

The Enterprise.

VOL. 1.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1896.

NO. 21.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:29 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
8:14 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
9:18 A. M. Daily.	
1:04 P. M. Daily.	
2:47 P. M. Daily.	
4:23 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.	

SOUTH.	
7:20 A. M. Daily.	
8:49 A. M. Daily.	
11:19 A. M. Daily.	
12:30 P. M. Daily.	
3:05 P. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
6:09 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Daily.	
12:19 A. M. (Sunday A. M., only).	

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

TIME TABLE.

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

STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

TIME CARD.

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

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

POST OFFICE.

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

MAILS ARRIVE.

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

MAIL CLOSURE.

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

CHURCH NOTICES.

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

MEETINGS.

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

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

TREASURER	
F. P. Chamberlain.....	Redwood City

TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger.....	Redwood City

DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
H. W. Walker.....	Redwood City

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

COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
J. F. Johnston.....	Redwood City

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

AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker.....	Redwood City

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....	Redwood City

CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe.....	Redwood City

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

EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deeds and Mortgages Filed in the Recorder's Office the Past Week.	
John Cram to Ellen Kearney, lots 6 and 43, block 1, 775 Lot Homestead.....	10
D. W. Donnelly to Frank Sousa Rose, lots 4 and 5, block 28, Western Addition to San Mateo.....	725
Luben Langley and Frank N. Langley to Alfred S. Langley of Massachusetts, 1,579 acres, known as the Langley Ranch.....	10
Alfred S. Langley to Luben Langley, 1,060 acres.....	10
Alfred S. Langley to Frank N. Langley, 499 acres.....	10
Peter C. Descaiso and wife to Joseph Thompson, lot 3, block 14, Baden.....	10
R. S. Polastri and wife to C. B. Spivaleo, property near Belmont.....	10
Robert S. Chatham to Wm. Chatham, lots 6 and 7, Laurel Creek Farm.....	10

MORTGAGES AND DEEDS OF TRUST.	
F. N. Langley to Alfred S. Langley, 499 acres.....	1,600
John V. de Silveira and wife to Antonio S. Barberi, lots 18 and 19, block 32, San Mateo.....	600
C. B. Polhemus to Security Savings Bank, lots 13 and 14, Polhemus Tract.....	1,000

Increase the Navy, Not the Army.

(Washington Post.)

An increase of the navy is very desirable. We should strengthen that service materially. We want battle-ships, fighting cruisers, torpedo boats, etc., and we want coast defenses very urgently. Too much money cannot be expended in that direction until we shall have made ourselves at least measurably secure against attack. But there is no necessity for an enlargement of our regular army. The army is already large enough for all present purposes, and no good purpose could be served by adding to it. There is no place in this country for vast military establishments such as the European powers maintain. We have no use for them.

A dispatch from Cairo says that Lord Cromer, the British diplomatic agent in Egypt, announced to the Egyptian Cabinet that 100 British troops, to reinforce those already in Egypt, would leave on March 18 for Cairo. This dispatch adds that the Cabinet decided to defray the expenses of the expedition from the Egyptian budget. A first credit of £100,000 will be asked for. Public opinion is against the expedition as being needless. France, as one of the guarantors of the Egyptian bondholders, will not agree to charge the Egyptian funds with the cost of the expedition, which, it is estimated, will amount to £2,000,000.

The Mother of the Presidents.

(Philadelphia Times.)

Virginia is one of the few States that have no candidates for President. It's strange that the mother of them shouldn't have a favorite son.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

Banks Ship Large Amounts of Money to Avoid Taxation.

Property heretofore bought by the district for delinquent assessments. According to late dispatches, work will be commenced on the new Salt Lake railroad within six weeks, west to Deep Creek. Within the same time all arrangements will be completed for the first 300 miles of the road to Los Angeles, and it is confidently asserted that work on this line will begin shortly afterward.

PROGRESSIVENESS OF THE COAST.

The Yosemite Valley Railroad—Great Lumber Trust—New Claims on Puget Sound.

A curfew ordinance has been passed in Astoria, Or.

A stone bridge is to be constructed near Montivello, Napa county.

An issue of bonds to provide for enlarging the electric light plant at Anaheim is under discussion.

Frank W. Berry, a well known pioneer of Fresno, is dead. He was seventy-three years of age.

Aetna Mills, a town of 300 inhabitants near Yreka, was practically wiped out by fire last week.

Woodland, Penryn, Fresno and Biggs, and several other towns are agitating the construction of canneries.

Mattie Overman at last accounts was in high spirits, chatting gaily on her way to Ensenada, Mexico, to join Mrs. Tunnell.

Mendocino county shipped to the San Francisco lumber market during the month of February 7,015,667 feet of pine, 309,295 ties.

The San Diego Cable Railway has been sold for \$55,000. The new owners will change the road into an electric system at once.

An attempt was made recently to poison Mrs. Hiram Smith and her entire family at Eugene, Or., by putting strychnine in their food.

The Elk monument in Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland, was unveiled last week, Frederick Warde, the actor, delivering the eulogy.

An Anaheim man is breaking ostriches, to drive single, double and tandem. They will be exhibited at the great Paris Exposition in 1900.

The Board of Public Works of Oakland is to award a contract for dredging the slips at the city wharves to a depth of eighteen feet at low water.

The strike of the Painters' Union in San Francisco was caused by a demand for a raise in wages from \$2.50 to \$3 per day. There are over 600 non-Union painters in that city.

The Eureka and Klamath Railroad now under construction in Humboldt county, is being rapidly pushed to completion, as far as the first section reaching to Mad river, is concerned.

The Idaho State Prison Board has decided to erect a building to serve as a schoolroom and a chapel at the penitentiary. Some of the better educated convicts will be installed as teachers.

A Spokane Councilman will go East to sell \$350,000 worth of Spokane bonds. A sinking fund commission has been organized to offer any brokers \$10,000 for successfully placing the issue.

The bridge across Shasta river, near Bagley's, which was erected by the San Francisco Bridge Co., collapsed last Tuesday morning, this being the third time the structure has fallen since it was built in 1889.

The opponents of the beer syndicate propose to erect a brewery in San Francisco which will be of sufficient capacity to supply the greater portion of that city. The structure, including machinery, will cost about \$100,000.

