

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 3.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1898.

NO. 12.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	7:26 P. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily.	8:56 P. M. Daily.
8:56 A. M. Daily.	10:26 P. M. Daily.
10:26 A. M. Daily.	11:56 P. M. Daily.
11:56 A. M. Daily.	1:26 P. M. Daily.
1:26 P. M. Daily.	2:56 P. M. Daily.
2:56 P. M. Daily.	4:26 P. M. Daily.
4:26 P. M. Daily.	5:56 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.	
7:26 A. M. Daily.	8:56 P. M. Daily.
8:56 A. M. Daily.	10:26 P. M. Daily.
10:26 A. M. Daily.	11:56 P. M. Daily.
11:56 A. M. Daily.	1:26 P. M. Daily.
1:26 P. M. Daily.	2:56 P. M. Daily.
2:56 P. M. Daily.	4:26 P. M. Daily.
4:26 P. M. Daily.	5:56 P. M. Daily.

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

### TIME TABLE FOR BADEN LINE.

Leaving Time from Holy Cross.	Leaving Time from Baden Station.
8:55 A. M.	9:45 A. M.
9:50 "	10:30 "
10:30 "	11:15 "
11:10 "	12:00 P. M.
12:30 P. M.	1:15 "
1:10 "	1:45 "
1:50 "	2:15 "
2:30 "	3:00 "
3:10 "	3:40 "
3:50 "	4:20 "
4:30 "	5:00 "
5:10 "	5:40 "
5:50 "	6:00 "

## STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

### TIME CARD.

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

## POST OFFICE.

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

## MAILS ARRIVE.

From the	A. M.	P. M.
North	9:40	3:30
South	10:20	3:50

## MAIL CLOSURES.

No.	South	9:10 a. m.
No. 14	North	9:30 a. m.
No. 13	North	2:40 p. m.
No. 6	North	3:05 p. m.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday, in Grace Church, Morning Services at 11 a. m. two Sundays in each month, and Evening Services at 7:30 p. m. two Sundays in each month, alternating. See local column. Sunday School at 9:15 p. m. Regular Choir practice every Friday evening at 7:45 p. m.

## MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.  
Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Brewery Hall.

## DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

## EPITOME OF RECORDS.

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

DEEDS.	
Andrew Melrose and wife to Antonio Alves, 4 acres.	\$1
Michael O'Hanlon and wife to E. F. Fitzpatrick, Lots 8 and 17, Block 19.	60
Albert Freyer and wife to Marcus J. A. Spoorer and Jerome E. Bilzer, Lots 13, 14 and 15, east side of Main street, Redwood City; also Lots 4, 5 and 6, Block 17 Sweeney's Addition.	10
E. E. Mastick and wife to D. O. Miller, 42.36 acres, San Bruno.	10
Bowie Estate Company to Frederick Haggert, lots 5 and 12, block 20, Western Addition to San Mateo.	10
O. B. Sturtevant to Frank A. Roberts, lot 19, Bellevue Tract.	10
Ginspepe Massante to Domenico Conte, one-fifth of lot 6, block 15, City Extension Homestead.	100
M. F. Gale to A. W. Gale, lot 22, block B, Edgar Mills Tract, Menlo Park.	100
Frank A. Roberts to James E. White, 10.80 acres, Bellevue Tract.	10
John W. Hansbrough, et ux, to Marianne G. Martin, lot 17, block 12, South San Francisco.	10
MORTGAGES.	
Charles A. Aigeltinger and wife to George P. Ellis, 30 acres.	\$150
Louis P. Malley and wife to L. G. Harrier, Part of block 71, Abbey Homestead.	150
Marcus J. A. Spoorer et al. to Frederick Haggert, lots 17, 14 and 15, Redwood City; also lots 4, 5, and 6, block 17, Sweeney's Addition; also personal property Eureka Brewery.	\$14,000
W. H. Howard to Savings and Loan Society, property in Burlingame.	\$25,000
Annie O'Brien to August Vetter and Clement Knowles, lots 1, 2, 3 and 32, block 1.	500
Aaron Doud to Security Savings Bank, 21 acres, Bowman Tract.	5,000
Geo. Gomezes and wife to Guillaume Cereses, 20 acres.	6,286
A. J. McGinnis and wife to Levy Bros., lots 1, 10, 11 and 12, block 15, Spanish town.	1,500
Frank N. Langley to Wellington E. Orton, 399.50 acres.	2,000

If a fowl has a bilious look, with alternate attacks of dysentery and costiveness, it is suffering from liver complaint. A lack of grit, over-feeding, and idleness will cause this trouble.

## PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

### Important Information Gathered Around the Coast.

#### ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

##### A Summary of Late Events That Are Boiled Down to Suit our Busy Readers.

Leonard W. Mead has been appointed postmaster at Bolosa, Orange county.  
Los Angeles is making elaborate preparations to celebrate California's golden jubilee.  
Captain Hall, the Superintendent of the Leroy mine at Roseland, Washington, was killed in an accident.  
The Moline plow works of Moline, Ill. is to establish a Pacific Coast distributing agency at Stockton.  
The pack of salmon on this coast in 1897, is estimated at 2,929,200 cases, against about 2,300,000 cases in 1896.  
Henry Marvin of San Jose beat his room-mate, A. E. Brown over the head with a pistol the other night and then robbed him of \$390.  
Chester Bethel, an aged pioneer, died recently in Santa Rosa. He was a prominent Odd Fellow, and at one time resided at San Jose.  
Two avalanches recently swept down Chilcoot Pass, Alaska, burying a newly-constructed tramway and many tons of provisions and miners' supplies.  
The South Pacific and the Oregon Railway and Navigation Companies have decided to advance passenger rates by rail and water between San Francisco and Portland.  
D. D. Brooks of San Jose has sued the Southern Pacific Company for \$20,660 damages. He was struck by a box car while crossing the company's track and seriously injured.  
The Board of Supervisors of San Francisco have decided to refuse to interfere with the quality of illuminating gas that is furnished to the rate payers of San Francisco.  
William J. Preston, aged 17 years, who had his right shoulder terribly mangled by the accidental discharge of a gun while hunting, died a few days ago at his home in Santa Clara.  
A new railroad from Kramer on the Atlantic and Pacific into the Randsburg mining district, has been opened. The connecting railroads have joined in the granting of a through freight tariff.  
Two fifty-ton, eight-wheel, fast-freight engines have arrived for the San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley railroad, and will be used to handle the increased freight traffic of the road.  
The new board of directors of the San Diego chamber of commerce has organized by electing R. A. Thomas president; R. V. Dodge, vice-president; George W. Marston, second vice-president.  
A whole family by the name of Menke were poisoned near Sacramento by eating potatoes that had been touched by a preparation used for killing rats. Mrs. Menke will probably die from its effects.  
H. R. Coleman, the former librarian of the Mercantile Library, in San Francisco, who has been displaced in favor of Miss Ina D. Coolbrith, has acknowledged that he is about \$2000 short in his accounts.  
The big Austrian twin-screw steamer Burma, which recently arrived in the San Francisco harbor, has been secured by John Rosenfeld's Sons, and will hereafter be used as a collier between Naniamo, B. C., and that city.  
Ore assaying \$5,672 in gold and \$90 in silver to the ton has been discovered two miles from Adams Springs, in Lake county, and the whole district is wildly excited. The discovery was made by Martin Stearns while digging a well on his Government claim.  
Henry Craemer has been sentenced at Seattle, Wash., to be hanged March 25th for the murder of Mrs. Phillip A. Muller and child. This is the third time that sentence of death has been passed on Craemer. Craemer's only hope now lies in Governor Rogers.  
A fire broke out in the upper gallery of the Columbia Theater building in San Francisco a few nights since, just before the time for the curtain to rise. An alarm was given quietly and the audience fled out without disorder. The total damage was about \$20,000.  
Nevada county's exhibit of mining products at the Golden Jubilee Fair, to be held at San Francisco, will include at least one hundred and fifty tons of gold-bearing ores and gravel, in addition to several hundred pounds' weight of nuggets, crystals and petrifications.  
As soon as fifty more boys are enlisted, the training ship Mohican will start from the port of San Francisco on a cruise around the world. One hundred and fifty boys are the necessary number. They are paid \$9 a month at the start and receive an out-fit valued at \$45.

## TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

### Condensed Telegraphic Reports of Late Events.

#### BRIEF SPARKS FROM THE WIRES.

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

The window glass factories at Alexandria, Va., employing 1200 men, have commenced work.  
The California and Eastern railway is to be extended 45 miles from Marvel, Nev., to Good Springs, opening a new mining country.  
It has been decided by the miners' convention at Columbus, Ohio, to ask for an advance of 10 cents per ton when the contract for next year is made.  
The three-masted schooner Crescent from Philadelphia with 80,000 cases of kerosene, is reported as missing. She has not been heard of since last April.  
The Supreme Court of St. Paul, Minn., holds that a wife has no dower right in the real estate of her husband which has been turned over to an assignee under the insolvent law of the State.  
Rice Banks, a negro at Tuskalooza, Alabama, has confessed assisting to murder Lon Wilson, a wealthy merchant in Hole county twelve years ago. He claims Wilson's three nephews are equally guilty.  
James R. McCowne, a Justice of the Peace and prominent citizen of Bedford, Iowa, who shot and killed his divorced wife while trying to obtain possession of their children, has shot and killed himself.  
Leo Von Rosenberg, a mining expert representing a large Australian syndicate, has been in this section around Prescott, Ariz. several days examining large mining property with a view to purchasing the same.  
Dr. Nicholas of Dubuque, Iowa, has invented a range finder for ascertaining distances on sea or land, but intended especially to guide gunners in naval combat. The instrument will measure any distance up to 19,000 yards.  
The cotton spinners in New Bedford, Mass., have voted to resist a reduction of wages and a general strike in the mills of the northern States is expected; 50,000 persons are likely to go on strike and no less than 300,000 will be affected.  
Lombardy, the home of John T. Brush, the baseball magnate, three miles east of Indianapolis, Ind., has been gutted by fire. The house was of unique architecture, built of stone and cost about \$35,000. The loss is estimated at \$20,000.  
Major Moses P. Handy died recently at Augusta, Georgia, where he had been ill for some weeks. He was Commissioner-General of the United States for the Paris Exposition of 1900. He was taken ill at Paris last fall and returned to America in bad health.  
At Hahnville, a town thirty miles north of New Orleans, there was a triple hanging. William Morris, George and Louis Richards, all negroes, were executed for the murder of Louis Ziegler, peddler. Richards confessed to seven murders since '49.  
Fire destroyed the Rehkof & Sons' collar factory at Paducah, Ky., entailing a loss of \$50,000, with only \$4,000 of insurance. Charles Dillon, a fireman, was caught under falling walls and fatally injured. The fire broke out in the building in which the straw used in lining the collars was stored.  
A special to the Detroit, Mich., News, from Niles, that State, says: Mrs. Katie Ammon of Vandalia Township, Cass county, and two minor heirs, over whom she has been appointed guardian, have fallen heir to a \$3,000,000 estate by the death of her aged uncle, Silas A. Trakos, a Jackson (Miss.) planter.  
The Northwestern Elevated Railroad Company, a corporation engaged in building an elevated railway in Chicago, has begun an action against the Chicago Daily News for alleged libel, laying damages at \$500,000. The suit grows out of an editorial printed in the Daily News on December 31st criticizing the methods of the projectors of the road.  
Butte and Montana generally will help to swell the Klondike movement in the spring to the extent of several thousand persons at least, if the inquiries made daily at the railroad offices are any indication. Both the Northern Pacific and Great Northern are making arrangements to meet the travel westward, which is expected to begin early in the spring.  
The Worshipful Grand Master of Masons of New York State has issued an edict directing the dissolution of relations with the Grand Lodge of Peru because the latter has excluded the Bible and ordered the word Bible stricken out of its rituals. This, according to the New York Grand Master, is "laying violent and profane hands upon a great light in masonry" and is equivalent to committing Masonic suicide.

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## J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

## FRANK MINER,

Contractor FOR

Grading and Teaming-work

OF ALL KINDS.

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

ORDERS SOLICITED.

Office and Stables, Lux Avenue, South San Francisco, Cal.

## The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,

BADEN, CAL.

This is the Only Store

SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;

Boots and Shoes;

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;

Crockery and Agate Ware;

Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hav, Grain and Feed. \*\* \*\*

Wood and Coal. \*\* \*\* \*\*

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Moderate Charges. Prompt Service.

LINDEN AVENUE,

Between Armour and Juniper Avenues

Leave Orders at Postoffice.

## I. GOLDTREE & CO.,

### Commission Brokers,

(Casserley's Seven-Mile House.)

SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL.

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

## PIONEER GROCERY

GEORGE KNEESE

Groceries and Merchandise Generally.

Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

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

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

GEO. KNEESE,

206 GRAND AVENUE.

## J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

GROCERIES,

HARDWARE,

BOOTS & SHOES

CROCKERY,

MEN'S CLOTHING

ETC., ETC., ETC.

Free Delivery.

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

Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

Corner Grand and San Bruno Ave.

They may fight against Santa Claus, but this is a yarn that will never be worsted.

A device has been invented to black shoes by electricity. Possibly some adaptation of the Brush system.

So far as wheat represents the farmer's grasp of the plow, he is still a big shareholder in the country's wealth.

Prof. de Morgan asserts that Adam was a Chinaman. Did he get the queue to that discovery in the Biblical account of creation?

Every now and then a European country steps forward and makes it clear that it will not stand much provocation from any country except Turkey.

Three hundred Western towns are said to be under the curfew law. And yet, by the time they're men and women the boys and girls affected will be melting the bell into latchkeys all the same.

"A woman," said Euripides, "should be good for everything at home, but abroad good for nothing." The unbalanced women who make a practice of attending murder trials satisfy at least one of these requirements.

It is now explained that the German Emperor treated the Haytiens so harshly because he wanted to teach them some manners. The thoroughness of the instruction is beyond question, but in Port au Prince the opinion prevails that the tuition fee was outrageously high.

A medical authority asserts that "so long as a scorcher breathes through his nose instead of his mouth there is no danger." But how is a pedestrian to know when a scorcher bears down in his direction at top speed whether the fellow is breathing through his nose or not?

The old Arabian tales, of mischief done by evil spirits that had been confined in jars and vials, are full of meaning yet. A party of hoodlums in Windsor, Nova Scotia, released the demon imprisoned in a bottle of whisky. Result: Half a town destroyed by fire, and 3,000 persons made homeless.

Southern journals are discussing with earnestness the propriety of establishing a system of Federal quarantine as a more effective safeguard against the spread of contagious diseases than either local or State regulation. In fighting an enemy which takes no cognizance of city limits or State lines it is best to oppose it with an authority equally unscrupulous in the extent of its operations.

In butter-making, how far can the cow be from the churn? Certain New Zealand dairy farmers have given a practical answer to the question. They have made a successful experimental shipment of frozen cream to London, where it was churned, and the fresh butter was put on the market. A company is forming to carry out the idea on a large scale.

A striking illustration of one of the changes that have taken place in the history of the fact that a posse of Cheyenne Indians has been trailing a band of white train robbers in the West. Probably the red men have overtaken the paleface outlaws by this time and caused them to meditate on the sometimes queer reversal of situations through the advancement of civilization.

Patriotism in China is sometimes displayed in a peculiarly wise and practical way. If a wealthy man wishes to do something to benefit the district in which he lives, he gives it a carefully built road. Mrs. Bishop, the well-known traveler, passed over some remarkable "highways of commerce," cut through the rock in mountain passes, scaffolded over rivers and carried through galleries in which were tablets in honor of the giver of the road.

The young Queen of Holland is learning a lesson common to human experience—that the solitude which surrounds us is, as often as not, a sad bar to pleasure. The Privy Council of Holland have agreed that Wilhelmina must not ride a bicycle. Ideas of propriety have not been given as a reason. She, in all likelihood, would combat those. But it has been gravely announced that the life of one so precious and so necessary to her subjects must not be endangered. And all this is after the Queen has learned to ride and knows the fun of it.

It is truly singular that the slaughter of a few hundred or thousand seals on and near the shores of far-away Alaska should get this and several other large nations into what looks much like a quarrel, while campaigns of extermination, now in progress right here at home, and involving interests vastly more important, create no excitement at all. For what is the value of every seal alive compared with that of our rapidly disappearing forests? As one cent to a thousand dollars, perhaps, and yet the work of devastation is going on at a rate so rapid that the end is already in plain sight.

