watchman tells me a man came over who was making inquiries for Colonel Maynard. May I ask if you saw or heard of such a person?"

"A gentleman got in soon after we left the station, and when the driver hailed him he went forward and took a seat near him. They had some conversation, but I did not hear it. I only know that he got out again a little while before we reached the hotel."

"Could you see him and describe him? I am a friend of Colonel Maynard's, an officer of his regiment, which will account for my inquiry."

"Well, yes, sir. I noticed he was very tall and slim, was dressed in dark clothes and wore a dark slouched hat well down over his forehead. He was what I would call a military looking man, for I noticed his walk as he got off, but he wore big spectacles, blue or brown glass, I should say, and had a heavy beard."

"Which way did he go when he left the bus?"

lor and sitting room. Aunt Grace and Miss Renwick slept in the little front rooms north and south of the hallway, and the lights in their rooms were extinguished; so, too, was that in the parlor. All was darkness on the south and east. All was silence and peace as Armitage approached, but just as he reached the shadow of the stunted oak tree growing in front of the house his ears were startled by an agonized cry, a woman's half stifled shriek. He bounded up the steps, seized the knob of the door and threw his weight against it. It was firmly bolted within. Loud he thundered on the panels.

"This is—Armitage!" he called. He heard the quick patter of little feet, the bolt was slid, and he rushed in, almost stumbling against a trembling, terror-stricken, yet welcoming white-robed form—Alice Renwick, barefooted, with her glorious wealth of hair tumbling in dark luxuriance all down over the dainty nightdress—Alice Renwick, with pallid face and wild, imploring eyes.

"What is wrong?" he asked in haste.

"It's mother—her room—and it's locked and she won't answer," was the gasping reply.

Armitage sprang to the rear of the hall, leaned one second against the opposite wall, sent his foot with mighty impulse and muscled impact against the opposing lock, and the door flew open with a crash. The next instant Alice was bending over her senseless mother, and the captain was giving a hand in much bewilderment to the panting colonel, who was striving to clamber in at the window. The ministrations of Aunt Grace and Alice were speedily sufficient to restore Mrs. Maynard. A teaspoonful of brandy administered by the colonel's trembling hand helped matters materially. Then he turned to Armitage.

"Come outside," he said.

Once again in the moonlight the two men faced each other.

"Armitage, can you get a horse?"

"Certainly. What then?"

"Go to the station, get men, if possible, and head this fellow off. He was here again tonight, and it was not Alice he called, but my—Mrs. Maynard. I saw him. I grappled with him right here at the bay window where she met him, and he hurled me to grass as though I'd been a child. I want a horse! I want that man tonight. How did he get away from Sibley?"

"Do you mean—do you think it was Jerrold?"

"Good God, yes! Who else could it be? Disguised, of course, and bearded, but the figure, the carriage, were just the same, and he came to this window—to her window—and called, and she answered. My God, Armitage, think of it!"

"Come with me, colonel. You are all unstrung," was the captain's answer as he led his broken friend away. At the front door he stopped one moment, then ran up the steps and into the hall, where he tapped lightly at the casement.

"What is it?" was the low response from an invisible source.

"Miss Alice?"

"Yes."

"The watchman is here now. I will send him around to the window to keep guard until our return. The colonel is a little upset by the shock, and I want to attend to him. We are going to the hotel a moment before I bring him home. You are not afraid to have him leave you?"

"Not now, captain."

"Is Mrs. Maynard better?"

"Yes. She hardly seems to know what has happened. Indeed none of us does. What was it?"

"A tramp, looking for something to eat, tried to open the blinds, and the colonel was out here and made a jump at him. They had a scuffle in the shrubbery, and the tramp got away. It frightened your mother. That's the sum of it, I think."

"No papa hurt?"

"No; a little bruised and shaken and mad as a hornet. I think perhaps I'll get him quieted down and sleepy in a few minutes if you and Mrs. Maynard will be content to let him stay with me. I can talk almost any man, drowsy."

"Mamma seems to worry for fear he is hurt."

"Assure her solemnly that he hasn't a scratch. He is simply fighting mad, and I'm going to try to find the tramp. Does Mrs. Maynard remember how he looked?"

"She could not see the face at all. She heard some one at the shutters and a voice and supposed, of course, it was papa and threw open the blind."