The property of the Northwest Milling and Power Company of Spokane, Wash., consisting of water power, sawmill, flourmill and electric light plant, all recently built at a cost of \$300,000, was attached for claims aggregating \$90,000.

Articles of incorporation have been filed in Fresno of an organization whose purpose is the developing of the great oil fields at Coalinga, in the southwest corner of the county. The capital stock is placed a \$2,000,000, \$200,000 of which has been subscribed.

The petrified tree discovered on Cloker Creek, Lincoln county, Ida., has been sold for \$800 a ton. At last reports the discoverers had sunk by the side of the tree nearly 50 feet and were still in the limba. It is believed the tree is four feet in diameter at the base.

Cattlemen in Montana have been fortunate during the past winter. However, in the northern part of the State the snow is still quite deep and pretty badly crusted. There is also considerable complaint on account of the scarcity of water and the consequent loss of flesh by stock.

A scheme is on foot looking to the irrigation of thousands of acres of land in Shasta and Tehama counties. The proposition is to take water from the river at some point near Cottonwood, and by means of a canal 35 or 40 miles in length, distribute it over an area of several thousand square acres.

The directors of the Alessandro irrigation district voted that all parties interested shall have thirty days after the decision of the Supreme Court, affirming the constitutionality of the Wright act, in which to redeem any

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.

A false report of the name of a winning horse at the New Orleans races cost the poolrooms in the various cities, it is believed, as much as \$100,000.

In the last storm at Buffalo occurred the heaviest snowfall of the season. The snow was eighteen inches deep. It drifted badly and all traffic was impeded.

Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker, who have been appointed to take charge of the Salvation Army in this country, will arrive in New York about the 28th inst.

Lino Nava, the alleged defaulting Postmaster of the City of Mexico, has been arrested in an obscure suburb and consigned to Belem prison. He has been in hiding for two years.

G. M. Witten, ex-Mayor of Catlettsburg, Ky., has been missing since March 14th and no trace of the wealthy man can be found. He had about \$5,000 on his person when last seen.

The time for the filing of defendant's answer in the suit brought by the Northern Pacific and Manitoba Railway Company last January against Henry Villard for an accounting for \$54,540 alleged to have been realized by the sale of bonds, has been extended.

The scheme of adding the latest weather forecast to the regular postmarks on letters will be commenced by the Postoffice Department on July 1st. Applications for this service from over forty Postoffices have been filed and it will be introduced first in New York, Chicago and other large cities.

The Denver and Rio Grande Road has uttered another emphatic protest against the action of the emigrant clearing-house in taking all the property of the Colorado Midland from that heretofore allowed the Denver and Rio Grande in the westbound emigrant traffic.

The teams of the Boston Athletic Association and Princeton University, which will represent American athletics at the revival of the Olympic games at Athens on April 5th, have left New York. The teams will disembark at Naples, taking the overland route to Greece.

A recent speed run of the cruiser Olympia between two Chinese ports was made the subject of an official report which has just reached the Navy Department. Notwithstanding very rough weather the Olympia averaged twenty knots an hour, and would have made twenty-three knots according to her officers, in smoother water, thus becoming the fastest cruiser in the world.

Twenty thousand persons attended a meeting of the Salvation Army, held in the Crystal Palace, London, for the purpose of welcoming General Booth, the commander of the army, who returned a few days ago from India, and bidding God-speed to Mr. and Mrs. Booth-Tucker, who will sail shortly for New York to assume the command of the Salvation Army in the United States.

Six hundred garment workers who went on strike have returned to their machines, working for an advance of 25 per cent. in wages, a weekly payday, recognition of the union, and a bond of \$200 to bind the bosses to live up to their agreement. The practical surrender of the contractors has not changed the condition of the cutters' strike. The garment workers who went out to help them win are helping themselves.

A fire in the Atlantic Refinery at Pittsburg caused a loss of over \$800,000. The fire started in the warehouse and spread to the tanks. The burning oil rushed down from the tanks and spread in streams of fire over the property. The water poured on the oil had no effect and only served to scatter it. The fluid rushed over the tracks of the Allegheny Valley Railroad and blocked all traffic. The telegraph wires and poles near the refinery were burned down from the heat.

The reorganized transcontinental railroad association will go probably into effect in April. It is proposed to renew the old allowance of \$72,500 a month by the railroads to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. For this sum the Pacific Mail Company will give up to the railroads room on each ship it sends out from San Francisco for 600 tons of freight consigned to New York. Under its contract with the Pacific Mail Company the Panama Railroad will receive for itself and its steamers between Colon and New York 55 per cent of the allowance by the railroads to the Pacific Mail Company.

PITH OF THE EASTERN PRESS.

Editorial Comment on all of the Latest Issues of the Day.

(New York Mail and Express.)

If there is substantial foundation of truth for the statement that Lieut. Clarence E. Lang, of the regular army, has been subjected to ostracism and persecution because he married the daughter of an enlisted man, and that he is anxious to retire from the service on account of the treatment he is receiving, the Lieutenant's persecutors should be held to rigid account. The fundamental principle of American institutions is the equality of all men, irrespective of their condition and station in life, and army officers, educated at the public expense and bound in honor as well as by the strongest legal obligation to support and defend the republic should be the last to violate that principle.

The case presented by the British Government in the Venezuelan controversy is of less importance for the facts and arguments it contains than for the spirit in which it is brought forward and the comments of the British press upon it. It is, of course, necessarily an ex parte statement. The case as it stands is undoubtedly a strong one. It is carefully constructed and covers with apparent particularity the various diplomatic and historical documents calculated to sustain a claim even broader than the one set forth in December by Lord Salisbury.

Woman Suffrage in Boston.

(Boston Post.)

From the very beginning the weak spot in the movement has been the inability of the leaders who have besieged the Legislature to show that women generally want to vote. And when school suffrage was granted, seventeen years ago, and hailed as a great concession by the suffragists, the same indifference to the exercise of the privilege was manifested. For five years less than a thousand women voted for school committee in the city of Boston. They did not care to take what was freely offered them.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed,

WOOD AND COAL.

LINDEN AVE., BET. ARMOUR & JUNIPER AVES.

Leave orders at Postoffice.

SAN BRUNO

Meat .. Market

F. SANCHEZ, Proprietor.

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

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

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WOOD, HAY AND GRAIN.