It would seem that one of the chief cares of schools and colleges would be that students should learn to speak correctly. The mental drill that accompanies the study of language is invaluable.

Me. Of course, it is easy to say that there are many things in life more important than correct speaking. This is true, but as a nation we are old enough to have acquired not merely the essentials, but some of the graces as well. In other words, it is time we were adding to our common schooling evidences of culture. And one of the most indisputable of these is correct speech.

The dual monarchy, Austria-Hungary, is passing through a parliamentary and constitutional crisis of a serious character. There exists between the two States which constitute the monarchy an "Ausgleich," or compact, which regulates their relations and fixes their respective contributions to common expenditures. This compact runs for ten years, and expires the present year. An ineffectual attempt has been made by Austria to secure a new adjustment of the financial burdens of the common government so that Hungary should bear a larger portion than formerly. As a compromise, it is proposed to renew the Ausgleich for a year on the old terms; and the Hungarian Reichstag has passed a bill for that purpose.

James B. Angell, the United States Minister to Constantinople, has renewed our demand for indemnity because of losses suffered by American missionaries in Armenia. The Porte has continued to meet the demand with the declaration that it is not responsible for the losses because they grew out of a revolutionary movement. Minister Angell insists on Turkey's responsibility because its troops participated in the outrages. Turkey replies that the troops were suppressing the revolution and that the missionaries and their property happened to be in the way. The chances are that this kind of discussion will continue for some time before any indemnity is forthcoming. A surer way of getting it doubtless would be that which Germany has adopted in connection with other similar outrages in China.

Most of the many and serious troubles that have occurred in the coal mining regions of Pennsylvania in recent years have been directly chargeable to the excessive greed of the mine owners. In order to get cheap labor they imported a squalid mass of ignorance and poverty. In order to still further cheapen labor they have, in plain violation of the State laws, maintained company stores and virtually compelled the miners to get their family supplies thereat. The law declares, in the plainest terms, that no coal mining employer shall own or be interested in a company or partnership store. In some instances, the employees are not permitted to save a dollar, and many of them are kept constantly in debt at stores where they are compelled to expend their money if they would assure continued employment. This is slavery, and it is little better than that "peculiar institution" which once flourished in the Southern States. It is true that the coal operators cannot buy and sell human beings, and in that respect their victims have the advantage over the slaves that worked on the Southern plantations. But the masters of the blacks were obliged to feed, clothe, and shelter the feeble and helpless, and this obligation does not attach to the mine owners. Such liberty as belongs to the men, who are kept in debt by manipulation of book accounts, is a sham. They cannot get means to move their families if they desire to break away from bondage. And if they could go to other mines where that kind of slavery does not exist, they would get no employment, because they had left unpaid debts.

A pamphlet has been prepared for use in the schools of a New England town, which reverses the usual method of teaching history, and begins with the town itself. It describes the town geographically in its relations to neighboring communities. It describes the geological formation of the area which the town covers. It tells briefly the story of its settlement and early history, points out noteworthy buildings, and gives an account of the services of its citizens. Then it describes the methods of town government, shows what officers are chosen to carry on the town affairs, and what each one does, and tells how taxes are raised and spent, and how money is borrowed for town uses. The pupil who learns what is in this little book will have at least the rudiments of local history, local geography and local government. He will gain clearer ideas of the relation of things and men around him to the State and nation, and of the relation of present conditions to those that are past. Usually history and government and similar subjects are taught through general statements and principles. There is an obvious advantage in beginning with what is near at hand, for the pupil's own observations stimulate his curiosity and interest. In another way, such instruction as this which is attempted in Brookline may be useful. One of the greatest needs of the time is a higher standard of citizenship. It is in town or city administration that questions of government come closest to the individual citizen; yet it is these usually in which least interest is taken. If some knowledge of these matters be early imparted in the schools, the voters of the next generation should take a keener interest in local government, and should be better equipped to deal with its problems.

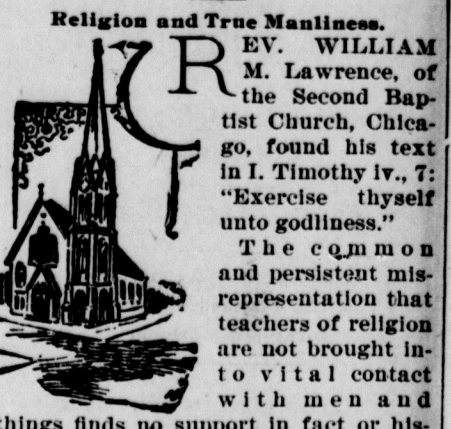
Compensation. She—"I'm sorry to hear you've lost your patient, Dr. Jones." He—"But he was ill a long, long time!"—Punch.

There is room for everybody in this big world, but we can't all have front rooms.

OUR SUNDAY SERMONS

A FEW SUBJECTS FOR ALL TO PONDER OVER.

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



Religion and True Manliness. REV. WILLIAM M. LAWRENCE, of the Second Baptist Church, Chicago, found his text in I. Timothy iv., 7: "Exercise thyself unto godliness."

The common and persistent misrepresentation that teachers of religion are not brought into vital contact with men and things finds no support in fact or history. Paul drew his illustrations from those things in which men were interested and the preacher of to-day does not secularize his pulpit by enforcing truth through those things in which people take an interest.

"Athletics in Paul's day was the religion of the people to whom he went as missionary. Their highest ideals were those of physical faultlessness and they expressed these either in pictures or in statues, or, as the common people much preferred, disclosed them in the Grecian games of running and wrestling. It was not simply to get the best of man by any means, but to exhibit as a matter of religion the perfection of manhood. They worshipped man. To prevent corruption the rewards were not of value materially—a crown of leaves—but for this honor men would run great risks. "Paul does not say in this text that these contests amount to nothing in any sense, but he does say that when we take into consideration the real ideal of religion and the real ideal of the nature of man they amount to but little. No man in the games was crowned unless he strived lawfully, and no man can hope for success in religious life unless he address himself to this work in all the seriousness of his soul. Pity it is that man will work with all his might for the thing that is to last here only. If he will give himself to religion as he does to his athletics, as he does to his business, he will find that he is a better man here and a happier man hereafter. "No lesson needs to be learned more completely to-day than this and no lesson is more neglected than this. Nothing can save our commerce, our athletics, our society from degeneration unless we place all these things second and make the mind and heart first."

The Lord's Prayer. Thou to the mercy-seat our souls dost gather.

To do our duty unto thee—OUR FATHER. To whom all praise, all honor, should be given, For thou art the great God WHO ART IN HEAVEN; Thou, by thy wisdom, rulest the world's whole frame, Forever, therefore, HALLOWED BE THY NAME. Let never more delay divide us from Thy glorious grace, but let THY KINGDOM COME; Let thy commands opposed be by none, But thy good pleasure and THY WILL BE DONE, And let our promptness to obey be even The very same IN EARTH, AS IT IS IN HEAVEN.

Then for our souls, O Lord, we also pray Thou wouldst be pleased to GIVE US THIS DAY The food of life, wherewith our souls are fed, Sufficient raiment, and OUR DAILY BREAD; With every needful thing do thou relieve us, And of thy mercy pity AND FORGIVE US.

All our misdeeds, for Him who thou dost please To make an offering for OUR TRESPASSES; And forasmuch, O Lord, as we believe That thou wilt pardon us AS WE FORGIVE, Let that love teach, wherewith thou dost acquaint us, To pardon all THOSE WHO TRESPASS AGAINST US; And though, sometimes, thou findest we have forgot This love for thee, yet help, AND LEAD US NOT Through soul or body's want to desperation, Nor let earth's gain drive us INTO TEMPTATION; Let not the soul of any true believer Fall in the time of trial, BUT DELIVER Ye save them from the malice of the devil, And both in life and death keep US FROM EVIL.

Thus pray we, Lord, for that of thee, from whom This may be had, FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, This world is of thy work, its wondrous story, To thee belongs THE POWER AND THE GLORY, And all thy wondrous works have ended never, But will remain forever and FOREVER. Thus we poor creatures would confess again, And would say eternally, AMEN.

The Bright Side. The habit of looking at the bright side of things is a good one and is worth a great deal to each one who cultivates it. Certainly one should not cultivate the habit of looking on the dark side, especially when he must draw on his forebodings and apprehensions for a victim of that dark side, and thus see not only what does not exist but what may never exist. God promises grace for each time of need, but not for each time of worry and anxiety. He promises to be with His people

when they pass through the fire, but He does not promise to extinguish the fire before it has been lighted. He says that when His people pass through the waters they shall not overflow them, and we ought to be satisfied with that. If we trust in God the disasters we dread most will never come, or if they do, He will change the disaster into benediction.

Is Its Faith Mirrored There? This prayer which follows is not a relic of mediaeval superstition from a Romanist ritual. Neither is it brought as a queer specimen of the rude forms of worship which might be forgivable in a Christian people lately redeemed from barbarism. No, it is a part of the Easter service held last year in the Church of St. Alban, Protestant Episcopal, located in London, which is supposed to be the seat of modern power and culture. Does this prayer represent the faith of the state church of Anglo-Saxon England?

"Vouchsafe, we beseech thee, to bless and hallow this image made in honored memory of the most blessed Virgin Mary, mother of our Lord Jesus Christ, and grant that whosoever shall before it endeavor suppliantly to venerate and honor the most Blessed Virgin may by her merits and prayers obtain grace in this present time and eternal glory in the world to come."—Ram's Horn.

The Bible First. Whatever other books you read or neglect to read, let me entreat you to give yourselves thoroughly and systematically to the mastery of that which is the oldest, the greatest and the best of all—the Bible. Our literature owes more to it than to any other, and however literary we may be, we shall only enjoy it the more. Here are the earliest histories, the noblest lyrics, the loftiest philosophy, the most honest biographies, and the most earnest letters that were ever penned. And besides these other attractions here is the portraiture of perfect life, the exposition of true religion, and the proclamation of the only atonement for the sins of men. Other books are trees of knowledge, bearing a mixture of good and evil on their branches; this is the tree of life, whose very leaves are for the healing of the nations.—William M. Taylor.

Should Grow from Within. "We have learned to our cost that, when we have too persistently to coax infant churches into existence, they have afterward spent most of their time in coaxing us to keep them alive," said Rev. M. J. Savage at the Unitarian conference, and he has put into words the thought and experience of many active church workers. Too often missionary work begins at the wrong end. A building can be erected by outside help; a church must grow from within. Putting the most modern harvester into an untilled field will not insure grain. True missionary work consists in encouraging and fostering the natural growth of movements into a life that has vitality and vigor enough to look after its own shelter.—Christian Leader.

Be a Good Samaritan. Like the good Samaritan, Trav'ling on through life, Bind up wounded, bleeding hearts Falling in the strife. There are poor folks all around. Help them in their need. Do it kindly, never ask What's their sect or creed?

Like the good Samaritan, In the hour of need, Clothe the naked, heal the sick And the hungry feed. Souls are dying at your door, Listen to their cry; Tell them of a Saviour's love, Do not pass them by.

Like the good Samaritan, Do not count the cost, Kindness done in Jesus' name, Never can be lost. Love the Lord with all thy heart, Love your neighbor, too, Do it all for Jesus' sake, He who died for you.

Bits of Things. Never think that God's delays are God's denials. Hold on, hold fast, hold out. Patience is genius.—Buffon.

Improve not merely by reading and thinking, but by acting, and let action give points to books, and life add fire to thought.

The saying that "all things come to those who wait" is not strictly true, but failure is certain to come if we do nothing but wait.

True sympathy rejoices in the hopes and happiness of the joyous, while it shares with the sorrowful their cares and sorrows.

Religion cannot pass away. Be not disturbed by infidelity. Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars, but the stars are there and will reappear.—Thomas Carlyle.

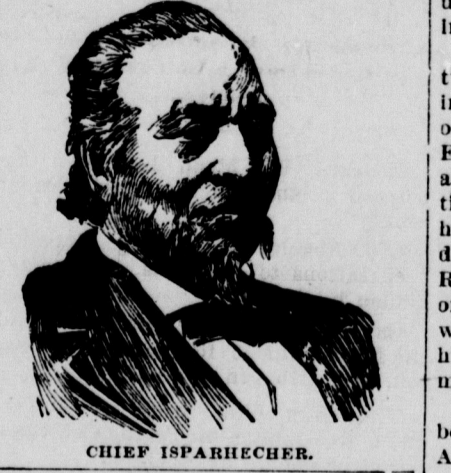
Bishop Brooks seldom put into smaller compass a weightier truth than when he said: "Prayer is not conquering God's reluctance, but laying hold upon God's willingness." Our own reluctance to accept God's will has often to be conquered before we can be brought into right relations with the Father.

"Surely the Captain may depend on me" may not be the best thing to say before others, but, rightly meant, it is a noble self-commitment. Dependable people—their price is above rubies. The world would be a dreary place, if there were not some Christians who need no prodding nor watching, who can be told and then trusted. A wise old Roman once said, "I do not like a soldier who moves his hands in marching and his feet in battle." Gideon's first enlistment was not worth much, but there were at least three hundred (kernels of wheat in the chaff) dependable men. To be a last-edition Gideonite is an ambition worth having and worth realizing.—Sunday School Times

STATESMAN OF THE CREEKS.

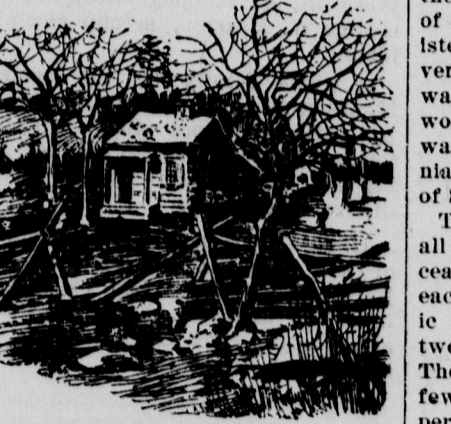
Isparhecher, Chief of the Nation, and His Long Career.

One of the most remarkable full-blooded Indians now living is Isparhecher, chief of the Cherokees. There are probably other public men among the Five Nations who are more learned than he, and while most of them have a portion of white blood in them, yet none may be compared to him as a statesman. Not a drop of any other blood flows through his veins save that of the Creek Indians, and his integrity has never been questioned. Isparhecher was born in the old Creek Nation, in Alabama, more than seventy years ago, and when quite young went west with the Creeks. Little was heard of him from that time until the civil war, when he enlisted in



the Federal army, and became a member of the Indian Home Guards. He served until the close of the war, when he returned home and at once became the acknowledged leader of what was known as the Loyal Creek party, which was the name given to those Creek Indians who refused to join the Confederacy. After his return home, Isparhecher was elected as judge of one of the district courts of the Creek Nation and held the position until 1883, when Sam Checotah, one of his bitterest enemies, was elected chief of the Creek Nation, and Isparhecher was removed from office. He believed that he had been unjustly dealt with, and, gathering his forces, he attempted the overthrow of the Creek government. At the head of about 500 men, with the Stars and Stripes as their banner, he marched through the Creek Nation, and but for the timely intervention of the United States troops, would doubtless have taken possession of the capital of the nation. This insurrection is known throughout the Creek Nation as the "Isparhecher War." Soon after this war Isparhecher was elected as chief justice of the Supreme Court of the Creek Nation, which position he held until he was elected chief of the nation in 1895, over the combined opposition of the Porter and Perryman parties. He is strictly honest and has unearthed a number of frauds in the Creek Nation since he was elected chief.

Isparhecher is six feet tall and weighs about 200 pounds. He knows nothing of the English language. His home is situated twenty miles west of Okmulgee, and is located between two mountains, three-quarters of a mile off the main road. He has no children and lives with his wife, a full-blooded Creek Indian, in a little box house 14x 16 feet, with a small shed-room in the back and a porch in front. His humble dwelling is inclosed with a rail fence and the yard is adorned with a few cedar trees. There in his humble way he entertains his friends in true



THE HOME OF ISPARHECHER.

Indian style and with true Indian hospitality. Not far from the house is the barn and orchard, and a small farm, all of which is presided over by his faithful wife.