"Oh, I see! That's all, Miss Alice. I'll go back to the colonel. Good night!" And Armitage went forth with a lighter step.

MAUD MULLER AND TRILBY.

Maud Muller had a Trilby foot. But she was not a Trilby. A very different girl was she, and so her story will be. Sweet Maud was dressed in tattered gowns, Trilby in "altogether."

For Trilby posed in studios. And Maud out in the weather.

Poor Maud, ashamed of her bare feet, Her blushes tried to smother. While Trilby first put one foot out And then stuck out the other. Love came to both of them one day. Which they both had to smother. The judge he smiled and rode away, Billie went with his mother.

Then both these girls were hypnotized, Poor Maudie by a farmer, While Trilby fell beneath the spell Of a stanic charmer.

Poor Maud she sighed, "It might have been!" But Trilby knew it should not. So bravely tried to let him go. And sing although she could not.

Alas, for judge and gifted boy, The darling little Billie! Strangers evermore to joy Their fate they bore quite illy. The world, too, sighs with secret pain. And wishes, "Will he, will he," The judge had married rustic Maud And Trilby Little Billie! —Jeannette B. Murphy in New York Sun.

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

During my residence at the Villa Medicis—from 1871 to 1874—we were constantly hearing of highway robbery, and even of downright brigandage, out on the Campagna and up in the mountains. Sometimes rumor would bring the marauders to the very gates of the city, and at last the bandits were reported to have ventured into the town itself. The report did not exaggerate the reality.

Happily none of our party fell a victim to these attempts save one, who was stopped in open day by the side of Santa Maria Maggiore, forced back to the wall and "held up" with half a dozen knives gleaming in a semicircle around his throat.

He was relieved of his watch and gave up his purse, but beyond the loss of these articles suffered no injury. The watch he subsequently recovered, and the purse contained only a few francs. Simon Backer always was a lucky dog.

There was at this time, in the mountains near Cervara, a bandit whose activity and audacity had made him a terror to the district for several months past. Emboldened by the smiles with which fortune favored him, he grew daily more daring. He had ventured into Subiaco and carried off prisoners under the walls of Tivoli. The peasants never failed to cross themselves when they spoke of Fontana. He was said to be not more than 30 at most, of a strikingly handsome presence, and to a courage that was indomitable—he added the strength of a Hercules.

For nearly half a year this fellow and his band of cutthroats held possession of the Campagna. The attempts made from time to time to take him always came to nothing. Now it would be the royal and now the pontifical gendarmes that would go after him, but the carabinieri seemed never to arrive in time. There was always something to delay their departure or obstruct their march.

The Campagna is a veritable land of Goshen for a brigand who knows his business. Everywhere there are grottoes, caverns, grass grown ruins, abandoned quarries and broad belts of forest, untroubled for generations. A few villages, lost in these solitudes, are united to the outer world by a track which is unworthy the name of road and bound together by footpaths only recognizable by those accustomed to use them.

The child trotting from one to the other with a cheese for the grandmother, or returning with water from the distant fountain, would frequently fall in with the "wolf."

This "wolf" was Fontana disguised. With some cheap trinkets, perhaps a necklace of beads or a silver bracelet, he would entice the child to chatter, wheedling out of her who sold his beasts or disposed of his crop; inquiring if this one had received the bequest expected or that other been paid the legacy left him. And how could the frightened child refuse to answer when the "wolf" suddenly transformed himself into a handsome gentleman, with soft manners and hands filled with pretty things?

In one of these villages lived a man named Beppo Guerra. It was he himself who told me this story. He filled the triple office of notary, apothecary and mayor.

At the close of the winter fairs held in Rome and the neighborhood Guerra had committed the great impudence of bringing back with him a large sum of money—several thousand francs. Fontana got wind of this.

One evening, when everybody in the village was asleep and Beppo was finishing his pipe down stairs, some shots were fired at the door. No warning had been given; no noise had been heard. Before Beppo could recover himself a ball crashed through the window and tore a long splinter from the ceiling joist, the door was burst open, and Fontana entered, followed by several members of his band.

Terrified by the noise, Mme. Guerra rushed to the room to save her husband, and the children ran to seek protection near their mother.

Unmoved by the entreaties of the wife, the ruffians leveled their pistols at the heads of the affrighted family.

"Twenty thousand francs is what we want of you," shouted Fontana. "Come, there's no time to waste. I don't want any blubbering, and I'm not going to listen to any tall pitching. Hand it over quickly. I'll give you five minutes to make up your mind."