W. REHBERG, PROPRIETOR.

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How Nature Makes Silver.
The process by which nature forms her silver mines is very interesting. It must be remembered that the earth's crust is full of water, which percolates everywhere through the rocks, making solutions of elements obtained from them. These solutions take up small particles of precious metal which they find here and there.

Sometimes the solutions in question are hot, the water having got so far down as to be set boiling by the internal heat of the globe. Then they rush upward, picking up the bits of metal as they go. Naturally heat assists the performance of this operation.

Now and then the streams thus formed, perpetually flowing hither and thither below the ground, pass through cracks or cavities in the rocks, where they deposit their loads of silver. This is kept up for a great length of time—perhaps thousands of years—until the pocket is filled up.

Crannies permeating the stony mass in every direction may become filled with the precious metal, or occasionally a chamber may be stored full of it as if 1,000,000 hands were fetching the treasures from all sides and hiding away a mine for some lucky prospector to discover in another age.—London Standard.

How Treasure Is Transported In China.
We have heard much of the diverting of public treasure to private gain by Chinese officials of all ranks, and the evidence of it in the failure of the Chinese army and navy to be ready for the inevitable struggle with Japan is too recent and convincing to be disputed, but on the other hand we can only wonder at the power of this law of responsibility which, in such a land, enables the remotest province to transport its dues to Peking in solid silver, by the simplest means, without loss by the way and without the protection of a single soldier. Nothing impresses one more with the absoluteness of this power as applied to transportation than to meet a line of pack mules, horses, or camels, loaded with silver bullion. The silver is usually confined in rough logs of wood that have been split, hollowed out, and then bound together, and each load is marked with a little flag of imperial yellow, stating the amount and destination. That is all the protection there is except the ordinary drivers, who carry no weapons, and are attended by no guard. In what other land on the face of the globe could the same be done?—Professor C. M. Cady in Century.

His Animal Food.
Pat Shinnegan works on the Allen place, and his mind is no poetic mind, and whatever comes into it receives a literal construction that sometimes makes it unrecognizable when it comes out again. In fact, Pat's mind is a very sausage machine of a mind.

Now, it happens that Pat was feeling ill for some days, and so, as his employer is an M. D., full fledged, albeit somewhat young in years, Pat applied to him for a remedy. The doctor asked the symptoms, felt his pulse, examined his tongue, and did whatever else professional etiquette demanded. Then he said:

"Patrick, you're run down a bit, that's all. What you need is animal food."
And Pat departed quite contented.

About two days afterward the doctor happened to think of his case, and called on Pat in the stable.
"Well, Pat," said he, "how are we getting on with the treatment?"
"Oh, shure, sir," said Pat, "O' mane all right with the grain and oats, but it's har-r-d with the chopped hay."
—Boston Budget.

He Scored Journalism.
A successful physician, who began life as a reporter, spoke very scornfully of the newspaper man who had not sense enough to discover that the talents needed to earn him a bare living in "journalism" would bring him substantial rewards in any other business or profession. I suppose it must have been some such idea that was at the root of Horace Greeley's fixed objection to paying any man a salary of more than \$25 a week, it being his opinion that if an employee of a newspaper could earn more than that he ought to strike out for himself. Considering the number of second and third rate newspaper men who have made first class reputations in politics, have adorned presidential cabinets, and made their mark generally in the public life of the country, there does seem to be something wrong with the old hands at the bellows who can find nothing better to do.—Forum.

Mark Twain's Latest.
The authorship of "The Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," which has been appearing serially in Harper's Monthly during the last year, and which has been credited to nearly every well known author, is finally determined. Volume 6 of the National Cyclopaedia of American Biography, a work of such accuracy that it may be considered official, contains a biography of Mr. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) which enumerates this work in the list of his publications.

Good Digestion.
A good digestion is as truly obligatory as a good conscience; pure blood is as truly a part of manhood as a pure faith; a vigorous brain is as necessary to useful living as a vigorous will, which it often helps to make vigorous, and a well ordered skin is the first condition of that cleanliness which is next to godliness.—H. W. Beecher.

Every married woman looks as if she needed a little more love, but what she really needs is a little more money.

HELEN'S FACE A BOOK.

Helen's face is like a book—
Charming all its pages.
Helen's face is like a book.
What's the story I forsook
When on Helen's face I look?
When her smile engages?
There I read an old romance:
Here I see one living.
There I read an old romance,
But in Helen's lightest glance
For a livelier tale enchants,
Wild excitement giving!
What is printer's ink to me?
Commas, dots and dashes?
What is printer's ink to me
If with Helen I may be,
Exclamation points to see
Underneath her lashes! —Lark.

A DROP OF BLOOD.

In 1775 the brigantine Governor Clinton left Philadelphia loaded with flour for Spanish Town, Jamaica. It was the 15th of December, and Captain Ira Drake, her commander, expected to eat his New Year's dinner on the island. Everything was auspicious, and with a northwest wind he sailed down the river. He remarked long after that he felt unusually hurried by his parting with Mrs. Drake and his daughter Emma, on the wharf, but not being of an imaginative turn of mind the impressions passed, and he saw the tall poplars and red roofed farmhouses in the Neck fade away under the winter sunset with professional indifference.

The Governor Clinton was only 430 tons, and she left port in company with 26 others, foreign bound, most of them square rigged. At the present time there are only two ships owned in Philadelphia, and neither sails from here.

Mrs. Drake and Emma walked up Second street to their home, which was in the house then a two-story, afterward the tea store of the late eccentric John Lamond, who died a few months ago. To be a captain's wife in those days was to hold social position next below the magnates of Society Hill, and Captain Drake was reported a prosperous man.

"Mother," said the daughter, "do you feel any unusual anxiety in parting with father this voyage?"
"No, my dear. Don't let such things get into your mind."
"Yes, but the Aggy Slade has been out over 60 days, and she's bound for Jamaica too. Poor Mrs. Polson is just wild about her husband. How I do wish father would give up the sea and stay ashore!"

Shipmasters' wives had to have stout hearts in those days; there were perils on the sea then that are unknown now. A West India voyage meant poor charts, dodging among the reefs and keys of the Bahama banks, northerly hurricanes and more deadly assaults from the desperate ruffians that infested the coast of Cuba and were secretly upheld by the Spanish authorities, who shared their plunder, and at this time both Tardy and the La Fittes were known to be cruising in the gulf.