Isparhecher is working to consolidate the five civilized tribes into one Indian government preparatory to their being admitted into the Union as a State.

Paving Stones of Grass. Paving blocks made of meadow grass are now manufactured. Their inventor was a clergyman, and the meadow grass, impregnated with oil, tar and resin, is pressed into blocks and finally bound with iron straps. The advantages claimed for these blocks are that they are noiseless and elastic, resist heat and wear well and are impervious to heat and cold.

Steam Power. The steam power of the world may be reckoned as equivalent to the strength of 1,000 millions of men, which is more than twice the number of workmen existing.

It would keep a half-dozen harvesting machines busy gathering in the crop of wild oats sown by some young men.

A decided blonde is a fair-haired woman who always insists upon having her own way.

One of the most disgusting sights in the world is another fellow on a tandem with your best girl. It is always well to obtain what one desires, but it is better to desire only what one can readily obtain.

AN ENOCH ARDEN STORY.

Forty-Six Years Husband and Wife Thought Each Other Dead.

The death at Guinda, in Yolo County, of Peter Rhoads, a veteran of both the Mexican and civil wars, has brought to light a remarkable and pathetic romance such as is seldom found elsewhere than in the pages of fiction.

Fifty-one years ago Rhoads went to the army, leaving behind a young wife. During his absence a soldier of the same company in which Rhoads had enlisted returned and reported that Rhoads had been killed. Mrs. Rhoads immediately went to live with her family in another State, and with them removed from place to place until she married again several years subsequently. At the end of the war Rhoads returned only to find that his wife had disappeared, and a report was current in the community that she had died.

For forty-six years neither of the two was aware that the other was living. Five years ago they found each other in Capay Canyon, in this county. Each had been remarried in the interim and each had been bereaved a second time. But for some reason which they have chosen to keep to themselves they did not again live together. So that Rhoads passed away in his own home, only as near neighbor to the woman who in reality had never ceased to be his wife. Mrs. Rhoads was the chief mourner at the old man's bier.

The deceased was a soldier as a mere boy, leaving home first to join the American forces in the Black Hawk war. In 1846 he enlisted for the Mexican war, and in 1861 was one of the Lincoln volunteers against the Confederacy.

He had his wounds and his war illnesses, but nothing could make him suffer so much as the romances of his affection. He married in Texas before the outbreak of the war with Mexico, and only left his wife to take up arms because the impulse of patriotism was irresistible. He fought all through the long campaign with faith that he would return and find her waiting for him. The grief of her disappearance he endured only because he had learned how to suffer. The neighbors said that she had moved away to her family in Illinois, and that she had been gone but a short time when she was taken ill and died.

It was two or three years before Rhoads married again, but after becoming the father of two sons he lost his second wife. That took place at about the time of the firing on Sumter. Rhoads, once more stricken with grief, took advantage of the opportunity to divert his mind by again enlisting. He served until the battle of Shiloh and then was compelled to retire to the hospital with some chronic illness. He was honorably discharged and returned to his former home at St. Joseph, Mo.

There he might have lived and died without ever knowing that his first wife was still living, but for the fact that a former resident of the Missouri county in which Rhoads made his home drifted out to California and became a postmaster at Guinda.

While acting in this capacity he was amazed to discover among the frequent callers at the office a woman whom he soon identified as the former Mrs. Rhoads. Upon making inquiry he learned that she was living with a daughter, the same who had been born to her not long after Rhoads' departure for the Mexican war, but of whose existence Rhoads had never been made aware.

Postmaster Black at once apprised the daughter, who is Mrs. F. S. Arnold, of Capay, of her father's probable existence in Missouri. Mrs. Arnold advertised in the Missouri papers, and was gladdened within a short time by word of his exact whereabouts. Rhoads was easily induced to start for California. He arrived in Capay on the 10th of September, five years ago.

The meeting of the old couple, who in all the years of separation had never ceased to cherish loving memories of each other, was too strange and pathetic for description. What passed between them they have never revealed. The public knows only that within a few days Rhoads was installed in a permanent home not far from that occupied by Mrs. Arnold. They had decided not to reunite by legal bonds. That they had never been married was known only to members of the family. Postmaster Black and a few trusted friends. They passed as two old friends.

Rhoads filed a homestead claim in the valley two years ago, and endeavored to take good care of it. But some time in July a fire broke out in the underbrush, and in trying to check it he was almost fatally suffocated. From that time he gradually lost strength until he died.

Two sons of Rhoads by the second marriage are supposed to be living in Oregon. The original Mrs. Rhoads was married twice, once to a John Dennis and then to Nathan Palmer, in this city, in 1883. Four children survive the marriage with Dennis and are now residents of Capay Valley.—San Francisco Call.

Not True to Nature. Mr. Upton (reading)—A prominent artist recently painted some cobwebs on his ceiling so realistic that the servant girl was overcome with an attack of nervous prostration trying to sweep them down.

Mrs. Upton—I don't believe there is a word of truth in that article.

Mr. Upton—Why not, dear? There are any number of artists capable of executing work like that.

Mrs. Upton—That may be true, but there never was such a servant girl.

Bargain Hunting. Mrs. Hunter—I've been down-town all afternoon and feel awfully tired. Mr. Hunter—Undoubtedly, my dear, you do look rather shop-worn.

**SEE-WHIZ.**

At every motion of his body or limbs he said, "See-whiz." If he raised his arm or crooked his elbow, or when he got up or sat down or bent over, if he bent his knee or turned his head, he said "See-whiz." See-whiz was his way of expressing vexation and trouble, and he had his peck of it. Thousands do as he had done and have bushels of it. He simply did a very foolish thing. He took off his coat at the wrong time and in the wrong place. The time was when he was overheated and the place just where a cold draft struck him. He woke in the morning with soreness and stiffness from head to foot. If he had thought him of the right thing to do, as most men do, he would have gotten a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil and rubbed it over his body. Use it on going to bed and you'll wake up, open your eyes and say, "See-whiz!" the soreness and stiffness are gone.

**The Oldest Maiden Lady.**

Philadelphia has the oldest maiden lady in the United States. Her name is Miss Mary Ann Crothers, and she is 104 years old. She goes up and down stairs alone and up till nine years ago walked half a mile to church and back every Sunday. She has been a coffee drinker all her life and is and always has been specially fond of candy. She refuses to tell why she never has married, but asserts that it is not because she had no opportunity.

It is estimated that during the present century no less than 30,000,000 civilized men have perished.

**ECONOMY IN BUYING SEEDS.**

Economy is not paying less money for a thing than you expected to pay. True economy is good management, and about the worst management is a farmer can be guilty of is to buy cheap seeds and thus cut the value of his crops in half—or worse. A stream cannot flow higher than its source, and a crop cannot be any better than its seed. Real seed economy is buying seeds that bear the stamp of a house that is known to be reliable; then the planter is absolutely sure that he gets what he wants and what he pays for. In every part of the country dealers sell the absolutely reliable seeds of D.M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, Mich., which have given uniform good results for the last 22 years. Ferry's Illustrated Seed Annual for 1898, containing information that no farmer or gardener can afford to be without, can be sent free to anyone making application to the firm.

**AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.**

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

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

The amusements offered to the public in the past meetings of the California Jockey Club have been far in excess of their expectations. In view of the fact that its management has the personal attention of its general secretary, Mr. F. H. Green, who is qualified to satisfy the lovers of equine sport in securing the best-bred running stock to fill the daily programmes and please the visitors at the Ingleside race-course, which has been so liberally patronized during their past meetings, and will continue for two consecutive weeks, beginning January 24, till February 5th, inclusive, visitors from the interior should visit these beautiful grounds, which are superior to any in these United States.

My doctor said I would die, but Pisco's Cure for Consumption cured me.—Amos Kelnor, Cherry Valley, Ill., Nov. 23, '96.

**MONEY... FOR YOU**

If you plant our new Vineless Bush Yam Potatoes and get the earliest, largest, sweetest and most productive known. Postpaid 30c per pound, by express, not prepaid 15c. Send for large catalogue of 30 seed novelties with testimonials from all over the Union, and large starting package of our new home grown Coffee which costs only 2c. a pound to raise and two crops a year in the south. Special Prices to Agents who make \$2.00 TO \$5.00 A DAY selling this wonderful seed. Address: THE WESTERN NOVELTY SEED CO., BUCKNER, MO.

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**RAM'S HORN BLASTS.**

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

The sweetest flower of the gospel is charity. Some guns kick; revenge is one of them. "No man can help his belief." Unless he has brains. A poor picture is not helped by being put in a good light. The dullest man has in him something original. It is sin. The man is usually in the right who owns himself in the wrong. In religious controversy ferocity is not the only sign of fidelity. For a certain class of minds, infidelity is the hall-mark of genius. The waters of Lethe drown the past; the blood of Jesus cleanses it. He who casts stones at others, makes of himself a target for their return. For an epitaph: "He believed in a free gospel; it never cost him a cent." "Christianity is all very well, but a man must live." Yes, to all eternity. The confession of past folly may be only the profession of present wisdom. The thing that makes pessimism a failure to find in men what angels possess.

Take care of Number One, but take care it is the right one—the soul, not the body.

Who would refuse the offer of eternal life, if he could put a mortgage on it?

Encyclopaedias have to be re-written every ten years; the old Bible is still up to date.

Temple to Venus was erected on Calvary; it was the best the devil could do.

He who always complains of the clouds receives little of life's sunshine and deserves less.

The mind, like the lens, may be concave and scatter brain power or convex and concentrate it.

The man who denounces the existing order of things should speedily suggest some means of improvement.

When the X rays are so perfected as to reveal a man's thought, there will be a radical change in thinking.

St. John saw in heaven "a great multitude which no man could number," of what on earth are called "fools."

Giving an inspiration to another is like filling a lamp with oil, some time the light will brighten a dark corner.

It is the shadow on the dial that proves the sun is shining, so with our lives, affliction may show the presence of a Guiding Hand.

We are training ourselves here for what we shall be hereafter; accordingly, some spend the Lord's day worshipping; others, smoking.

**Kepler and Astrology.**

Kepler, the famous astronomer, an exact scholar, and brilliant mathematician, was obliged by the pinch of hunger to take up with prophecy, after the manner of Nostradamus, the physician and seer to Catherine de Medici. In a letter to a friend Kepler admitted that his peeps into futurity were nothing but "worthless conjectures." Yet he was forced to appeal to the level of his age, otherwise he must have starved. "The scanty rewards of an astronomer," said he, "would not provide me with bread, if men did not entertain hopes of reading the future in the heavens." Since the bad old days, however, astronomy has succeeded in obtaining a divorce from astrology and practical philosophers no longer advertise themselves as diviners of dreams.

**Candles Valuable in Bedrooms.**

No one who has not used candles for the bedroom can appreciate their value. The light is soft and there is no unpleasant, unhealthy odor, as there may be from gas or kerosene; nor the staring whiteness of the electric light. Lamps are pretty for the bedroom, but it is almost impossible to turn them out without leaving some odor in the room. But candles are for retiring only, when they furnish sufficient light. No room can be too light where a woman is dressing.

**A Cuban Enthusiast.**

This is how the editor of the Cordele (Ga.) Sentinel talks about the Cuban question: "Throw down the gage of battle to the bloody monster and let us be quick to crush the life out of the foul viper with liberty's heel. Let us hear the echo of Columbia's guns pouring her fiery missiles into Moro Castle; the lusty shouts of Cuba Libre, and then angels will make the welkin of heaven ring as they tune their harps to sweeter lays, and liberty will bow her white head to revive one more jewel in her crown. Est pro patria mori."

**Pigs Suckled by a Cow.**

Rufus D. Shupstring, a farmer, of Safford, Ala., noticed some time ago that one of his cows was not giving her usual quantity of milk, and, thinking that some of the negroes were milking the cow at night, he set out to watch her, when, to his surprise, he saw four pigs out of a litter of six sitting under the cow and enjoying an evening meal. He says the pigs were getting sleek and fat, while the cow has fallen off considerably.

Since the world was a baby, men have told women that they couldn't live without them, have become separated from them, and have died of old age.

The bashful lover is always in hot water while trying to break the ice.

Elbow grease is the essential oil of industry.

**STYLES IN TRIMMING.**

SKETCHES OF A HALF-DOZEN STYLISH GARMENTS.

Bodices Are Lace Trimmed—Blouse Waists Continue to Come, but in New Designs—Prompt Revival of a Recent Fashion.

Dame Fashion's Dictates. New York correspondence.

LACE is very seriously misinterpreted by the way fashionable women interpret the current styles. It is made up with hand embroidery into bibs and yokes, and in being thus disposed the lace and embroidery are cut shamefully, the idea being to display at once needle-work, design, lace and embroidery. But there is almost no need for this slaughter of fine nets. Very pretty fronts can be made—at home, if you like—without resorting to such foolishness. The one seen on the first pictured blouse was highly ornamental, yet it was embroidered white chiffon over white satin. Combined with other simple trimming it made a very pretty blouse of what was really a most unpretentious garment. The dress goods was merely a dark blue serge, the scalloped edges of revers, epaulettes and bodice were finished with black silk ribbon, and black braid ornaments appeared on the fronts.

Almost as strongly flavored with extravagance is the current trick for trimming fine gowns with white satin that is banded with rows of narrow black velvet. Inside labels are set on over jacket lapels, cuffs being made to match. A narrow fold of white satin follows the edge of the jacket where it

opens down the front to the belt, and this fold is banded with little lines of narrow black velvet ribbon, each bar ending in a loop of the ribbon. Panels are let in, glimpses of fronts show this black and white effect, and hats are also trimmed with black-banded white satin. Now and then other combinations are used. An example of this method of trimming was sketched in the second picture, though it was typical only in the nature of the trimming, whose design was silver gray velvet. It was close fitting, and the mauve bands were spangled richly with gold. The bands crossing the bust served as heading for a fall of rich lace that reached to the waist. Yoke and collar were also of the spangled stuff, and lace and velvet both plain and spangled were tastefully combined in the sleeves.

Blouse waists keep coming in new designs, despite the big number of them that have already appeared. The Russian models have been passed by the procession long ago. They are seen

in plenty and are all right out of doors, but it is too late to plan new garments of that cut. Indoors more elaborate-ness is wanted, and women are getting it, too, with variety as a highly desirable side issue. The ingenuity of designers of the bolero era is being equalled now, and the blouse is a better medium for showing it off than the bolero was. Though a half dozen blouses can be feebly expressed the current range of blouse waists and effects, yet there is considerable variety in the accompanying pictures. In the second one the blouse suggestion is but

faint, coming in a fall of lace that masks a tight bodice, while in others the bodice itself bags above the belt all around.

It is pronounced in the three models that are grouped. That at the left was made of scarlet satin. It had a plain scarlet yoke, but the collar was embroidered with black chenille. Other bands of the embroidery outlined the



PROMPT IN REVIVAL.

yoke, ran from yoke to hem of dress skirt with the princess pretence now so popular, and gave belt and cuffs. Below the yoke the plain scarlet material was arranged in deep pleats that overhung the belt. The blouse next to this was dark red cloth, and the trimming on shoulders, revers and fronts—also on skirt yoke—was a vermicelli pattern of embroidery done in black silk braid. Black cord frogs were placed below the revers. On the last of these three blouses there were



THREE OF THE NEW BLOUSES THAT ARE STILL APPEARING.

a black satin vest and an inserted satin panel at each side. Between waist and bust were several round-and-round bands of black and gold braid. The skirt to accompany this blouse was cut high enough to give the belt, and was trimmed at hips and hem to match the blouse.

Silk blouses beneath boleros were many in the days when two bodices out of every three had a bolero or a counterfeit of one. This period was so recent that, now these blouses are returning, they are not strongly marked with the characteristics of new fashions, and unless made up richly are not as attractive as newer forms of the blouse. But here is one in the concluding picture that was swaggar enough. The blouse itself was made of white gros grain and hung with even fullness over the belt at sides and back. It had a panel covered with heavy black lace, and was finished with a collar to match. Over this came a bolero of white velvet striped with pale green, and the two together made a very dressy bodice.

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**Not Tall Enough.**

Just at the time when vague reports were beginning to creep abroad that Germany was meditating fresh extension of her frontier at the expense of Holland, a Dutch official of high rank happened to be visiting the court of Berlin, and among other spectacles got up to amuse him a review was organized at Potsdam.