Resistance was useless. To call for help was to seek sudden death and bring down vengeance on the heads of little ones. Beppo understood the situation exactly.

"I have not such a sum," said he coldly.

"Then give us what you have. The rest can be sent after you. We shall take you with us as security for payment, but no harm will befall you if your folks don't make fools of themselves and wake up the gentlemen in frogged coats and cock's feathers. When the last son's paid, you'll be set free."

They rummaged the house, turning the place upside down, but found no more than the 12,000 francs Beppo had given them.

Guerra was immediately bound and gagged, and a bandage was placed over his eyes, and they were going to lead him away, when his wife, throwing herself at the feet of the brigand chief, cried in accents of terror and despair: "Agostino! Agostino!"—it was the Christian name of Fontana—"have mercy. Don't take him away. You know us well. Take the money, but leave us Beppo."

"No, no! Impossible! Go to the devil."

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"No, no! Impossible! Go to the devil."

But the poor creature clung to him the tighter, seizing the folds of his cloak with both hands.

"Agostino!" she cried again. "You remember me. Many's the time I played with you when you were little."

"Go to the devil, I say. Make up the sum required and you shall have back your husband. In four days come alone to the spring by the marble quarry and we'll settle the account."

And in less time than it takes to wink, the brigands hurried off Beppo, leaving wife and children overwhelmed with disaster.

To make complaint and set the authorities to work was simply to put a bullet through the head of the prisoner. His wife knew this only too well. She knew also that it would be necessary to meet Fontana on the day appointed, at the place named.

She went alone—that was the condition—carrying with her every penny that she had been able to raise. Her eyes were swollen from want of sleep and reddened by much weeping.

In the vicinity of the quarry all was quiet. Everything about her spoke of peace, of tranquil days and silent nights. Only her own soul was in agitation.

Glancing upward she saw Fontana descending from above with the rapidity of a pebble detached by a pick. He came toward her with a comical air, like a fellow well pleased with himself for having just made a good stroke in a doubtful business.

"Beppo carries himself as high as the cupola of St. Peter's. We play cards together to help pass the time. Have you brought the money?"

"Not the whole of it, but surely this is enough—5,000!"

Fontana frowned under his eyebrows and answered roughly: "No; I said 20,000. Adieu!"

"Wait, wait," cried the poor woman, seeking to detain him. "I have not been able to get more in the time, but I will go at once to Orbatello, and his relatives there will give me what's lacking. The day after tomorrow I shall have it."

"Be it so, then. After tomorrow, here at this place. Thou knowest the rest."

Two days later the wife of Guerra was standing on the same spot, and Fontana, with the same comical air, was counting coins into his hat. The woman had brought with her the complement, and the bandit, having satisfied himself as to the amount, made her a low bow.

"This evening Beppo will return to his family. Allow me to wish you a last adieu."

On reaching his quarters in the mountains Fontana cut the cords which bound his prisoner to a stone of enormous size, threw the money and notes into his hat and shouted abruptly to his comrades: "Here's the remainder. Beppo is free. Presently four of you will blindfold him and lead him as far as the stone heap beyond the quarry. From there he can find his way home. If any one does him the smallest injury, I shall know how to punish it. Remember, you are all responsible for his safety."

Then, sending the men away, he was left alone with Guerra.

"Listen to me, Beppo. I have always had a friendly feeling for you and yours. If I had only myself to consider, I would never have done this. But I have with me two or three hot headed rascals, who know that you're pretty 'easy' and heard that you had brought back a big sum from the city. It was impossible to hold them off. You don't know these fellows. I cannot always do what I would, but when an affair's been decided on I usually continue to be master. Ah! When I saw your wife—who nursed me and taught me to walk—I gave me a nasty twinge. But if I had yielded we should both have been knocked down and beaten to death where we stood."

"Pardon me, Beppo, and pray accept these few pieces—150 francs. Take them as conscience money. Buy something for the wife and children as a souvenir of Fontana, who begs their forgiveness for the injury he has been forced to do them."

A few hours later, when the bandage was removed from his eyes, Beppo found himself at a spot distant about three kilometers from his own house.

Not a great while after this occurrence the band was dispersed and Fontana himself shot dead in a skirmish with the carabinieri.