Christmas passed, and as New Year's came on a feeling of uneasiness and dread entered into the Drake household. Emma had an additional source of anxiety. Sam Spain, although only 24, was first officer of the Governor Clinton and a splendid specimen of the American sailor, and before this voyage he and Emma had exchanged vows. And so poor Emma fretted and made her mother anxious.

New Year's day, 1796, was cold, blustering and sleety, and after attending at early mass at St. Joseph's both women sat down to breakfast.
"For the Lord's sake, Emma, don't tell me anything about your dreams. You make me nervous. Your father and the brig are all right, and when the Quickstep comes in we'll hear from Spanish Town. She sails from there today."
"But, mother, there is something in dreams, and I never had such dreadful ones before, and you know—good God, what is that?" And the girl's voice arose to a scream. "Oh, mother! On your hand, on your hand!"

The mother looked and grew pale as death. There on her plump, white hand was a drop of ruddy blood. She murmured, "Maybe I pricked myself with the fork." And with a shudder she wiped away the dread token. But there was no wound, the skin being unbroken. "There, there, it has come again. Oh, mother, let's pray! My dear father and Sam are in peril. I know it. I feel it."

And they knelt and with heads bowed down prayed to him who rules the winds and tempests to spare their loved ones on the sea.

The Governor Clinton was an old tub and did her best when she reeled off eight knots on a bowline, but this time, under a fair northeast wind, she was cutting a feather through the waves of the Bahama banks on the 19th of December. Here her good luck ended. A norther set in, driving them 200 miles off their course, and then head winds blew for a week, so that it was the last day in the year before they came in sight of the Cuban coast, and not over ten miles off Cape St. Antoine the wind failed, and there came one of those dead calms peculiar to those latitudes. The sails hung without a shiver, and the pennant was as straight down as a yard of pump water. But this was not the worst. Captain Drake knew that he was in the track of the pirates and was practically helpless to keep away from them, and at this moment he was doubtless signalled off shore to some of their vessels. Everything depended on keeping a stout heart.

His six 24 pound carronades were loaded with grape and kentledge, the arm chest was opened, cutlasses and pistols were served to the crew, muskets were loaded, and the cook filled his coppers with hot water ready to repel boarders. All hands kept watch that night, and in the morning Mate Spain went aloft with a glass. He at once hailed the deck. "There is a topsail schooner lying behind that point of land off the

starboard quarter. I can't make out any sail on her."

"All right. Come down. We'll have breakfast. There's trouble ahead. But there are 23 of us, all good men, and we ought to make a tidy fight for our lives."

A strict watch was kept at the mast-head, and at 10 o'clock a hail came: "There's a boat full of men putting off shore. It is a yawl with a tug. She's coming fast under sweeps."

The ensign was seized union down to attract some passing vessel, and all waited and watched. There were not less than 40 men in the yawl.

When it was within about 20 yards of the boat, the captain cried, "Fire!" But as usual two of the carronades missed fire, the other scattered ten feet wide of the boat, and next it swept under the bow, the leader a white man, springing into the chains, followed by a gang of mulattoes, negroes and Spaniards, all big men. Their captain's head just came above the bow, when he was run through the neck by a pike and dropped overboard, but his men managed to get on the bowsprit and come aboard. Two of the pirates mounted the channels and tumbled into the waist. The cook, a negro giant weighing 300 pounds, rushed at them with a cutlass, beat down their guard and hewed them down. A third had grasped the swift to help him up, when his arm was cut clean off at the shoulder by the negro. A splash in the water told the rest.

In the bow the defenders had done good work, but Captain Drake was stretched on the bits covered with blood. The last pirate had run out on the jib boom and fired his pistol just as a musket ball took his life, but he had done his work, for poor Spain got his bullet in the head and never spoke after. They were beaten, and under a parting volley the ruffians sprang to their sweeps and with the loss of half their crew made for land.

Suddenly the mainsail gave a flop. No orders were needed. The topsail hal-yards were manned. "Up with the flying jib, trim sheets, round in starboard braces!" was the cry, and the little brig began to surge through the water.

"See, see! The schooner's making sail. Up go her gaff and foresail. The fight's not over, men! She'll cut us to pieces with her long Tom!" Just then came the sound of a heavy gun, and so intent were the crew watching the pirate vessel that they had not seen, half a mile away, a British corvet piling on sail up to royals. She was a fiercer, too, and inside of five minutes swept down on the brig, hailed and was told what had occurred.

The pirate craft was intent only on saving her men in the yawl, but it was too late. The corvet ran her down and at 100 yards gave the marauders a shower of grape that tore the boat and crew into splinters. The schooner made off, followed by the man-of-war, and both disappeared in the southern board.

The second mate took command of the brig. Her captain had a broken thigh and a shot through his body, while the mate and four of the crew lay dead! The breeze kept steady, and on the 4th of January they came to anchor in Spanish Town harbor. Captain Drake lived to get well and quit the sea. But before the Christ Church chimes rang for another Christmas poor Emma Drake had followed her lover to a better land.—Philadelphia Times.

Victor Hugo and Politics.
Victor Hugo, in spite of everything that has been said to the contrary, was distinctly not a republican at the outset of his career, and it is more than questionable whether he would have ever become the blatant one he did if Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon had consented to take him at his own valuation as a statesman. Beranger, who was a republican pure and simple, notwithstanding his supposed share in the establishment of Louis Philippe on the French throne, summed up Victor Hugo's republicanism in one line. One day, shortly after the February revolution which overtopped that throne—as it would seem forever—an acquaintance of Beranger met him coming out of the Palais Bourbon. "I shall feel obliged," the poet said, "if you will see me home, for I do not feel at all well. Those violent scenes inside there are not to my taste."

This, pointing to the erstwhile residence of the illegitimate daughter of Louis XIV by Mme. de Montespan, better known as the widow of that mischievous dwarf Louis, third duke de Bourbon-Condé, the small minded and small bodied son of the great Condé. "I am not at all well," he repeated with a wistful smile. "I have been accused of having held the plank over which Louis Philippe went to the Tuileries. I wish I could be the bridge across the channel on which he would return now. Certainly, I would have liked a republic, but not one such as we are having in there." And his hand pointed once more to the home of the constituent assembly. "You ought to be pleased," remarked his interlocutor. "Victor Hugo is in the same regiment with you." "Victor Hugo is not in the regiment; he is in the band."—Contemporary Review.