"What does your excellency think of our soldiers?" asked Prince Bismarck, as one of the regiments came marching past in admirable order.

"They look as if they knew how to fight," replied the visitor gravely, "but they are not quite tall enough."

The prince looked rather surprised, but made no answer, and several other regiments filed past in succession; but the Dutchman's verdict upon each was still the same: "Not tall enough."

At length the grenadiers of the guard made their appearance—a magnificent body of veterans, big and stalwart enough to have satisfied even the giant-loving father of Frederik the Great; but the inexorable critic merely said: "Fine soldiers, but not tall enough."

Then Prince Bismarck rejoined: "These grenadiers are the finest men in our whole army; may I ask what your excellency is pleased to mean by saying that they are not tall enough?"

"The Dutchman looked him full in the face, and replied with significant emphasis: "I mean that we can flood our country twelve feet deep."—London Tid-Bits.

First successful run of a locomotive, the Rocket, was over the "Rainhill trial course," George Stephenson being the engineer, in 1825.

**Miss Jane Addams.**

A number of Chicago clergymen are strongly urging Miss Jane Addams of Hull House in that city to become a regularly ordained minister. In speaking of the matter Miss Addams says: "I do not yet see the advantage to my work if I were ordained. I help preachers whenever they wish me to fill pulpits on Sunday, and this does not interfere with my work here. I have spoken at Jenkin Lloyd Jones' church. I have helped Dr. Thomas and others. I can do this any Sunday and am glad to be able to help. But I am not certain about the advantage to be gained if I were ordained a preacher."

**Miss Marion Hyndman.**

Miss Marion Hyndman, assistant editor of The Templar, Canada's prohibition weekly paper, is a young woman whose talents and efficiency have advanced her speedily. She entered the office of that paper a short time ago as stenographer in the correspondence department and was soon promoted to act as secretary for the editor, who was also general manager of a large fraternal insurance society. Miss Hyndman was made assistant editor a few months ago.

The Turk was originally a Tartar, with a nose as flat as that of the Hun, a receding chin and squint eyes, but amalgamation with the nations he has conquered has elevated his nose, straightened his eyes and brought his chin into a prominence more becoming than it was before.

**DESTRUCTIVE STORMS ALONG THE COAST.**

Reports of maritime disasters along the coast come in thick and fast. People who go down to the sea in ships' should bear in mind one thing in particular, namely, that it is highly desirable to take along a supply of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a remedy for sea sickness. Nausea, dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, malaria, nervousness and kidney trouble, all succumb to its beneficent and speedy action.

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FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A.D. 1896.

SEAL. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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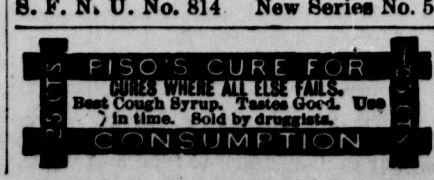
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1898.

The year of 1898 opens most auspiciously for this industrial town of ours.

The recent location at our water front of the extensive manufacturing plant of W. P. Fuller & Co. means the expenditure within the present year of a quarter of a million of dollars in the construction of permanent buildings and improvements, and after that the regular employment of a small army of skilled workmen who will make their homes here.

There are at present no vacant dwelling houses or rooms in town, the demand being about equal to the supply.

Therefore, the coming of some 200 additional permanent operatives means the building this year of a large number of new residence flats and cottage homes.

This large access of population insures the completion of an electric railroad to our water front within the year.

This is to be a busy year in the history of our town, one of business activity and progress.

Our own people will now feel safe in their real estate holdings and encouraged to add to the value of their homes in every way possible. This element of security will also cause residents who are now owners of real estate to invest here as well as non-resident owners to improve their holdings. The permanent prosperity of our town is largely dependent upon the ownership of homes by our working men. There is no argument so effective as an object lesson. Let our home owners make their homes attractive. A few trees and flowers and a strip of green grass will transform the commonplace to the beautiful. In this way our good people can add directly to the value as well as beauty of their homes, and indirectly to the value and beauty of the entire neighborhood by causing their example to be followed by others.

With prosperity (now blossoming in our midst), as a community let us each show it in the surroundings of our homes.

## A LOOSE LUMP ESTIMATE.

The Enterprise believes the question of paramount interest and importance to the people of San Mateo county, is that of "good roads." This paper has favored the proposed new boulevard simply as a good roads proposition and part and parcel of a good roads program for this county.

The designation of the County Surveyor and members of the State Highway Commission by our Board of County Supervisors as a committee to examine routes and make up an estimate of cost of a boulevard through the county along or near the present line of the old Mission San Jose road; also, of a road from Colma along the coast side of the line of Santa Cruz county and report the same to the County Board of Supervisors, seemed a prudent and business-like proceeding and was cordially endorsed by the Enterprise. We have read the statements signed respectively by County Surveyor Gilbert and Messrs. Manson, Price and Ashe, of the Highway Commission, purporting to be a report to the Honorable Board of Supervisors of San Mateo county of examinations and estimates made by said gentlemen with regard to the proposed boulevard and a coast side highway, and must say that we fear the published statements will prove disappointing to the great majority of citizens who feel an interest in the question of improved public roads. The people are in favor of good roads, and we believe they are willing to provide the ways and means to obtain them, and that a bond issue of even \$300,000 would not deter them from undertaking the good work, but they do not want to go it blind. They want facts, particulars, details; something which the report of the committee has apparently ignored or overlooked.

It is to be regretted that the report is not more explicit; that it does not give some sort of data to enable the people to see upon what the lump esti-

mate of \$310,000, as the total cost of the proposed new highways, is based.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

A Missouri woman who had inadvertently made a souvenir collection of two husbands confessed the fact the other day. The husbands immediately met and exchanged 32-caliber compliments and within that hour that woman instead of being one bigamist had become two widows.—Exchange.

An index of the progress over on the Coast side is to be found in the enlargement of that live local paper, the Coast Advocate. In addition to enlargement and new journalistic vim and vigor, the Advocate will hereafter be printed altogether at home.

## THE SPORTS OF LONG AGO.

They Were Substantially the Same as Those of the Present Day.

The boys and girls of the present day who become enthusiastic over some new sport and boast that their particular "club" has the very "newest thing out" would be surprised if they could discover how closely many of the old time pastimes resemble our own.

The Eskimos of the frozen north, the Tupinambas of the Brazilian pampas, the gamins of the Paris streets, the boys and girls of London, of Boston and of Philadelphia, have one kindred tie—the love of sport. There is nothing new under the sun, said the wise man, and especially is there nothing new in youthful games.

Archæologists have found dolls in Egyptian pyramids and on prehistoric tombs; the name of a popular ball club was found scrawled upon the outer walls of Pompeian houses, and one of the most exciting matches on record was the one stubbornly fought between the rival nines of Montezuma, king of Mexico, and Nezahualpilli, 'tzin of Tezucuo.

The boys of ancient Greece and Rome played at whip top, and quoits, and fashall, and pitch penny, and blind-man's buff, and hide and seek, and jackstones, and follow my leader, just as do the boys of today. The girls were experts at seesaw, and swinging, and dancing, and grace hoops, and dice throwing, and ball play, and, in Sparta, even at running, wrestling and leaping. Tobogganing is as old as ice and snow, and when you play at cherry pits you are only doing what Nero and Commodus and young Themistocles did ages ago in Rome and in Athens.

So, whatever the age or whatever the clime, boys and girls of the world have always lived more for play than for anything else, and however harsh or hard their surroundings, however stern or strict their fathers and their mothers, they always found and always made the most of the time for play.

Said a critic recently on the subject of recreation, "The sports of the day are fast reducing themselves into so many sciences, overweighted with rules and restrictions that often take the real play element from them and make them as unyielding as a problem in algebra."

There is no fun in making our sport a matter of life and death. I know growing people who in these days of prize giving in all manner of games center their whole desires not on the fun of the game, but on the prizes offered. They really seem as much disappointed if they do not carry off a trophy as if they had met with some serious loss. Let us take our fun with a jollity or not at all. Interest is one thing and irritability is quite another.

We have only to watch the intense excitement of some of the amateur players in popular games to realize that the critic was right about that algebra problem. The complaint of "unfairness" on one side and of disagreeable triumph on another seem to be the most noticeable features at the close of the sports of today, and we cannot help wondering if this was a feature of the games of olden times or if in this respect the young people of the present really have "something new."—Philadelphia Times.

## Floating Up a River.

It was a vexed question in 1890 whether the Pilcomayo river, which flows for hundreds of miles from the Bolivian Andes to the Paraguay, might be used as a commercial highway from Bolivia to the ocean. Our countryman, Captain Page, settled this question so conclusively that no further effort to utilize the Pilcomayo is likely to be made, and in this work, that cost him his life, for he died of his privations after being hemmed in for months by hostile Indians, he devised a plan for steaming up river when the water was so low that his vessel was stuck in the mud. He was determined to go still farther, though his little steamer, which drew only 18 inches, rested on the river bottom, so behind the boat he threw up an embankment of earth clear across the channel, backed it with palm trunks and brushwood, and before long the water had risen a couple of feet, and the little Bolivia was able to go on her way four miles before she stuck again. Then another dam was built, and this process was repeated seven times, and with the aid of the dams the vessel advanced about 35 miles above the highest point she could reach at the natural low water stage.—Harper's Round Table.

## The Chinese Idea.

Miss Fisher went into a magnificent Chinese home in Teluk Ayer one day and after talking with the head of the house for some time suggested that he send his girls to her school. "Oh, no, no," was the answer; "we do not wish our girls to learn to read and write. If they know how to do this, they will get husbands for themselves and disobey us."

## Vagabond Pioneers.

In The Century there is an article by the late Francis A. Walker on "The Causes of Poverty." General Walker says:

I will not inquire how many mute, inglorious Whitmans or Thoreaus there may be among the tramps of the United States, but it cannot be doubted that the outcasts of a highly sophisticated society embrace not a few who in a tribe of hunters or herdsmen or fishermen would have had a place and would perhaps have been not useless members of the body politic. Formerly in the United States we used largely to rid ourselves of this element by throwing men of that type out on to the frontier. While millions went west with undaunted resolution, boundless energy and strong ambition to make for themselves and their children homes in the lands newly opened to settlement, there went along with them no inconsiderable number who were simply uncomfortable under the requirements of an old society. They sometimes made excellent pioneers up to a certain point.

So long as all, the poorest and the best, had to live in huts, wear shabby clothes and live meanly while opening up the country and making the first hurried improvements upon the soil, these men felt at home. But when the mere camping out stage was passed, when public decency began to make its requirements and social distinctions rose into view, straightway they came to feel uneasy, uncomfortable, unhappy. Daily they cast more and more glances toward the setting sun, and before long they were again on the move, "seeking a country" where they could be as shiftless, irregular and shabby as they liked. The story of the reputable pioneer has been told in prose and in verse, but the story of the pioneer vagabond, sturdy, courageous, possibly good natured and honest, but intolerant of near neighbors and offensive to good society, has yet to be written.

## Values of Autographs.

The different values of different autographs seem astonishing at first. For example, a letter of the Duke of Wellington's can be had for 10 shillings, whereas a letter of Lord Nelson's will cost you £5.

"How is that?"  
"Well, Nelson is, of course, the more popular hero. But the main reason is that Nelson, who was generally at sea, wrote few letters compared with Wellington, who was generally on land. And yet neither of these reasons holds good always. Here are a few prices that may puzzle you: A letter of Lord Beaconsfield is worth 2 guineas, but a letter of John Bright's is only worth 5 shillings, and letters of Palmerston, Sir Robert Peel and George Canning are all frequently priced under 5 shillings."

"What is a letter of Charles Dickens worth?"  
"About 2 guineas."  
"And one of Charles Lamb?"  
"From £3 to £6."  
"Byron?"  
"A letter from Byron is worth fully £10, but a letter of Shelley is worth more than double that sum."  
"And Burns?"  
"Oh, £25 to £30 at least."—Academy.

## Question of Headlines.

One who has done institutional work among the Italians for years wonders why the printed stories of affrays among those people always are headed "Stabbed by an Italian," etc. When the Irish or the Germans fight, attention is not called to their nationality in headlines, yet whenever a man with an Italian sounding name commits a crime this distinction invariably is drawn. Italians fail to see the justice in it. This particular man whose life has been spent among the Italians is sure that they do not have recourse to the stiletto as often as is represented. They are quick and sudden in quarrel, but so are the Irish. Why, then, should the Italian be singled out for obloquy?

Often, too, it is a Greek with a mutilated name who gets into a row and is credited with being an Italian. In the lower Italian quarter the Greeks and the Italians are hated rivals, and their similarity in names leads frequently to confounding their nationalities, when there is no need, according to this observer, of bringing the nationality into the question at all.—New York Press.

## First Prize For Ugliness.

This is the story of an ugly man, as told by a veteran of the late war:  
"My cousin was the ugliest man in the regiment," said the raconteur. "He was the ugliest man, in fact, I ever saw. A general saw him and offered a prize for the ugliest man in the army to encourage competition. A rival regiment had its ugly man. The two were brought together. The general was there to act as referee. My cousin came up smiling and looked contemptuously at his adversary. The other freak gave one look at my cousin. 'Take him away,' he shrieked, 'he ain't human.' Then he covered his face and fled. It is needless to say my cousin took the prize."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Her Father.

A little girl whose father was dead and whose grandfather pursued the calling of shoemaking had often been told that she had a Heavenly Father who would care for her in the absence of an earthly father, and had got things somewhat mixed in her small brain. One day the village sewing society met at the house where she was staying, and some of the good women began talking about her, a "poor, fatherless child." She bore it for awhile, but finally burst out with: "I ain't either. I've got a Heavenly Father, and he's a shoemaker."—Waterbury American.

## Truthful Witness.

Judge—Do you mean to swear that you were the last person to play on the old opera house stage?  
Witness—Yes, your honor. I'm a pipe man in a hose company.—Detroit Free Press.

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LOCAL NOTES.