Such was the terror which he had inspired throughout the district that the authorities, suspecting his death would be doubted by the populace, had the corpse lashed to the back of an ass, and for three days the animal was led through the principal villages in the Campagna.

Beppo Guerra never said what he did with the 150 francs which Fontana desired to have expended in presents for madam and her children. Most probably the wish was respected. Superstition struck her roots deep in the south. Within two months of Guerra's release Fontana was a dead man, and Beppo would scarcely dare to "cheat" the dead out of his "conscience money."—London Sun.

HOBNOBBED WITH HEAD HUNTERS.

Editor Harrison and His Hair Raising Adventures Among the Solomon Islanders.

William Preston Harrison, son of Chicago's martyred mayor, Carter H. Harrison, is back in the Windy City profoundly thankful that some enterprising head hunter of the Solomon islands is not now treasuring his skull as a curio. Like his late father, he is very fond of traveling, and he has just spent a year cruising among the south sea islands. He had many exciting adventures and narrow escapes and at one time it was even reported that he had furnished a meal for those incorrigible cannibals, the Solomon Islanders.

He visited Hawaii and lived for two months in the bush on the Fiji islands. He then spent three months cruising among the Solomon islands, which were inhabited by the most savage tribes he saw. He also visited the French penal station in New Caledonia, the Loyalty islands, Tonga, Australia and New Zealand and that "paradise of earth," Samoa. The first place he stopped at among the Solomon islands was Santa Anna, where three years ago a Russian trader was killed and eaten for quarreling with a native. Two weeks before he reached Rubiana two white men were upset while sailing along the coast. The

philanthropic natives plunged into the sea, rescued the castaways like good Samaritans, and then killed and cooked them.

Harrison spent ten days at Rubiana with Charles Atkinson, an Englishman who had been there eight years and thought he knew the treacherous natives well. Atkinson was very kind to Harrison and the young Chicagoan was shown the sights of the island by the natives. Atkinson urged Harrison to remain and accompany him on his next trading trip and Harrison was nearly persuaded to do so. His companion, B. F. Hammersley of Philadelphia, prevailed upon him to go on, however, and the act undoubtedly saved Harrison's life, for a few weeks later the natives killed Atkinson while he was asleep and ate him.

William Preston Harrison was born in 1869 and was graduated from Chicago university in 1887. He then accompanied his father on a tour of the globe, spending 18 months in Asia and Europe. In 1889 he and his brother, Carter H. Harrison, Jr., embarked in the real estate business and later he became business manager of the Chicago Times.

Bad Is Good, and Good Is Bad. The Saunterer is the victim of many woes. Imagine his conflicting emotions when reading the manuscript of a contribution like the following:

"I'm in a fix, old man."

"How so?"

"I asked old Popham last night if I might propose to his daughter."

"Well?"

"He seemed rather inclined to assent."

"That's good."

"No, it's bad."

"Why?"

"Because I have thought better of the matter by sleeping over it and now don't want to get married."

"That's bad."

"No, good—good in principle."

"But did he consent to your suggestion?"

"No."

"That's good."

"No, it's bad, because he asked me what my prospects were."

"What are they?"

"Good."

"That's bad."

"I referred him to my uncle, who intends to make me his heir, and who, in any case, will make me a handsome allowance if I marry. Popham, when he has this confirmed to him, is sure to tell me to go in and win, and I cannot then withdraw."

"That's bad. But there is a very simple way out of the difficulty."

"Bless you, old man! Explain! Explain!"

"All you have to do is to put your uncle up to the wrinkle and let him say he has cut you off with a shilling."

"That's good."

"Not bad."—Boston Budget

Mrs Maud Sambourne.

Miss Maud Sambourne is one of the latest recruits to the ranks of illustrators. She is the daughter of the celebrated Punch artist. Miss Sambourne, who draws with much grace, is doing commissions for two or three well known magazines and is also illustrating a book to the order of a leading firm of publishers.

She Had Him.

Husband—Don't you know that every time a woman gets angry she adds a wrinkle to her face?

Wife—Yes; it's a wise provision of nature to let the world know the kind of husband she's got.—Photos and Sketches.

to come away from the beggar.

"I come, Mirand." Then, as she took his arm and he landed her into a brougham, "I have pity for these poor musicians."—Pearson's Weekly.

TO MANUFACTURERS

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Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles** of Water Front on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

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?

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

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