An Ingenious Suicide.
A French suicide near Lyons carefully built a guillotine for himself, using a hatchet weighted with a sledge hammer for a knife. Having adjusted his head to a block, he let go a cord holding the weight, and was neatly decapitated. This man certainly deserved to succeed. If he had built a pond to drown himself in he might have been rescued at the last moment and made ashamed of himself. But deliberately planning to lose his own head by his own hand shows that he had a brain.

By Halves.
"I always meet trouble half way," said the man who had paid half of his promissory note and arranged for an extension of the other half.—Detroit Free Press.

NO CHANCE TO CHEAT.

Conductors to Carry "Register and Fare Collector."
The nickel-in-the-slot machine is about to enter a new field in Detroit. It is to assist street car conductors in their work, and is called a "register and fare collector." It is a nickel-plated contrivance which will hang around the conductor's neck. Fingers that itch for illegitimate coin will not touch the fares. The conductor will present his machine in the passenger's face in hold-up fashion, and the passenger will transfer his 5-cent piece from his pocket to the machine. The coin will rattle down into its depths until a little bell will jingle. This will inform the passenger that his fare is recorded in due and proper form. He will sit down assured that it will reach the coffers of the company instead of the pocket of the conductor. The conductor will be ordered to finger neither the coin nor the ticket. They pass directly from the hand of the passenger



STREET CAR CONDUCTOR'S SLOT MACHINE

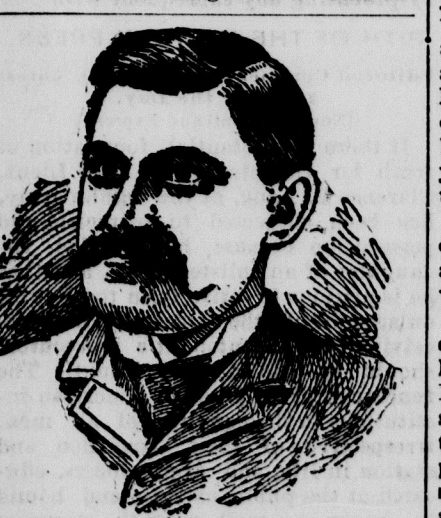
into the slot. Once within the machine they cannot be shaken out. When they finally drop through into the receiver at the base of the device they are registered. At the end of the route it is the company's cashier and not the conductor who unlocks the slot machine and takes out the receiver. He has in his possession keys marked with each conductor's name and number. The register is reset, another receiver is attached, and the conductor sets on his way.

The Detroit conductors are objecting to the use of the new device, because they say that it brands them as thieves, but the officers of the company assure them it is for the purpose of curing losses from carelessness quite as much as from dishonesty. The company averages \$20,000 each year in losses from both these sources.

Besides the slot machine which the Detroit company is to confer upon all its conductors, the man who calls out "Fare" will be loaded down with another device. This is the change box, built on the plan of the dime banks, which were popular a few years ago. This is merely a contrivance to get out of the difficulty of diving into the pocket after change. The company has been investigating all sorts and manners of contrivances to dismay kleptomaniacs on the part of the conductor, but the register is the invention regarded as the safest, however irksome it may be for the conductor to wear it.

TIMOTHY E. BYRNES.

Who Is to Be Sergeant-at-Arms of the Republican National Convention.
Timothy E. Byrnes, who will be sergeant-at-arms of the Republican national convention at St. Louis, is a practicing attorney of Minneapolis, and a managing politician of wide experience and acknowledged tact. This ex-



TIMOTHY E. BYRNES.

perience and tact he gained not only in the inner sanctuary of the Minnesota temple of Republicanism, but in posts of a national scope. When William Windom was in the cabinet Mr. Byrnes was appointed clerk of the Treasury Department. There he made many friends among the leaders of his party. He added to his reputation by successful work in raising funds during his term as secretary of the National League of Republican Clubs. Mr. Byrnes and J. S. Clarkson have always been close friends, and his appointment is largely due to the Iowan's friendship.

What Started the Fight.

A Philadelphia man was arrested on a warrant, charged with assault and battery on his wife, and was taken to the central station for a hearing. His wife, on her oath, said he beat her so badly that she was detained in bed two days. When Magistrate South asked him why he had beaten his wife, the prisoner said, "Well, judge, you see, I opened the door and threw my hat inside to see if it would be welcomed, and when she threw it out I was so mad that I went inside and licked her."

"It doesn't seem to be settled whether Perrine's comet will hit the earth or not," said Mr. Wickwire. "And if it should," asked Mrs. Warwire, "will we sue Mr. Perrine for damages, or will he sue us?"—Indianapolis Journal.

PROGENY OF FREAKS.

SOME RESULTS OF ROMANCES IN THE SHOW BUSINESS.

The First Real Living Skeleton, His Wife and Their Three Skin and Bone Sons.
An Old Museum and Side Show Manager Taps His Memory Tank.

According to Manager T. E. Sackett of the Bijou theater, Isaac W. Sprague was the first unnaturally or abnormally thin skin and bones man to be exhibited to the public under the title of a "living skeleton." It was during the palmy days of Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth, and while that celebrated showman was raking the continents in search of curiosities in 1864. Incidentally Mr. Sackett was in those days with Tony Pastor. Mr. Sackett was acting as doortender, manager and all around man for Pastor. He had previously been out with Millie Christine, the two headed girl, and had an eye out for freaks. When the Tony Pastor show reached Florida, Stone & Murray's circus came there. The old inhabitants will remember Stone & Murray's show. It was contemporaneous with Dan Rice's, Thayer & Noyes' and afterward with the John Robinson circus. With Stone & Murray was Isaac W. Sprague, the living skeleton. Mr. Sprague had been discovered by Barnum in Massachusetts. He was the first living skeleton on record since the discovery of the world by Adam. And Sprague was a real living skeleton too. He was nothing but skin and bones, yet he was healthy and jolly.

In 1865 Barnum collected several curiosities, including Sprague, and sent them for a tour of the world. Sprague was the big card. Next to him was a skeleton woman, nearly as attenuated as Sprague, whose name has escaped the wonderful memory of Showman Sackett. Among the other freaks with which Barnum expected to and did astonish the world was Joyce Ethel, the colored woman he picked up in the north, supposed to be 125 years old; the "woolly horse," and Annie Swan, the fat giantess ever on exhibition.