Personal mention. Home happenings. What has become of Hose Company No. 1? Miss Conley is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Schirck. G. W. Bennett of Alameda paid our town a visit on Sunday. Fresh stock of new goods at the People's Store this week. F. O. Clawson is preparing to plant both shade and fruit trees. W. J. Martin bought the Hansbrough flats in block 134 last Monday. The weather of the past four days has made amends for the frosts of December. Buy your bread at home. You get the best at Henry Michenfelder's German bakery. Miss Cecelia Hynding has been visiting the past week with Mrs. Julius Eikerenkotter. The San Bruno road, between this place and the county line, is in a very bad condition. Renbe Smith came in with a lot of live stock for the Western Meat Company last week. Born.—In this town, on Monday, January 17, 1898, to the wife of J. Seep, a daughter. Some of our citizens attended Miss Flora Dakin's class social in Oakland last Thursday eve. Prof. D. F. McDonald lectured to full houses on Wednesday and Friday evenings of this week. Miss Florence Glennon is taking a special course of study in San Francisco during the winter vacation. Mr. Leroy Hough, vice-president of the Western Meat Company, last week purchased lot 26, block 134. Mrs. Huber has removed from the Merriam block and is staying at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Money. The Misses Wilson, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Peck, returned to their home at Redwood City last week. Quite a number of our townspeople have been employed by John Kelson on the construction work at the Fuller site. Rev. George Wallace will hold services at Grace Church tomorrow (Sunday) at 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 8 p. m. W. S. Taylor's big meat wagon was upset and considerably damaged in San Francisco one day the past week. The time for the opening of the public school after the holiday vacation has not yet been fixed by the school trustees. J. L. Wood is making extensive improvements at his residence on Olive avenue, and among other things, will plant some choice fruit trees. Within the past week we have had a return of genuine California winter weather—sunshine and showers—and the change is most agreeable. Mrs. Dr. Baker and her sister, who have both been very seriously ill, we are pleased to note, are now somewhat improved and believed to be out of danger. J. W. Howell, formerly of this place, has returned to San Francisco and is employed at J. J. O'Brien's. Mrs. Howell paid our town a visit last week. The People's Store and Will Cohen's barber-shop were gaily and handsomely decorated on Saturday evening of last week in honor of the good fortune of this town in securing the location of the W. P. Fuller Company Works. Warren & O'Malley, contractors, have fifteen big four horse-teams and wagons at work hauling rock from their quarries to the site of the new Spring Valley pumping station near Millbrae, a distance of some eight miles. We have got the bakery we wanted. Henry Michenfelder has built it, and it's a good one, the more power to Henry. Now there is a No. 1 opening here for a neat, up-to-date laundry. We want one—a steam laundry—and it will pay. Where's the man who wants to build a laundry in a live town and grow up with the country. Henry Michenfelder will open his German bakery for permanent business today, and from this morning will hereafter be prepared to furnish bread and all kind and sort of bakery goods of the very best quality to the people of our town as cheap as the same can be purchased in San Francisco or elsewhere. All Mr. Michenfelder asks at the hands of his neighbors and fellow-townsmen is a good fair square trial. Mr. Altube and son, extensive cattle raisers of Elko county, Nevada, came down on Tuesday, and while here, made a visit to, and tour of inspection of, the stock yards, abattoir, and packing-house of the Western Meat Company. In the yards and at the abattoir, these gentlemen saw fine cattle that were being fed and others that were being slaughtered, which were raised upon their own home ranges and shipped from time to time during the past winter to this place, which has become the favorite market among Nevada shippers, owing to the square dealing and prompt payments of the Western Meat Company. Mr. Altube expressed his delight with the great meat plant, the methods of our big meat company, and with the prosperous and enterprising appearance of our town. The cases of Harry Winters and C. H. Raymond, the two men who entered Pat Ferriter's Grand Hotel on the night of November 17, 1897, for the purpose of robbery, and who, failing to rob the house, murdered one of the guests, the late lamented Gus Andrews, is ended, and well ended, so far

as this county is concerned, save the last act in which the gallows and its grim fruit will constitute the central figure. Winters' trial commenced on Monday, the 10th inst., and a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, was rendered six days later on Saturday, the 15th inst. The time required to dispose of Raymond's case was but the half of six days; the trial commenced on Monday, the 17th inst., and a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree was found on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 19th inst. Now let the hanging of these two hardened desperadoes be as expeditious as the proceedings wherein and whereby their guilt has been determined and declared, and the penal code of California will become a terror to evil-doers throughout every foot of this broad and goodly land. BOARD OF SUPERVISORS. Report of the Highway Commission Accepted and Filed. The Board of Supervisors met Monday pursuant to adjournment at the last meeting. A full Board was present. On motion, the application of Mrs. Emma Ross for support, was referred to Supervisor McEvoy to report on same at the regular meeting in February. In the matter of the application of Mrs. Brieger that was referred at the last meeting to Supervisor McEvoy, she was allowed \$8 per month from the date of petition on motion of Debedetti. Surveyor Gilbert presented a lengthy report in reference to the boulevard through the county and the highway down the coast to the Santa Cruz line. According to the report, the estimated cost of building the highways would be \$310,000. This would include good drainage, culverts and bridges to be of masonry or concrete, the right of way of said highways in no case to be less than forty feet. Members of the Highway Commission, who were present at the meeting, presented a supplemental report in which the State's officials congratulate the county in having an abundance of excellent materials for road building. On motion of Debedetti, seconded by Adair, the reports were accepted and filed and the District Attorney was instructed to prepare for the next meeting of the Board the necessary papers calling a special election to vote bonds for the above amount and also \$50,000 for a new courthouse and jail and to refund \$48,000 of the county's indebtedness. All members of the Highway Commission addressed the Board, Mr. Price suggesting that all votes of resolutions and motions, etc., should be taken by ayes and noes and recorded on the minutes. R. S. Thornton appeared before the Board and in his remarks thought the reports should be accompanied by maps, profile, etc. He believed that the proposed boulevard should follow the line of the present county road. Its alignment and grades were better than any other route that could be suggested. Mr. Ashe of the commission replied to Mr. Thornton, saying that it was the intention to build the best road possible, giving the best grades and cheapest routes and it was not a personal matter. If it were the commission would wash its hands out of the whole affair. The claim of the Times-Gazette for \$329, for which a judgment had been rendered against the county, was allowed on motion of Brown, seconded by Tilton. The clerk was instructed to advertise for bids for the hospital building, each bid to be accompanied by a certified check of \$50. The members of the Bureau of Highways, and County Surveyor Gilbert, being present, the following reports were rendered in reference to the proposed boulevard: To the Honorable the Board of Supervisors of San Mateo County: Gentlemen—In accordance with the order of your Board passed on November 1, 1897, I herewith submit a report upon the following highway: Commencing at the intersection of the center line of the County road between Menlo Park and Palo Alto, and the center line of the San Francisco Creek, the same being the boundary line between San Mateo and Santa Clara counties, and extending thence along the best grades and alignments and as nearly as may be on existing rights-of-way through Menlo Park, Redwood, Belmont, San Mateo and Colma to the county line between San Mateo and San Francisco counties at a point 600 feet, more or less, west of the intersection of the said county line with the center line of the right-of-way of the San Francisco and San Jose railroad; thence southwesterly on the best grades and alignments and upon grades not in excess of four per cent through Spanishtown, San Gregorio, Pescadero and Pigeon Point to the line between San Mateo and Santa Cruz counties at a point 2 1/2 miles, more or less, east of New Years Point. The right-of-way of said highway in no case to be less than forty feet. The substructures of said highway to be of durable material, as follows: Small drains and culverts of the best quality, thick walled, salt glazed iron stone, sewer pipe with concrete guard walls. Large culverts and bridges to be of masonry or concrete and existing structures to be utilized where they may be found of sufficient durability and strength. The ditches to be of adequate size and conducted on true grades to proper outlets. The roadbed on that portion of said highway between the Santa Clara and San Francisco county lines to be not less than forty feet wide and no less than eighteen (18) feet of this width to be macadamized throughout with at least nine (9) inches of broken stone, well selected, thoroughly screened and

well rolled and sprinkled and laid in three layers. The remainder of the roadbed to be graded to conform with the macadam portion, rolled and sprinkled to form an earth road for summer use. The essential feature of the work on that portion of said highway between the San Francisco county line and the Santa Cruz county line are to correct the existing grades and alignments, and to grade a roadbed not less than twenty (20) feet in width upon grades not exceeding four per cent; the roadbed on this portion of said highway to be not less than forty (40) feet in width in the level cuttings and twenty (20) feet of graded roadway on side hill cuttings. That portion of said graded highway from the summit of the San Pedro mountains is abundantly supplied with rock of a fair quality for surfacing at a moderate cost. That portion of said graded roadway from the summit of the San Pedro mountains to Spanishtown traverses a section of country, the subsoil of which is a good road surfacing material, except in certain limited level portions thereof which are to be surfaced with rock or gravel. The remainder of this highway from Spanishtown to the Santa Cruz county line to be graded as herein mentioned, and graveled or surfaced with rock, as the nature of the soil may require, and as the locality may furnish suitable material. The estimated cost of the work is \$310,000. No estimates are made for rights-of-way for the various properties, and interests involved will be sufficiently benefited to justify the granting of such right with charge to the bond fund. I respectfully recommend that no work be done, or contract let, except upon the basis of detailed plans and specifications prepared by this office and approved by the Department of Highways of the State of California. Respectfully submitted, W. B. Gilbert, County Surveyor. Redwood City, Jan. 10, 1898. To the Honorable, the Board of Supervisors of San Mateo County: Gentlemen—In conjunction with your County Surveyor, Mr. Gilbert, we have investigated the proposition of improving the main highway of your county, namely: Commencing at the intersection of the center line of the county road between Menlo Park and Palo Alto with the center line of San Francisco Creek, the same being the boundary line between San Mateo and Santa Clara counties, and extending thence along the best grades and alignments and following as nearly as may be the existing rights-of-way to the boundaries of the county as described in the report of your County Surveyor of this date. We have made special studies of the development of suitable quarries. In examining all existing quarries and many available sites, we are pleased to find that your county furnishes an abundance of excellent materials. There exist several localities from which an excellent sub-grade or foundation layer of material can be obtained. From some of these the hardest, flinty jasper (or chert) can be separated, which mixed with one-fourth of the silicious limestone from near Byrnes' Store, will make a surface material of the best quality. In regard to this latter material it has been alleged that it injures the varnish and paint of vehicles. We submitted this stone to a preliminary examination in the College of Chemistry of the University of California, and find this idea entirely unfounded, the material being neutral and harmless; the opposite idea being probably advanced as an excuse for neglect in promptly cleaning vehicles of dust or mud, which from any source is injurious if neglected. The mixture of the hardest, clean and well crushed jasper, with a proper proportion of the silicious limestone is a cementing and binding material, with thorough rolling and sprinkling, forms a road surface of unexcelled quality and durability, and we are pleased to note that your county furnishes such excellent materials at available localities, and also express the belief that a careful examination will reveal many additional sources of equally good rock. Our thanks are due the members of the Board of Supervisors for their courteous co-operation in the work of developing the wealth and resources of the county by the construction of good roads, and we feel assured that the citizens of the county are awake to the necessity of prompt action in placing your county in the front in this important step. We have carefully revised the estimates submitted in the report of Surveyor Gilbert and endorse the figures there given. We would also express our appreciation of the efforts and work of Mr. Gilbert in pushing this important matter. Very respectfully, Marsden Manson, J. R. Price, W. L. Ashe, Members Department of Highways. GROUND BROKEN. Ground has already been broken for the new industry. The John Kelson Company is rushing in lumber and other material for the graders' camp, the site for buildings and sheds has been graded and the work of construction of the temporary buildings is already well under way. The big grading camp will present a scene of lively activity during the next sixty days. (From our Special Correspondent.) Reno, Nev., Jan. 12, 1898. Editor Enterprise:—A fair fall of snow accompanied by the drop of the

mercury to six below zero, has gladdened the hearts of the cattle men and ranchers of Truckee, of Reno Meadows, and of Humboldt Sink, and has changed the outlook for the better for the coming season. A heavy fall of snow in the high Sierras is assurance to the hay, grain and fruit producers of Nevada of a prosperous season. At the Palace Hotel, Reno, the stockmen's headquarters, you will meet stock dealers from all parts of the State and northern California who report a prosperous condition of affairs. The dry pleasant weather of the past three months has been unusually favorable for stock feeding, but shipments have fallen off somewhat the past month. A Subscriber. WANTED, SOME BURGLARS. They Were Requested to Call and Steal Valuable Heirlooms. A man rushed into the business office of one of the daily papers and stopped at the advertising window. There he secured a pad of paper and a pencil with a string to it. He wrote and erased, and then tore up what he had written, chewing the fragments savagely while he made another copy. "There," he said at last, as he thrust the paper into the hand of the advertising clerk, "count the words and tell me what they will cost for one insertion. I reckon that will fetch them." This was the advertisement: "Burglars are requested to call some night this week on Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Brown, Ash court. A door and window will be left open and every facility offered for removing the spoils." "But this is a very unusual form of advertisement," said the clerk, with a troubled look. "I don't know whether to put it under the head of personal or educational. What is your motive, may I ask?" "My motive?" said the advertiser. "Is to get rid of an awful incubus of inherited truck without any responsibility fastened upon me. I might burn the house down, but in that case I would be expected to save the heirlooms or perish with them. Say, young man, were you ever the victim of a legacy?" "No," said the clerk, with a friendly grin. "What a funny question." "No old maid ever died and left you a dozen battered silver teaspoons that had come down from Oliver Cromwell?" "Never!" "Lucky chap! Never had a solid silver punch bowl bequeathed to you by a bibulous old uncle who was a disgrace to the family while he lived, but promised to return and haunt you if you didn't entertain his comrades once a year out of that bowl?" "I should say not." "Nor a great-grandmother who left you a silver soup ladle with a coat of arms of some unknown dead and gone ancestor which must be placed under your pillow every night for safe keeping?" "No," said the clerk. "I belong to plain, everyday people, and we haven't a coat of arms to our backs." "Be thankful, young man. You little realize what a blessed lot is yours. To crown our misfortunes, another relative died in Paris last week and left us her diamonds. But I draw the line at diamonds, and so does my wife. We take turns now sitting up with the silver. After the burglars come and clean us out we shall begin to live. Put that advertisement in a good place, and I'll let you know if we hear from it. S'long." —Chicago Times-Herald. Glasgow's Family Homes. Among the many new things started by the Glasgow corporation is a "family home." It is intended mainly for widowers and widows who go out to work. There are 100 bedrooms, each of which contains a good bed for the father or mother and a broad cot for the younger children. For these rooms the parents pay 5s. 6d. a week, and that sum includes the lighting, heating and cleaning of them. Clean linen is supplied once a week. In the home, also, there are dining, recreation and nursery rooms. The children are looked after and cared for while the parents are at work for an infinitesimal sum. The cooking, washing and bathing arrangements are excellent, and as the thing is done on a large scale and economically arranged the establishment is expected to pay for itself. Glasgow benevolence is nothing if not practical, and this new home seems a most admirable institution. —St. James Gazette. The Place Vendome in Paris. The Paris correspondent of a London paper says that, though always stately and imposing, the Place Vendome is by no means a lively part of Paris. It has retained through long years the characteristics for which it was noted in the reign of the grand monarch, Louis XIV, for whom it was planned and laid out. Of late a few good shops have appeared here and there among the houses on the place, and it is proposed to add to the number of these business establishments. Hence in a comparatively brief space of time the buildings around Napoleon's column will be brilliantly diversified, and stately monotony will disappear. The Place Vendome may in a few years, or even less, be able to distance the Rue de la Paix as a locality for afternoon shopping, tea drinking and flirtation. Did She Ever Live In Boston? A young lady of Buffalo who wanted something that would keep her stockings up where they belonged thus addressed the terror stricken young store clerk: "It is my desire to obtain a pair of circular elastic appendages capable of being contracted and expanded by means of oscillating burnished steel appliances that sparkle like particles of gold leaf set with Alaska diamonds and which are utilized for keeping in position the habiliment of the lower extremities which innate delicacy forbids me to mention." —Buffalo (W.Y.) Voice.

A LIFE FOR LOVE. A world below and a heaven above— Let us live, my dear; let us live and love! We know not all that the blue skies mean, But the beautiful lilies roll and lean, And here is the sunlight on meadows of green And rivers with silvery ripples between— A world below and a heaven above. Let us live, my dear; let us live and love! A world below and a heaven above— Let us live, my dear, for a breath of love! We know not the meaning of stars and skies. There is nothing in heaven as sweet as this, Love's kiss—love's lingering, first sweet kiss With a world below and a heaven above And a life, my dear, that is lived for love! —Atlanta Constitution. Graduates of Indian Universities. I think that the sorrows of a childless wife in India are not nearly so great as Mrs. Steel describes them to be, simply because of that "curious resignation, that impressive acquiescence, which," she says, "does more to separate east from west than all the seas which lie between England and India," and because, even if the barrenness of the first wife necessitates the marrying of a second (with a view to the future performance of religious rites, there can be no jealousy between the two, for to them "marriage has for its object the preservation of the hearth fire, not the fire of passion, and the jealousy which is a virtue to the civilized is a crime to these barbarians." Mrs. Steel, I fear, has also fallen into the common error (it would have been a marvel had she not) of assuming that every graduate of an Indian university is a prig. The Indian graduate is also the pet aversion of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. But both are wrong in their assumptions. In the discharge of my academic duties, not so very long ago, I came daily into contact with more than 700 undergraduates of the Calcutta university, and I did not notice in them as a class any particular priggishness, anything which would differentiate them in that respect, say, from English varsity men.—Academy. Conclusive. A doctor on tour through the highlands came upon a fair sized village where there was no brother practitioner. Surprised at this and anxious to learn how the people got on without one, he took the first opportunity to inquire. "A doctor!" said the old woman whom he accosted. "We need nae doctor." "And what do you do for medicine in the case of illness?" pursued the man of medicine. "We need nae medicine either. We just keep whisky for the man an tar for the sheep," replied the old woman. The doctor admitted that a glass of whisky might be good enough in some cases, but not always. "A weel," readily responded the old woman, "if ae glass disna dae we gie twa, and if twa disna dae we mak' it three, and if that disna dae they were gaun tae dee onyway." —Scottish Nights. Characterized. "Confound that caddie, he's never round except at the tee!" "Sort of a tea caddie, eh?" —Brooklyn Life. EVERYBODY SAYS SO. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists. TWO MILLIONS A YEAR. When people buy, try, and buy again, it means they're satisfied. The people of the United States are now buying Cascarets Candy Cathartic at the rate of two million boxes a year, and it will be three million before New Year's. It means merit proved, that Cascarets are the most delightful bowel regulator for everybody the year round. All druggists 10c, 25c, 50c a box, cure guaranteed. BEAUTY IS BLOOD DEEP. Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed. 10c, 25c, 50c. A SURE THING FOR YOU. A transaction in which you cannot lose is a sure thing. Biliousness, sick headache, furred tongue, fever, piles and a thousand other ills are caused by constipation and sluggish liver. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the wonderful new liver stimulant and intestinal tonic are by all druggists guaranteed to cure or money refunded. C. C. C. are a sure thing. Try a box to-day; 10c., 25c. 50c. Sample and booklet free. All druggists. TO CURE CONSTIPATION FOREVER. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money. EDUCATE YOUR BOWELS WITH CASCARETS. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c., 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

MARKET REPORT. CATTLE—Market is easy. SHEEP—Desirable sheep of all kinds are in demand at steady prices. HOGS—Desirable hard fed hogs are selling at stronger prices. PROVISIONS are in good demand at strong prices. LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are 7 1/2 (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable. Cattle—No. 1 Steers 7 1/4 @ 7 3/4 c.; No. 2 Steer 6 1/2 @ 7 c.; No. 1 Cows and Heifers 6 @ 6 1/2 c.; No. 2 Cows and Heifers 5 @ 5 1/2 c. Hogs—Hard, grain-fed, 130 lbs and over, 3 3/4 @ 4 c.; under 130 lbs 3 1/2 @ 3 3/4 c.; rough heavy hogs, 3 1/4 @ 3 1/2 c. Sheep—Desirable Wethers, unshorn, dressing 50 lbs and under, 3 1/2 @ 3 3/4 c.; Ewes, 3 1/4 @ 3 1/2 c.; shorn 1/2 to 3/4 less. Lambs—3 1/2 @ 4 c., gross, weighed alive. Calves—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4 c.; over 250 lbs 3 3/4 @ 4 1/4 c. FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses: Beef—First quality steers, 6 @ 6 1/2 c.; second quality, 5 1/2 @ 6 c.; First quality cows and heifers, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4 c.; second quality, 4 3/4 @ 5 c.; third quality, 4 @ 4 1/2 c. Veal—Large, 5 1/2 @ 6 c.; small, 7 @ 8 c. Mutton—Wethers, 6 1/2 @ 7 c.; ewes, 6 @ 6 1/2 c.; lambs, 7 @ 8 c. Dressed Hogs—6 @ 6 c. PROVISIONS—Hams, 8 1/2 @ 10; picnic hams, 6 1/2 c.; Atlanta ham, 6 1/2 c.; New York shoulder, 6 1/2 c. Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 12c; light S. C. bacon, 11 1/2 c.; med. bacon, clear, 8 1/2 c.; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 9c; clear light, bacon, 9 1/2 c.; clear ex. light bacon, 10 1/2 c. Beef—Extra Family, bbl, \$11 50; do, hf-bbl, \$6 00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$9 50; do, hf-bbl, \$5 00. Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 7 1/2 c.; do, light, 8c; do, Bellies, 8 1/2 @ 8 3/4 c.; Extra Clear, bbls, \$16 50; hf-bbls, \$8 50; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4 30; do, kits, \$1 45. Lard—Prices are 10 lbs, 20s, 20s, 10s, 5s. Compound 4 1/2 c.; 5 1/2 c.; 5 1/2 c.; 5 1/2 c. Cal. pure 6 1/2 c.; 6 1/2 c.; 6 1/2 c.; 7 1/2 c. In 3-lb tins the price on each is 1/8 higher than on 5-lb tins. Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$2 00; 1s \$1 15; Roast Beef, 2s \$2 00; 1s, \$1 15. Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL. Bush St., near Kearny, S. F. THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL is unsurpassed in the magnificence of its appointments and style of service by any hotel in the United States. Strictly First-Class European Plan Reasonable Rates Centrally located, near all the principal places of amusement. THE CALIFORNIA'S TABLE D'HOUE. Dinner from 5 to 8 p. m. \$1.00 Lunch from 11:30 a. m. to 2 p. m. 75 cts. THE BEST CUISINE IN THE METROPOLIS. A. F. KINZLER, Manager. Beer & Ice —WHOLESALE— THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT. For the Celebrated Beers of the Wieland, Fredericksburg, United States, Chicago, Willows and South San Francisco BREWERIES —AND— THE UNION ICE CO. Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO. ARMOUR HOTEL Table and Accommodations The Best in the City. Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars. Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel. HENRY MICHELFELDER: Proprietor.

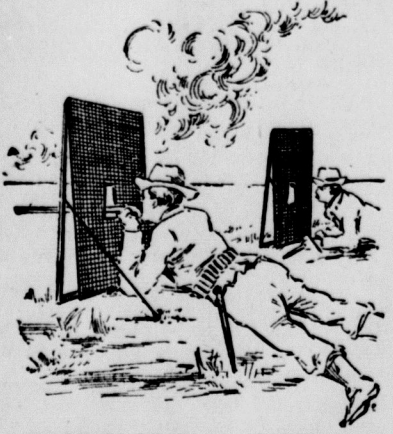
## ON MODERN WARFARE

### THINGS THAT WILL TRANSFORM FIELDS OF BATTLE.

**Dogs Will Act as Sentinels and Locate and Carry Succor to the Wounded—Marvels of Communication by Use of the Telephone.**

**Kites that Drop Explosives.**  
When war again comes it will be waged under entirely new conditions and with modern improvements which would have amazed and awed even the great Napoleon if he could have beheld them.

Most people are aware that magazine breech-loading rifles and steel breech-loading cannon have been substituted for the old muzzle-loading musket and



SCREEN TO PROTECT SKIRMISHERS.

cast-iron muzzle-loading cannon; that there are now such things as Gatlings, and Nordenfolds, and Hotchkiss and Driggs-Shroeder machine guns; that bicycles are coming to the front as a necessary part of a soldier's equipment, and that tactics have been changed and troops now fight in the manner of Indians rather than on the "serried columns" of the days of Frederick the Great. But how many know of the other "new things" in warfare, of which little is said? Some of these novelties will be here described.

An entirely new feature of warfare is likely to be an extensive use of kites for photographing an enemy's country, forces and works; for signalling, and for lifting and dropping upon an enemy high explosives.

Kites, too, will lift great loads. Either the Hargrave box kites or Eddy kites could be used to lift fifty pounds of dynamite into the air with a slow match attached. When the kites were



COVERING RETREAT WITH SMOKE BOMBS.

over the enemy (the direction of the wind and time required to bring the kite over the enemy being, of course, factors), this match, burning out, would set on fire a cord tying up the box in which the dynamite was contained; and, the cord burning through, the box would open and drop its load. No human power could afford protection against the explosive dropped from above.

Since rifles with great power have come into use, shelter for the attacking party is an absolute requirement, and trees, houses or packed earth will not do. The balls go through the wood and through three feet of packed earth, and even through thin plates of steel. In this emergency, only so-called bullet-proof cloth seems to be available for hasty protection, and will probably be used, hung from light frames of steel, in screens for skirmishers.

It is not suitable for clothing, for while it stops a ball, when worn on the person, the ball inflicts a terrific shock upon the wearer. It has been found, however, that when it is hung up and allowed to swing freely like a curtain, it will stop a Krag-Jorgensen ball, which first indents it and then drops to the ground. Consequently it can be used in portable screens.

The United States Signal corps now has a telephone outfit which weighs only sixteen pounds, and can easily be



NEW AMBULANCE SERVICE.

carried by one man, and messages have been sent 500 miles with this equipment and additional wire.

Dogs are extensively used as sentinels, ammunition carriers and ambulance "men" in Germany, and could be so used here. No worn-out, hungry soldier can possibly be as alert at night when on sentry duty as a watchdog, which can be easily trained to distinguish an enemy from a friend, even when disguised, and by relieving men from picket duty, one-third of an army obtains rest it would not otherwise get.

Large dogs can carry along a line of battle hundreds of cartridges, and how well dogs may be trained to bring succor to the wounded can be learned from

the exploits of the famous dogs of St. Bernard's hospital in the Alps. The German war dogs are trained to seek out wounded men on the field at night, and in bushes, thickets and marshes. They carry in panniers water and simple remedies and bandages, and stand by a supposedly wounded man and bark until aid comes.

In no department has a greater advance been made than in the medical department—the ambulance service. And in the next war the art of treating will almost succeed in overcoming the ravages of the art of destruction.

Electricity will play its part in the next war. Edison has suggested that armies should be equipped with fire engines and dynamos, and shows that a powerful stream of water into which a strong current was diverted would disable every man whom it touched. The searchlight will be used for preventing night attacks, which will be oftener made than formerly, for signalling, and to light up a field where the wounded are lying. Motors will be used to work machine guns, while the gunners lie under cover until reloading is necessary. Wires may be stretched around camps and guards, and when touched sound an alarm. Mines may be exploded by electricity miles away under cover.

Smokeless powder has made new conditions on the field, the absence of the sheltering smoke making the attacking party distinctly visible. To make smoke and cover an attack the English have invented bombs which, when broken, give out a dense smoke like a fog. Hand grenades are also made which can be thrown into trenches and give out gases which choke and suffocate without killing.

The dynamite gun has had a fair trial in Cuba with the most successful results, and will be used in cases of extreme necessity, cruel and inhuman as its use may seem.

These are but a few of the many new inventions suitable for use in war, but a description of these will serve to show "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of" by the average peaceful citizen.

### A SURE SIGN.

**She Spilled the Salt and Quarreled Over It.**

"You women," said Mr. Turlingham, "are always making fools of yourselves over your superstitions. Here you are, worrying just because you happened to spill a little salt. Why, it's ridiculous. Perfectly ridiculous!"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Turlingham replied. "I suppose it is. But I've never known it to happen yet, without making me quarrel with somebody. I've noticed a thousand times."

"A thousand times, your grandmother! What's the use of exaggerating things like that? I'll bet you never spilled salt twenty times in your life, and if you quarreled after doing it it just happened so, that's all."

"Perhaps it just happened, but that's the very thing that worries me. I don't want it to happen. And as far as being superstitious is concerned, I guess you're just about as bad as the next one. Didn't you have to spit over your right arm and hop three times around an imaginary circle, when you saw the new moon over your left shoulder the other night?"

"I did that because you made such a blamed fuss about it."

"Oh, yes, it's well enough to try to blame it all on me, but I guess you wouldn't have done it if you hadn't been afraid yourself."

"Well, that's what a fellow gets for making a fool of himself to please his wife."

"It seems to me you are very willing to make a fool of yourself to please me, but you are never willing to do anything else to please me."

"Oh, of course not! Why, I'm the most horrible wretch that a woman ever promised to love, cherish and obey!"

"Henry Turlingham, I want you to understand that I didn't promise to obey!"

"You did!"

"No, I didn't. When the preacher said that I didn't repeat it!"

"It's all the same. It's part of the marriage service."

"I don't care. There is no reason why a wife should have to obey when the husband isn't compelled to do so."

"There isn't, eh? Why, most women are fools. They've—"

"Yes, I know that. They prove it by getting married."

"Oh, well, go on! Of course you've got to have the last word. A man might as well try to reason with a donkey as to try to get a woman to take a sensible view of anything. Confound it, I sometimes wish I could throw down everything and get out of this forever!"

Then he grabbed up his hat and hurried away without kissing the sweet little woman good-by, after which Mrs. Turlingham threw herself upon the lounge, buried her face in the pillows and sobbed:

"I kn-knew the moment I sp-spilled the salt that I would quarrel with someo-body! It ne-never f-f-f-falls B-o-o-o-o-o-o!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer

**Late Hours and Health.**  
A German doctor, who has been collecting information about the habits of long-lived persons, finds that the majority of those who attained old age indulged in late hours. Eight out of ten persons over 80 never went to bed until well into the small hours, and did not get up again until late in the day.

If all the lies told in a political campaign were nulled, the nail factories would have to run twenty-four hours a day.

It's the man who has the will power to stop drinking when he sees fit that never sees fit.

## FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

### A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

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

**The Game of Alliteration.**  
Young folks at a social gathering can find amusement in a game called "alliteration." This game consists in the construction of sentences or stories, wherein every word begins with the same letter. In order that there may be system in the work, each player should have a separate letter. Pencils and paper are necessary, of course, and the productions ought to be read by one person at the end of the game. Here are some specimen bits:

"Alexander's aunt ate an artichoke, and afterwards advised all against artichokes."

"When Willie went West, we wondered what we would write."

"Dainty deeds daily done dearly delight dutiful daughters."

"Each eager enthusiast exults every Easter, eagerly examining each Easter egg."

"Busy bees brightly buzz by brilliant bowers, borrowing burdens by burrowing brown bodies below beautiful blossoms."

**The Naughty Naught.**  
The numbers One and Two and Three and Naughty Naught, one day, Were ranged upon the school blackboard A lesson brief to say.

1 2 3 0  
Said Number One to Number Two: "Take us, with Number Three, Off from the board and pray tell me What value would there be?"

1 2 3 0  
Said Naughty Naught: "If I step out And leave you three alone, You'll find a full one thousand fold Of all your value gone."

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Gradually Phipps amassed what was considered in those days a great fortune. One of New England's most respected and influential citizens, he was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts, and displayed in that high office the same capacity which he had shown throughout his business life.

Having no children of his own, Gov. Phipps adopted his brother's child, Constantine. Constantine Phipps was a Bostonian by birth, and began life as his uncle's secretary. Soon afterward he became agent general for the province of Massachusetts, and, as such, made such a record for skill and honesty that pressure was brought to bear upon him by the English court to settle in Great Britain. He did so; entered the bar; was appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and received the title of baronet. In 1767 his grandson, Sir Constantine Phipps, was elevated to the peerage under the title of Baron Mulgrave. After that the rise of the family was as rapid as had been that of its founder, William Phipps, the shipbuilder. Lord Mulgrave's son became the first Earl of Mulgrave; and in 1838, Constantine, second earl, was created first Marquis of Normandy.

It is odd to contrast Constantine, Marquis of Normandy, Earl of Mulgrave, Viscount of Normandy, Baron Mulgrave, and baronet, with his progenitor, plain James Phipps of the Kennebec River, fisherman, trapper and humble pioneer.

History repeats itself in the present generation of the Phipps family. Just as old Gov. Phipps, the one-time carpenter's boy, was succeeded by his nephew, so will the present Marquis, who is a clergyman and over 50, resign his titles and estates in process of time to another nephew—Mr. George A. C. Phipps. The heir of Lord Normandy and of the stanch old Governor of Massachusetts has just passed his twenty-second year.

**THE HORN BOOK.**  
The Early Ancestor of the Modern Spelling Book.

Many people would be somewhat puzzled to describe the apparatus by which, from the invention of printing down to the time of our grandfathers, every child learned to read. The horn-book may be described as a thin piece of oak, upon which was pasted a sheet of paper bearing the alphabet, the Arabic numerals, and the Lord's prayer.

To preserve the printed sheet from schoolboy ravages, it was covered with a strip of horn thin enough to be translucent, and to the oaken frame a handle was fixed for convenience of holding.

Oak and horn are both exceedingly durable materials; but the schoolboy, and even in a lesser degree the school-girl, may be trusted to circumvent the most elaborate precautions against destruction. Hence no doubt it is, that while little more than a century ago horn-books were being sold in hundreds of thousands, they are now exceedingly difficult to find, and have become luxuries of price.

Not long ago a good specimen fetched at auction as much as four hundred dollars. It was found seventy years ago in the wall of an old house in England. It is in black letter, and the back is covered, as was often the case with horn-books intended for the use of the children of "the nobility and gentry," with leather, upon which is stamped an equestrian portrait of Charles I. The presence of a celestial crown and a cherub hovering over the monarch's head suggests that it dates not long after 1649.

One really splendid horn-book, of silver filigree work, which was given by Queen Elizabeth to Lord Chancellor Egerton, is still the property of his descendant Lord Egerton of Tatton.

When, in Richard III., Shakespeare says, "And from the cross-row plucks the letter G," he is referring to the first line of letters in the horn-book, which was long known as "the cross cross row," because the first letter, the "great A," was always preceded by a cross.