(Sprague, on the steamer going over to London, fell desperately in love with the skeleton woman. She returned his affection, and, according to Manager Sackett, who was on the voyage, it was a sight for the sentimental to observe the billing and cooing of these attenuated specimens of Pharaoh's "lean line."

The outre love affair gave Barnum a business hint, which he was not slow to take advantage of. On their arrival in dear old "Lunnon" the showman advertised and heralded the astounding fact that he and wide that on a certain day there could be seen at St. James hall (where they were showing) something that the world had never before witnessed, namely, the marriage of two living, breathing skeletons. He also announced the fact that never before in the annals of show business had such a thing as the wedding of freaks been performed in public. This was a fact too.

Of the enthusiastic crowds which such a unique announcement drew, or the interesting conduct of the living skeletons, wedded in the presence of "assembled thousands," Manager Sackett is silent. But he tells of a fact, however, which is of such interest that it was recorded in medical works, but never before has seen the light of newspaper publication. That was that a year after the marriage of the skeletons (the wife bore a child which also was a "living skeleton.")

(Stranger still to relate—but Sackett strikes his fortune on the truth of it)—two other children were also born to Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, and they were also of the skeleton mold. For many years afterward the parents traveled with their unnaturally thin offspring, and added to the stock of the world's astonishment, including both crowned heads and those that were bald. The original Sprague and his wife are dead, but the three skeleton children, now young men, are showing about the country, healthy, happy and rich.

This is the only case or succession of cases in medical annals where a father and mother transmitted the disease of wasting atrophy to their offspring.

Mr. Sackett also tells of another weird case that came under his observation in his perigrinating show days. Major Burnell, a celebrated showman of the sixties, found a pair of freak twins in the south, the offspring of colored people. One of the twins, a boy, was black as Kongo stock. The other, a girl, was a pure albino. The major engaged the twins for his show and exhibited them for years. The albino girl grew up and married an albino in the west. The offspring of the marriage was a baby as black as the ace of spades. Of course this enhanced the showing price of Charley and his albino wife, and Major Burnell increased their salaries accordingly.

D. K. Prescott was the discoverer of the far famed Sleeping Beauty, whom he found in Tennessee in the sixties. He brought her to St. Louis. She was a young girl of surpassing beauty, with but one fault discoverable. She slept nine tenths of the time. She was the greatest puzzle the medical men had ever seen. It was one of these latter who deprived her mother of a fortune and Prescott of one of his most popular curiosities. The young doctor was left alone in the showroom one day while the beauty was sleeping as usual. His curiosity prompted him to take out his lancet and puncture her arm. The blood started out and the beauty awoke with a scream. Her mother rushed in from an adjoining room. Seeing the blood flowing from her daughter's arm, she fainted away. This ended the showing of the Sleeping Beauty. Her mother took her home, and she never slept in public any more.—Buffalo Courier.

Revolutions are not made; they come. A revolution is as natural a growth as an oak. It comes out of the past. Its foundations are laid far back.—Wendell Phillips.

The Lecturer or Reading Desk.

Lecturers, or reading desks, came into use at an early date. There is frequent mention of them in ancient writings and representations of them in ancient vignettes. They were placed in the center of choirs in large ecclesiastical buildings as early as the seventh century, and the choristers were arranged in rows on the right and left of them. They are of various forms, but the eagle is introduced in a very large number. With outspread wings and mounted on a stem at a convenient height for a reader, this grand bird, from an early date, was made to serve the purpose of supporting the framework on which the large and heavy volumes used in the services were placed. There was, probably, some reference in the thoughts of those who first used them to the fact that the eagle soared to the most elevated regions, and, therefore, in a fanciful way, would be likely to carry the words of the readers or choristers nearer to heaven than they might otherwise ascend.

In some instances the inclined framework on the back of the bird was made to accommodate two books, one above the other, and furnished with movable brackets to light the reader. Frequently the eagle is represented standing on an orb, and sometimes on a dragon, and the base of the stem on which it is placed is often raised on lions. A more simple form, without the introduction of the eagle, consists of an inclined book board raised to a convenient height on a stem. Next to this are examples that have two slanting book boards, which meet at their upper edges like a roof, and there are others with clever groupings of four desks or book boards. These are generally made of oak or some other hard wood. They nearly all turn on pivots, and some of them are enriched with much carving. Sometimes the eagle is of wood and the framework of iron. In the handsomest examples, base, stem, bird and book board are of polished brass.—Chambers' Journal.

Hamlet and Hysteria.

Hamlet learns from Horatio and his companions of the apparition of his father's spirit. His prophetic soul already presages foul play, and through the darkness of his suspicious now rises the blood red sun of revenge. Up to this point Hamlet has been a perfectly sane and rational young man. In the meeting with the ghost, again, there is nothing abnormal in his attitude—he is overcome with awe on beholding his father's spirit in arms, and is prepared to follow him regardless of peril. In the second ghost scene Hamlet is overwhelmed with grief and indignation on learning of the infamy by which his father met his death. To the actor this is a scene of intense and prolonged excitement, more exhausting, because pent up, than perhaps any other passage in the whole play.

I have sometimes asked myself, with that second consciousness of the actor, whether thus to waste one's vital force could have any compensating effect upon the audience, for Hamlet's eyes are fixed on the ghost, his face is averted from the public, and probably the actor's excitement is lost upon them, but nevertheless conclude that it is necessary for the actor to undergo this strain of self excitation in order to reach that condition of hysteria which overcomes Hamlet after the ghost's departure. Here, again, Hamlet, it seems to me, behaves just as any highly wrought young man would behave on hearing of the terrible fate which had befallen a beloved father. He is all on fire to sweep to his revenge with wings as swift as meditation or the thoughts of love. But the fire is too fierce—it performs burns itself out. And here the actor should make clear to the audience that physical exhaustion prevents Hamlet from carrying out the impulse of his mind—the weakened physical machine is, as it were, unequal to respond to the promptings of the mind.—Beerholm Tree in Fort-nightly Review.

Extravagant Young Britons.