As nearly as can be ascertained the manufacture of the horn-book in its original form ceased with the end of the eighteenth century, when it was killed by the competition of spelling books. In a modified shape, made of cardboard varnished, and embellished with pictures of birds and beasts, it survived to some sixty years ago.

**Lunacy Increasing in Prussia.**  
The steady increase of insanity in England has long been attracting attention, but it seems from a recent German official return that in this respect Prussia is not a whit behind, if, indeed, it is not tending to fill its lunatic asylums at a more rapid rate than this country. In 1871 the total number of lunatics in Prussia was 55,063, in 1880 it had risen to 66,345, while in 1896 it had gone up to 82,850. It is curiously interesting to note also that, while the growth of insanity is general, it is more marked among men than among women. Of 100,000 Prussian males it seems 278 are found insane, but in a like number of women only 243. From figures given in the same return, it would seem that blindness is diminishing, while the number of deaf mutes is rather increasing.

**Photography and Shooting.**  
A miniature photographic camera attached to the barrel of a gun is the invention of Mr. Lerchner of Vienna. By an automatic shutter, working in unison with the trigger of the gun, the sportsman is able to obtain a perfect photograph of the bird or animal immediately before the shot or bullet has reached it.

**Money Expended on Books.**  
Germany imports \$5,000,000 worth of books yearly. Of this Austria-Hungary furnishes \$1,800,000 worth, Switzerland \$800,000, France \$700,000, Holland and Great Britain \$400,000 each, Russia \$790,000, the United States \$100,000 and other countries \$500,000.

## TWO MILLIONAIRE GIRLS.

**Pair Young Debutantes Who Are Each Worth \$5,000,000.**

Two girls worth \$5,000,000 each in their own right make their debut in New York this season. They are Miss Mildred Stokes, daughter of Anson Phelps Stokes, and Miss Josephine Drexel, daughter of the late Joseph Drexel. Miss Mildred inherited her money from her maternal grandfather, and Miss Drexel got hers from her father.

Both girls are pretty. Miss Stokes' hair is light brown, with golden glints here and there among its waves. Her eyes are big and blue, fringed with dark lashes, and she has a manner that is simple, frank and winning. She has traveled widely and spent the greater part of last year in England and



TWO DEBUTANTES WHO ARE WORTH \$10,000,000.

France. Her education has been entirely in the hands of governesses, and it is most complete and thorough. She has never been to school. Sports are her greatest delight, and she is noted among her friends as an all-around athlete.

Miss Drexel is a member of the famous Drexel family of Philadelphia and New York. Her father was the head of the banking firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co., and his daughter inherits much of her father's intellectuality. She is only 17 years old, but is a strong, athletic looking girl, with merry brown eyes and an abundance of dark-brown hair. She is more fond of horses than of Paris gowns, but her costumes are admirable in their simplicity.

**Snuff Dippers.**  
Passing through Lowell the other day with a companion well informed generally I remarked: "Here is the center of the snuff-dipping habit in the United States." He was astonished. "Do you mean to say snuff is used in Massachusetts?" he asked. "I thought it a habit confined to the Georgia crackers and the poor whites of North Carolina." I then explained that in the State of Massachusetts every year the mill hands—mostly women and young girls—use sixty-five tons of snuff for dipping, scouring, chewing and pinching. The powder is sold in one-ounce tin cans.

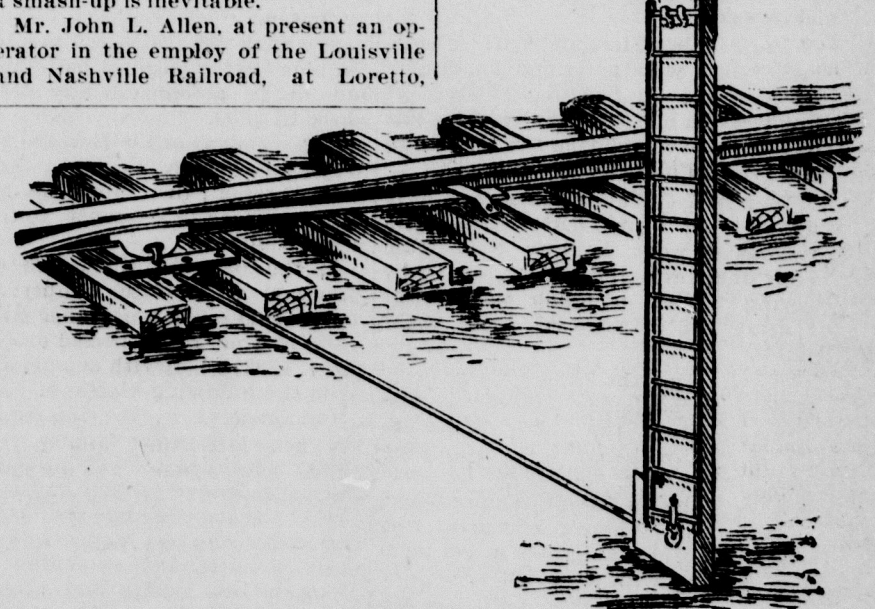
**NOVEL TIME SIGNAL.**  
Intended to Replace and Improve Upon the Block System.

The most disastrous wrecks known to modern railroading are most frequently occasioned by rear-end collisions. A train may be running fifteen or twenty miles an hour, while one following is making thirty-five or more, the engineer of the rear train knowing nothing of the one preceding. The former is sure to be overtaken, and if no warning is given, or if there is a curve in the road or a fog in the air, a smash-up is inevitable.

Mr. John L. Allen, at present an operator in the employ of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, at Loretto, Ky., has, it is believed, solved the problem of the prevention of rear-end collisions.

By means of an ingenious device on which he has been granted letters patent, an engineer can always know when he is dangerously near a train preceding him, and trains may follow each other only a few minutes apart, without fear of a collision. This railway time signal flashes a warning signal in the face of the engineer, enabling him to determine the location of the train preceding him, and he can thus keep his engine under necessary control or run to the full limit, as the never-failing clock hands of the signals may instruct him. A train passes over the track bar, releasing the hands of the signal, and they drop to starting point, commencing at once to register the minutes elapsing since the passage of the train. Three minutes later, perhaps, another train thunders up the track. A glance at the signal tells the engineer that he is dangerously near to the train ahead and he slows down accordingly, ready to stop should the other train be sighted. A few miles further another signal informs the engineer as to how the train ahead is progressing, and he can correspondingly increase his speed or still further check it, as may be required, thus enabling trains to be run only a few minutes apart without danger.

Mr. Allen told the story of his in-



THE TIME SIGNAL.

vent as follows: "The clock has only five wheels and very little of anything else. The track connection is very simple in construction. These signals will replace many block systems less reliable and more expensive. One winding up of the clock will run it for 800 trains. There is no jar to the clock from a train passing over the track bar. The bar is moved only half an inch by the tread of wheels. When the wheels pass over this bar the clock hands are released and they drop back to the starting point. When the last wheel passes over the clock moves and carries the hands to fifteen minutes before. The dials are lettered in a three-fourths circle, so as to obviate confusion in locating the hands. The dials are two feet square and the hands fourteen inches long. As an engineer

remarked, all a man would want is a glance and he is shown exactly the time since a train passed that point if less than fifteen minutes. In many places the signals can be used without being lighted, the dials being large enough to be plainly seen some distance by the light from the headlight. A lamp is provided inside and can be used."

While we have always associated the use of snuff in this country with the very dregs of humanity in the South, let us glance at the city of Lawrence, Mass., where are located such mills as the Pacific, Atlanta, Cotton, Washington, Everett, Pemberton, etc.; population about 46,000. The mill girls are French Canadians and Armenians, with a sprinkling of Americans, Irish and English. In summer, groups of them, from 16 to 20 years of age, go across the river and sit for hours along the banks indulging themselves with the snuff and rag. They consume over twenty tons of snuff annually. Lawrence is only twenty miles from moral, pure, holy Boston.—New York Press.

**Iconoclasm in Bavaria.**  
Bavaria iconoclasts have torn down the old Hofbrauhaus beer room in Munich and put up in its place a large hall, adorned with historical paintings, where the beer is served as in other places.

There is a good deal to admire in a man who would rather pound dynamite for a living than live "off" any of his relatives.

The man who invests in watered stock is apt to get soaked.

**MEMORIES.**

Ghosts of departed better days,  
Vague spectres of forgotten scenes,  
Peace-Messengers whose presence brings  
Tranquility when twilight flings  
Its purple gloom, and night convenes  
Her spirits in the amber haze,  
Dark-robed magicians by whose art  
Forgotten fancies are conjured up,  
Shrewd alchemists whose cunning hold  
Turns recollection's rusts to gold,  
And pours in fancy's silver cup  
The dew of peace to still my heart,  
I welcome you this lonely night,  
Crowd round my chair and revel free,  
Nor mind the storm-king's fractious shout  
Who holds wild carnival without,  
Throw charmed mantles over me,  
My restless heart with dreams delight.

Haste, while the deep'ning shadows steal  
A-down the dusky path of night,  
Dim harbingers of spirit bands  
Who lure the soul to unknown lands,  
Haste, while the embers' dying light  
Its mystic picture-lore reveals,  
What glories in your largess seem!  
What grotesque forms your magic  
makes,  
And in the lights that come and go  
Dream-phantom of the long ago  
Its visions of dead days awakes,  
And sets thought's smouldering fires a-  
gleam.

What strange emotions thrill the heart  
As each Elysian shade appears!  
Sweet apparitions gliding by  
As clouds float o'er a summer sky—  
These spirit-forms of bygone years,  
These phantasmas of men's art,  
—Yeuth's Companion.

**HEADS OR TAILS.**



**M**ARIE," I began awkwardly, for I had never proposed before, "you must know—you must have seen for a long time that—that I love you."  
Marie said nothing, but sat looking down at her hands, which were twisting a bit of lace that she called a handkerchief. She was smiling before I began. She now looked distressed.

"I do not like for Marie to look distressed, for she then looks as if she were going to cry. And a crying woman is not pretty. So for the minute I laid aside my own affair to comfort Marie."

"Marie," I began, venturing with much trepidation to lay my hand softly upon both of hers, "what's the matter?"  
She looked up. Her lips were quivering, and a tear, balanced for the start, stood in each eye.

"I don't know what to do," she whispered brokenly.  
"Well?" I said, inquiringly, inviting her to continue.  
She hesitated nervously for several seconds. Then she went on almost inaudibly:

"You see, Mr. Transome told me last night what you told me just now."  
"Damn Transome!" I said to myself; and to Marie, "Well, Phillip Transome is a fine fellow, you know."  
"Of course," said Marie, acquiescing a little too readily, I thought.

"And he's good-looking?"  
"Yes."  
"And rich?"  
"Yes."  
This itemizing a rival's good points to comfort the woman you love is rather straining on one's generosity. It isn't so bad if the woman rewards your generosity, as of course she should. But Marie didn't. So I stopped.

"Well, where's the trouble then?" I asked at length.  
"I don't know what to do," she replied, repeating her former wail.  
"I began to see. It is hard to decide between two lovers. I could sympathize with Marie, for I had once been in a similar predicament myself."

Marie did not notice the sympathy. She merely looked uncomfortable at this bald statement of the difficulty. But she did not deny it.  
"You like me, don't you?" I ventured, with some fear in my heart.  
Marie nodded. I felt very complacent.

"And you like Phillip Transome?" I continued.  
She nodded a second time. I believe I swore at Transome again.  
"But you can't decide between us, is that it?"  
"That's it," acknowledged Marie, weakly.

"You have tried every way?"  
"I have, and I can't"—here Marie blushed, but it was a blush I did not like, because it was for Transome as much as it was for me—"and I can't tell which of you I like the better."  
The person who sits in the seat of the undecided sits not easily. This I knew. And any decision is better than no decision. This also I knew. So out of the sympathy which I had for Marie I made up my mind to help her arrive at some decision, even though I lost by it. But I did not intend losing if I could help it.

I thought for a long time, but nothing came. Then I looked up at Marie. Her eyes were fixed expectantly on me, as though she had instinctively learned of my intention to help her and was awaiting my plan.

"Well," said I, seizing on an idea that just then popped into my head, "since you have tried all other ways, suppose you toss up for us."  
"What?" exclaimed Marie, half starting from her chair.  
"Toss up for us," I repeated, calmly.  
Marie sank back in her chair and gazed at me in amazement.

Marie's surprise at my suggestion angered me somewhat. Of course I can understand that choosing a husband in such a way may seem a little queer to some girls. But they needn't act as though it were so unusual. Besides, there are worse ways.  
"Toss up for you!" Marie managed to grasp out at length.  
"Certainly," I replied with some asperity. "Have you anything better to suggest?"

A reluctant "No" came from Marie. "You'd better toss up, then," I said, decisively, drawing a quarter from one of my pockets and offering it to her.  
She took it and gazed at it for a long time. I began to grow impatient, for the coin was like any other of its kind, and I could see no reason why she should study it. Then I saw that her look was the look of one who is thinking. Suddenly she raised her head and gazed steadily at me. And then a smile that I liked strangely well slowly came into her eyes.

"No, you do it," she said, returning the coin. "I don't know how."  
We both stood up. "Heads, it is Transome; tails, it is I?" I suggested, briefly.  
Marie nodded.

I balanced the coin on my first finger. I felt sure of the result, for the man never lived who is as lucky as I am. I even began to pity poor Transome. But before this feeling had much opportunity to grow I flipped the quarter whirling into the air, and, as it struck the floor, placed my foot upon it.

I looked at Marie. "Which shall it be?" I asked, softly.  
"You," she whispered.  
I slipped my foot aside and we both stopped. The laurel-wreathed head of Liberty was up.

It was Transome!  
We both straightened up. I looked at Marie and Marie looked at me. She was pale, and I could not have been otherwise. I had risked all on the turn of a coin—and it had turned the wrong way. Without a word, for I was not wise in the ways of women, I walked out of the room, secured my hat in the hall, and started to open the door and go out into the street.

As my hand was turning the knob something touched my arm. I turned and looked around. There stood Marie, with a little smile—a little beseeching smile—on her face.  
"Dick," she whispered, and then was silent. I still held on to the door knob.

"Dick," this time the smile was still more beseeching—"can't you see? It's—it's you, anyhow."  
I saw, and my hand left the door knob. And in the little excitement that followed I also may have kissed Marie. Such things have happened.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**QUEER THINGS IN THE MAIL.**

**Revelations Made by the Man Who Handles Unstamped Matter.**  
The man in the general delivery window when he had been asked for a letter for a certain man, had made a mysterious sign to a muscular individual who had been shelling peanuts on a near-by bench and who had told the owner of the letter that he was under arrest. The latter had protested and made threats for the "outrage," but had accompanied the man with a detective's star under his coat. The spectator had become excited, but the general delivery man had assured him that it was the regular way of catching criminals, and was evidently much more interested in the actions of the man who handles letters that are received unstamped.

"What is it now, Tom?"  
"Horse lung," gasped the clerk who was working on the Hs of the "miscellaneous list," having entered the score of "bicycle parts." "Had a lot of stuff in the Cs," he added; "cuff buttons, clocks, compass, cresote and a curling iron. But here is a man that is malling the lung of a horse! I know what it is, because I attended the autopsy of father's old gray mare during my boyhood."

"I had a canary bird yesterday with a plaintive note from a mother to her son Rufus telling him 'poor little Billie died on the train. Bury him in the back yard.' The postage was omitted, but I forwarded it C. O. D., and this morning it was returned. Rufus dear was 'not going to monkey with the old thing.'"

"The mud turtles, minnows, hornets' nests and ammunition that come through here would stock a museum, but aside from a box containing some cartridges that exploded in the canceling machine we have had no infernal machine worse than the big black spider that was en route to a girl."

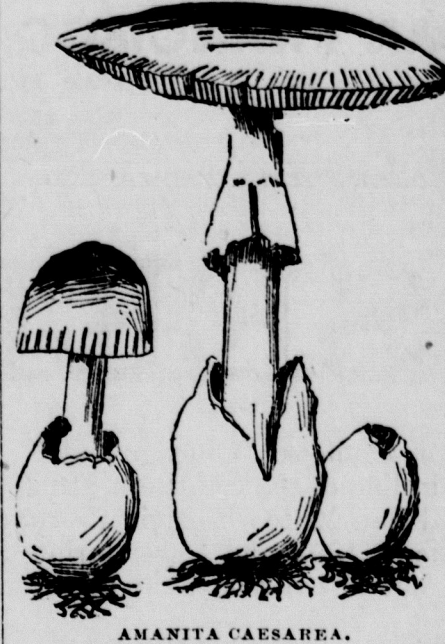
**Township of But One House.**  
Undoubtedly the most extraordinary township in England is that of Skidaw, in Cumberland. It contains but one house, the occupier of which is unable to exercise the Briton's privilege of voting, because there is no overseer to prepare a voters' list and no church or other place of worship or assembly in which to publish one. The most remote village in England is that of Farleycum-Pitton. This rural spot is thirty and one-half miles from the nearest railway station. As a contrast to this may be mentioned the hamlet of Ystard, about ten miles from Cardiff. This tiny settlement possesses two important main roads, two railroads and two large rivers.

**Quicker than They Dreamed.**  
In 1830 Goethe wrote to a friend that it seemed almost inconceivable that now that the Gotthard wagon road had been opened it was possible to go from Frankfort to Milan in a single week. It is now done in a day.—Exchange.

**A man is seldom disappointed in love until after he gets married.**  
Some men grieve two dollars' worth over every dollar they lose.

**DEATH IN THE MUSHROOM.**

**A Warning to Lovers of the Succulent Fungi.**  
The death of Count Achilles de Vecchi from mushroom poisoning in Washington has attracted much attention, and the Secretary of Agriculture has published a circular on the subject of dangerous fungi. Every year many lives are lost in consequence of the ignorant gathering of these deadly plants, and it is hoped that accidents of the kind will be made fewer by the dissemination of accurate information among the people respecting them. The circular in question is illustrated with half-tone pictures of the principal varieties that are to be avoided. It was not practicable to include them all, inasmuch as no less than 800 poisonous sorts of mushrooms are known to-day, while many more doubtless exist in the world.  
It is unfortunately the fact that poisonous plants can only be identified as such through trial of their properties.



AMANITA CAESAREA.

Man's knowledge of the values of vegetables, cereals, etc., has been obtained by experimentation necessarily involving danger, and the road of human progress in that line may be said to be strewn with the skeletons of victims. Even at the present time hundreds of people die annually from eating toadstools—the word "toadstool" being merely a popular term for a dangerous kind of mushroom. In this country only two or three species of mushrooms are commonly used for the table, but there are many more edible varieties, and some of the latter so closely resemble the non-edible ones as to deceive even persons who consider themselves fairly expert. It was only an accident that prevented quite a number of deaths from following that of the Count de Vecchi. The dealer who sold the fatal mushrooms to him brought to market the next day a bushel of them. Happily, the health officers hunted him down and confiscated the supply.

Yet, be it understood, these mushrooms were of a kind rather rare. They were of the species known to science as Amanita muscaria. They grow in the woods, or on the borders of woods, and their tops are brilliant red or orange yellow. But by reason of their conspicuous tints they are frequently gathered and eaten—practically always with fatal results. They are popularly known as the "fly mushroom," because they are extremely attractive to flies. These insects are very fond of them, and a single specimen has been known to kill a pint of flies in a day. So poisonous is the fly mushroom that a piece of one that is only as large as a pea will kill a man. One of the worst points about it is that it produces no symptoms for some time after it is eaten. It has no bad taste, and no unpleasantness is felt by the victim until from nine to fourteen hours afterward, when vomiting and diarrheal symp-

oms resembling those of Asiatic cholera set in. It is then too late to administer emetics. Coma supervenes, and the end soon arrives.

**How Bees Fight a Battle.**  
In battle the movements of bees are so rapid that it is difficult to follow them through all their evolutions, but the plan of battle seems to be very simple. Two bees from the hive are sent to kill one intruder, and the latter always tries to force an entrance, even at the risk of his life. Once inside, it makes room for others of its companions to enter, and then, gathering up its abdomen in as small a space as possible, it assumes the defensive. Two of the hive bees pounce upon it, and, seizing it fiercely they seek to find a vulnerable point between the rings of its body to sting it to death. The attacking bee just as determinedly struggles to cover every unprotected spot. If sufficient time can be gained and the attacking swarm is large enough to force an entrance, the badly mauled bees that have not been stung to death will suddenly assume the offensive and pursue the tactics of their enemies.



AMANITA MUSCARIA.

Should the battle go against the attacking body, the balance of the swarm flies away to seek safety, and the dead carcasses of their companions are thrown contemptuously out of the hive. But in the event of an opposite termination of the struggle the poor inhabitants are slaughtered. When their fate has been practically decided, many of them turn traitors to their cause, and in order to save their own lives they join the forces of the attacking party and display great vigor in killing their former companions. But there is honest patriotism even among bees. In every hive there are some who fight to the last and prolong the struggle.—London Mail.

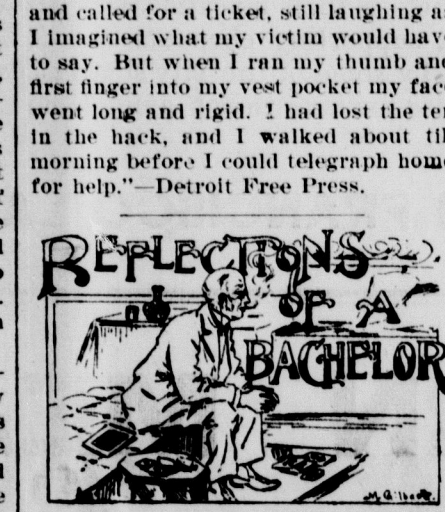
**TEN WAS GONE FOR SURE.**

**Young Man Tried to Beat the Hackman and Lost His Gold.**  
The young man who is willing to be the butt of his own story lives in Detroit, and subscribes more heartily than he ever did before to the sentiment that honesty is the best policy.

"I've paid these night-hawk hackmen a fortune," he begins by way of letting his conscience down easily. "They've given me the worst of it at every angle, and I had no compunction in trying to give one of the craft some of his own medicine. It was in Buffalo. I had about reached the end of my financial string and concluded to come home because there was nothing else to do. I had a \$10 gold piece and some small change. There was nothing to waste, so I determined to try a trick that has more than once been worked on these nocturnal hackmen. Boldly halting one of them, I asked what he would charge to have me at the midnight train. When he innocently proposed a double fare I offered him the gold piece. He couldn't change it, and time was precious. No matter, we could fix it at the depot."

"Away he went with a clatter, for it was a good thing. When he brought up with a hand-wagon flourish in front of the station there were just five minutes to spare. Running my hand into my pocket, I hastily sputtered: 'By George, I've dropped that coin in the hack. Wait just a minute till I get a lantern and we'll find it.' Turning a second later, I saw that hack going up the street like an express train, and set my valise down that I might double up to relieve my laughter. This dodge had worked. He would go home to search an empty hack."

"Then I hurried to the ticket office and called for a ticket, still laughing as I imagined what my victim would have to say. But when I ran my thumb and first finger into my vest pocket my face went long and rigid. I had lost the ten in the hack, and I walked about till morning before I could telegraph home for help."—Detroit Free Press.



The man who is good to his wife will be good to his mother.  
Love gets buried in marriage lots oftener than it does in the grave.  
No man ever gets the reputation of being a fool till after he gets married.  
Lots of men marry women because they are too tender-hearted to hurt their feelings.

A girl always reserves her opinion of a man's looks till she knows whether he has a wife.  
No woman ever thinks her picture does her justice unless it makes her eyes look bigger than is natural.  
You very seldom see a man who can be a Christian and take a porous plaster off his chest at the same time.

Babies almost always laugh when their mothers talk baby-talk to them, but the women never seem to catch on.  
The average woman never really believes in a personal devil till some one of the neighbors begins to talk about her.

A girl's ideal of a photograph is one of a woman with a baby in her lap and a man with his arms spread out around them both.  
A woman will always act kind of intensely interested whenever she sees a book with a name that begins with super, psycho or hypno, and ends in ology or ism.

**Popular Songs Shortlived.**  
Perhaps not one of the songs of the moment will live, though the rising generation will more or less dimly remember them always. Each one of them is a kind of reminder of some tune that went before it, and it will be the fittest, the really most original and salient of the resembling tunes which will be the one to live. The succession of tunes remaining in any one's recollection is like the succession of human acquaintances. Some stand out boldly and ineffaceably in the memory, having something, either in their own quality or in our sympathy with them, to command our thoughts and hold our sense; others, meaning not much to us, soon slip their moorings in our souls and drift out to the sea of oblivion. We take up a friend, as we pick up a tune, because other people we know are taking him up, but in due time if he does not accord with our own internal harmonies he is forgotten.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**The Art of Needle-Making.**  
The art of making needles was kept a secret until about 1650, when it was taught to the English by Christopher Greening. Now the English needles are sold all over the world. At Redditch alone 20,000 people make more than 100,000,000 a year.



**CAPTAIN OF A STEAMBOAT.**

**M**RS. IDA MOORE LACHMUND, captain of the steamer Robert Dodds, is the only woman in the log-rafting business. Her home is in Clinton, Iowa. She is a Colonial Dame, a Daughter of the Revolution and a relative of the Patterson family of Philadelphia. She is justly proud of her success in timber towing on the Mississippi. Six years since Mrs. Lachmund purchased the Robert Dodds and fitted it up for towing the great log rafts from the head waters of the Mississippi to the big



MRS. IDA M. LACHMUND.

mills at points as far as 500 miles southward. She handles more than \$500,000 worth of logs each season, and in transit they are entirely at her own risk. This is no small responsibility, as the rafts are kept lying in hundreds of bays and sheltered places along the river, in order to keep the mills in material. In an emergency the steamer makes a run to one of these bays and drops a raft at the mill's dock. Mrs. Lachmund brings rafts of a million feet down the river, and she plans her trips so that the mills she supplies are never idle. The value of the rafts ranges from \$10,000 to \$12,000 each. An ordinary raft covers a surface area of five acres. All the details of the business and the management of the boat and crew are under Mrs. Lachmund's supervision. She buys her stores and fuel and hires her own hands, and she is as familiar with the steamer and the rafting as any man on the boat. The crew of the Robert Dodds consists of twenty-one picked men. The river men, from master to roustabout, treat Mrs. Lachmund with the utmost deference, and her crew is one of the best on the Mississippi.

Mrs. Lachmund's home is in Clinton, Iowa, where her husband is in business. They have three sons, the eldest of whom is a sophomore in the University of Chicago. The two younger ones are in a preparatory school in Clinton. Their home is one of comfort and refinement. Mrs. Lachmund is a handsome woman, sensitive and refined. She is an accomplished musician and fond of literature and society.

**Successful Woman Lecturer.**  
Greek archaeology is the specialty of Miss A. Gordon Dunlop, who has won fame in this branch of science and is now in America delivering lectures illustrated by 600 stereopticon views. She is a young English woman, a protege of the famous English authority, Percy Gardner, and the friend of Burne-Jones, Hallman Hunt and others of the pre-Raphaelite school of art. Miss Dunlop has achieved great success as a lecturer on the history and philosophy of pottery, sculpture and painting.

**Paper Published by Women.**  
There has just been launched in Paris a daily paper devoted solely to the interests of the fair sex. It is produced entirely by women, and not only are the editors, the managers and the staff of reporters women, but the type is set by female compositors, and it is reported that even the printers' devils are feminine members of the genus "gamin." The name of the paper is La Fronde. Used as a noun, this means the implement of ancient warfare with which David slew Goliath, while to the verb "fronder" the translation to sling, to censure, to blame, to criticize and to oppose all equally apply, and judging from the first number, are singularly appropriate, since it is full of abuse of everything that can be possibly construed as the handiwork of man.

**Diana of the Sierras.**  
Forty-five deer have fallen before the rifle of Miss Corrie Chittendon, of Cummings, Cal., in six years. Miss Chittendon possesses the keenest instincts of a sportswoman. Since babyhood she has been accustomed to live an outdoor, self-reliant life. Her parents, with whom she has been brought up, own a sheep ranch of some 400 acres, part of it having been pretty rough country, and over this and the surrounding forests and hills Miss Chittendon has been accustomed to roam at will almost since she was first able to toddle. When quite a little girl she was taught how to handle a gun, and very soon became so expert in its use that she could hit a bird on the wing three times out of five. Her father's ranch is hung around with the antlers of deer and the tusks of wild animals, while the floors are covered

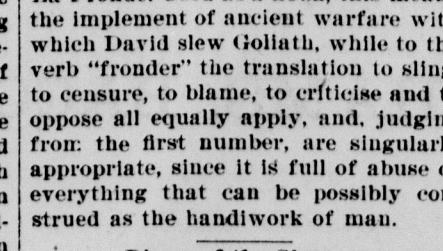


MISS DUNLOP.

with the furs of foxes, bears and wildcats that have fallen before the deadly aim of this modern Diana.

**Women Not as Neat as Men.**  
Women, in the opinion of a writer in Godey's Magazine, are very neglectful of the minor details of their dress. In comparing the fair sex with men in matters of neatness the writer says: "Women are endowed with strange vagaries, and while extremely fastidious in many ways are very neglectful in others. Even the swellest society girl is not as particular as to the freshness of her collar and cuffs as the plain, everyday man of business; to change his linen at least once a day is a sort of religion with most men. With women it is different. They will inspect their collars and cuffs after a hard day's wear, and decide that they will do, not recognizing the fact that if any doubt exists on the matter they should be consigned to the laundry without a demur. Again, a man is much more concerned as to the state of his shoes than a woman; even the poor clerk on his meager salary spends his nickel a day for a shine without grudging, and if it be imperative that the nickel be saved he gets up earlier in the morning and wields the blacking brush himself. The woman will gown herself in Worth's or Pagnini's latest creation and forget to look at her shoes; she is willing to condone the loss of one or two buttons and the consequent baggy appearance of her extremities; like the peacock, she trusts to the gorgeousness of her plumage, and hopes that her skirts will cover all defects."

**Girl Runs an Engine.**  
California has a young girl who has solved the mysteries of the locomotive throttle. The curves and grades of the roads are not obscure to her. She is Miss Lola M. Coulter, a fair-haired



CALIFORNIA'S GIRL ENGINEER.

girl of 14, and when she met her first railroad train a few weeks ago it was only a few days before she was in the cab. She lives in Tuolumne County, where railroad trains have been unknown until recently.

She immediately made the acquaintance of Engineer Brown, and after three or four lessons she could manage the throttle, set the brakes, round up toward the turns and put on more speed for the steep grades. Engineer Brown says she learned how to handle the engine much quicker than any fireman he ever had in a cab with him, and that he never had to repeat any instructions. It appeared to be second nature with her to operate machinery, for she mastered the most difficult details almost instantly. The more intricate the mechanism the easier she learned its use and just how it was affected by adjacent pieces. Her cool head and steady nerves never fail her and she always has her hands on the throttle and air brake lever to bring the train to a standstill at a moment's notice.

**Conducts a Grocery Store.**  
Another Denver girl has come to the fore by striking out in business for herself. She is Miss Elizabeth Collins, and is a true type of American womanhood. Bessie, as she is known among her girl friends and customers, runs a grocery store and is meeting with excellent success. Miss Collins is a pretty blonde of 19 summers. She graduated with honors last year at the North Denver high school. When the fall term of school commenced she grew restless, with nothing to do, her school days being over, and while chatting with a friend one day, telling that she hardly knew what business to choose, her companion suggested that she adopt the grocery business. She made up her mind to embark in that line, and with some capital furnished by her father soon had the place in readiness for customers, and these came in gratifying numbers.

**Novelty in Bridesmaids.**  
It was something of an innovation at a wedding lately to have the bridesmaids enter four by the right and four by the left door of the church. It was such a surprise, says the Philadelphia Times, that the wedding party should thus separate that the audience did not at first notice that two processions were simultaneously making their way to the altar. The bride, on her father's arm, entered by the middle aisle, when her attendants had accomplished about half the distance up the right and left aisles. She was preceded by two ushers and her maid of honor walking alone, another pair of ushers closing the procession. As the bridesmaids reached the chancel they formed a lane through which the bride slowly passed, to be met at the altar steps by the groom.

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

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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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