My! What some of these young men spend on their clothes! You would open your eyes if you saw some of the things got ready for them! Fancy a pink silk nightshirt, with roses embroidered on the chest. Others have openworked fronts, and one that ma and I saw was trimmed with lace on which forget-me-nots were embroidered. Lace fronts to evening socks are another item. Such extravagance as they indulge in must make them conceited creatures. There's my young man. Ma and I and Ennie and Susie went for 5 o'clock tea to his rooms the other day, and when we went into his sleeping room to settle our hats and wash our hands we found the dressing table a mass of gold and silver and turquoise. He had his monogram in diamonds on the tortoise shell backs of his brushes. A gold box of lovely workmanship held his rings, and a perfectly exquisite old carved ivory casket was hung on the wall for a medicine chest. I'm afraid I shall have some trouble in breaking that young man in. He has spoiled himself, and the annoying part of it is that he has given himself much handsomer things than he has ever given me. It will take me years to make him see things in a proper light.—London Truth.

The Turkish Way.

The late M. Carnot, president of the French republic, died from a stroke of apoplexy! Nobody ever heard of that except the subjects of the sultan and this is explained as follows in La Jeune Turquie, a bimonthly periodical printed in Paris by the Young or Liberal Turks: "Everybody has known the criminal attempt which cut off the life of M. Carnot. But as soon as the news reached Constantinople the papers were ordered not to mention it. Still, as the sultan was made to understand that it was impossible to conceal a fact like that of the death of the regretted president of the French republic, Abdul Hamid, answered, 'Let them say that he died from apoplexy.' He feared that the event might suggest to one of his subjects the idea of imitating Caserio."

WANTING.

The new year has brought back the same old blooms. The daisies for the leas. The bluebells sweet, and the cowslips plumes.

THE RED LANTERN.

"Oh, pshaw, pop! What made you get a red one?" "Why, my son, I thought a red lantern would tickle you to death."

Jimmy. "Gracious! I didn't know it was so late. Mother will be awfully worried." "Well, be sure and come over tomorrow," cried Charlie after him, "and we'll play strike again."

NEW GOLD BRICK IDEA

A NEAT SWINDLE WORKED UPON A CONFIDING BRITON. Letter to the Late "Mr. Y." Telling of Treasure in Which He Is a Share Owner. Falls into the Hands of His Executor. He Takes the Bait and Is Hooked.

JUST CHANGED JUNGLES.

William Astor Chanler Gives Up Tiger Hunting to Join Tammany Hall. William Astor Chanler, the explorer who took an expedition into Africa and added a lot of things to the map of that continent, has undertaken another exploration enterprise.



WILLIAM ASTOR CHANLER.

ed savages had danced around him, beating tambams, and he has seen the coarse grained cannibal munch his unpleasant repast. So he is not worried by the terror that scares most decent New Yorkers from political primaries.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

A Story About the Man Who Headed the Bond Syndicate. J. Pierpont Morgan, who has had a good many hard names hurled at him lately on account of the bond syndicate he was said to be engineering, conceals under a stern and unyielding business manner a charitable heart.

SCARED THE DEVILS.

Lorenzo Thought He Had a Bible, but It Was Only a Hymnbook. Lorenzo O'Dell is a typical colored man of Port Jervis, N. Y. He recently reported to the police thus: "I waked up dis mornin an der wuz a lot of devils, brack devils, ebbery one of dem, jist dancin roun de bed an jist goin to grab me. I wuz scared mos' to deff, but I jist got right out ob de bed an grabbed my Bible, which wuz near by, an I jist hugged it up 'gin my body wiv bof arms."

SAVED DOG; WON WIFE

WHAT WILLIS DOTY DID TO CAPTAIN KELLY. The Once Valuable Animal Is Now Quoted at 10 Cents—His Owner Says All the Trouble Began the Day He Ate a Cake of Blacking. Captain Kelly has a magnificent St. Bernard dog, which up to a few weeks ago he valued at \$1,000.

WOULD ENDURE NO SLIGHTS.

British Ambassadors Brought Eastern Potatoes to Their Fences. Lord Cromer, the artillery major who represents the queen at Cairo, would never have permitted an oriental potentate such as the sultan to keep him waiting for more than an hour in an ice-cold room, exposed to the sneers of the palace officials.



THE IMMOVABLE NICKEL.

party tried to sweep off the coin, and it was an astonishing thing that the broom would not budge it. Since then the trick has spread. The recent visit of Herrmann has caused a revival of interest in parlor magic, and at nearly every party some one shows the whisk broom and nickel trick.

LOCAL NOTES.

What has become of the weather kicker?
No shortage in "garden sass" this season.
George Driver left for Salinas Saturday.
Doctor Felton removed his family to San Jose Monday.
Constable Dan Neville spent most of Wednesday in town.
A first-class residence to let; inquire at the "Enterprise" office.
Mr. J. Farrington and family removed to San Jose Saturday.
Mail train No. 6, north-bound, was about two hours' late Monday evening.
Buy goods of your home merchant, and prove your local pride and enterprise.
Patronize home interests and industries and make manifest your sound enterprise.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Tinnin, of Petaluma, have been paying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Akina.
Pay tribute to beauty and aid education by voting for Queen of the San Mateo County Carnival of Flowers.
Fred W. Koester, who has for four years carried on a barber-shop here, left for Salt Lake City on Wednesday.
Wm. Hoppe has opened a blacksmith shop at the old stand on San Bruno avenue, and is prepared to do all sorts of work on shortest notice.
A family party, consisting of Mrs. S. L. Akina, Mrs. Wm. Tinnin and Mrs. J. H. Blakesley were out for a most enjoyable and pleasant drive on Friday.
The Lux mansion, furnished, will be for rent on April 1st. Also stables adjoining. For full particulars, address W. J. Martin.
Don't get goods from the pack of the peddler, nor be seduced by the arts of the order agent, to learn too late you have engaged in a bad enterprise.
Don't forget that the ballot-box for the election of Queen of the Flower Carnival is at the Postoffice. Don't forget to drop in and drop a vote for Queen.
Everyone is happy and proud over the tree planting of the past winter here. The season has been a most favorable one, and the young trees are growing and thriving wonderfully.
Rev. J. O. Lincoln will meet the children of Grace Mission in the Episcopal chapel at Pioneer Hall, on Saturday, the 28th inst. at 3 o'clock p.m. to practice music for Easter Sunday services.
On last Monday night some animal, presumably a weasel, entered the chicken house of Mr. Herbert B. Maggs, killed twelve young chicks and destroyed the eggs of five setting hens.
Dr. Buchman's San Mateo bakery wagon has become one of the regular institutions of our town. Buchman is doing a good business here, and deserves it, as he is punctual and obliging, and everything he furnishes is first-class and fresh.
An agent of the U. S. Department of Agriculture made an investigation of the grasses of the "Jersey Farm" property this week—the object being to gather information for the use of the Department as to the species and quality of the grasses upon California dairy ranches.
Frank Miner started in on Tuesday morning to embark all the trees on Grand avenue with manure. This provides the growing trees with both a suitable mulch and fertilizer and shows the interest the Company takes in the tree culture problem in our town.
Among the things we would like, would be to have you bring us any item of news you may find lying or floating around loose. We can't print the news unless we get it. We would like any subscriber who fails to receive "The Enterprise" regularly to inform us of that fact, and we would like to add the name of every citizen of the First Township who is not already a subscriber to our list.
A lot of local sports from San Francisco stole across the county line last Sunday intending to pull off a prize fight within the peaceful precincts of this quiet county; but, to their surprise and chagrin, they found our wide-awake constable, Dan Neville, ready to take a hand and stay proceedings. Dan convinced the crowd that there was no place on this side of the county line suitable for a battle-ground, and they retired to their original base of operations.
A man named Sohafer, who is about establishing some sort of a slaughter house on the San Bruno road, near Parkinsons' place, unloaded a big boiler at a narrow place on the road above the Sierra Point House some days ago, and left it lying there to the peril of trains passing over the road. On Tuesday the team of a loaded beer wagon became frightened at the obstruction and the place being a very narrow one, overturned the wagon, destroying a considerable portion of the load and injuring the driver. On Wednesday Thomas Flood, driving the big wagon of the San Francisco Brewery's Limited, had a narrow escape from a serious accident at the same place, and from the same cause, and on the same day a lady's team became frightened and ran away, fortunately without serious results. The criminal carelessness of the man who placed such an obstruction in the public highway is inexorable, and he should be called to account.

COURSING PARK EVENTS.

The meeting at the Ocean View Coursing Park of last Sunday, under the management of Martin Carrigan and Eugene Casserly, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, drew a large crowd. The day proved a good one for the short ends, the favorites proving generally losers.
First Race—Schaffer-Burfield's Summertime beat J. J. Edmond's Vida Shaw.
Second Race—P. Ryan's Maggie beat C. C. Griswold's San Joaquin.
Third Race—W. Perry's Coomassie beat Billy Daw's Buck Lynch.
Fourth Race—D. Chilla's Happy Day beat Villa Kennel's Tempest.
Fifth Race—Villa Kennel's Electric beat T. Walton's Bobolink.
Sixth Race—J. T. Hannan's Foxhall beat J. Murphy's Redlight.
Seventh Race—J. J. Edmond's Valley Queen beat D. Lehman's Nellie C.
Eighth Race—C. Coop's California Violet beat J. Bradshaw's May Belle.
Ninth Race—A. Merrill's Snowbird beat J. Rook's Victor.
Tenth Race—E. Craven's Livina C. beat T. Walton's Quickstep.
Eleventh Race—Villa Kennel's Maud G. beat J. Sersmith's Mission Boy.
Twelfth Race—D. Chilla's Yankee Doodle beat W. Perry's Gee Whiz.
FIRST TIES.
Maggie beat Summertime.
Happy Day beat Coomassie.
Electric beat Foxhall.
California Violet beat Valley Queen.
Livina C. beat Snowbird.
Maud G. beat Yankee Doodle.
SECOND TIES.
Maggie beat Happy Day.
Electric beat California Violet.
Maud G. beat Livina C.
THIRD TIES.
Maggie beat Electric.
Maud G. given a go-by.
FINAL.
Maggie beat Maud G., winning first prize of \$12.
DRILL HOSE COMPANY NO. 1.
Our gallant fire ladders of Hose Company No. 1, turned out in fine form on Sunday last for a thorough drill. The boys put in three hours of good, hard work. The first connection was made at the hydrant near the D. O. Daggett residence; from the latter point they ran to the northern end of town, thence to Jorgensen's, lower end of Grand avenue, thence out Grand avenue something more than a mile to the residence of W. J. Martin, thence to the corner of Baden and Maple avenues, and from the last named place to the Hose House. Nine connections in all were made, and in every instance the work was rapidly and effectively performed. The members of the Company who turned out were: W. T. Neff, foreman; Harvey Knight, assistant foreman; Sam Trask, Frank West, P. J. Husted, Fred Husted, Fred Stone, A. D. Malone and Mr. Potter.
The personnel of Hose Company No. 1 is first-class and the Company is one of which our citizens may well feel proud.

FIRE MEETING.

A meeting of the Board of Directors of the Citizens' Mutual Protective Association was held at the Postoffice building, at 2 o'clock p. m., on Monday last.
W. J. Martin, chairman, made a report of his investigations with regard to prices of hose and fire alarm bell.
The secretary reported the total amount of cash turned over to the treasurer to date as \$128.35.
W. J. Martin and W. T. Neff were authorized to negotiate for a hose cart and hose and for a fire bell.

PRESS NOTES.

GOD'S HOUSE.

"Whose house ye are." The house of God has three occupants that dwell there: Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit and man.
When Christ is away from home there is a vacant chair by the fireside, and the fire burns low and it is cold and chilly indeed.
When the Holy Spirit is absent from the house the blinds are all down, the house is dark within. The spider webs are seen in the corners and dust covers all the furniture. Silence is the only noise that's heard and the voice of the Turtle Dove is not heard in the land.
And where is the third occupant, man? He may be there indeed in name, but in name alone. He's then a corpse—cold, clammy, silent and dead. The winds sigh his funeral dirge. If he moves, it is toward the tomb in mourning for hopes and joys long since dead. The house a monument of departed glory and of better days long gone by.
How different when Christ is at home. Every chair (or pew) is occupied, there are no empty seats. The fire burns brightly, giving out warmth and heat and the children gather at His feet.
When the Holy Spirit is at home the blinds are all up, the sunlight of heaven is in floods of glory; the spider webs are all brushed away; the dust is cleaned from the furniture, and the voice of the Turtle Dove in sweet strains is heard morning, noon and night, telling of the joys within the re-occupied and renovated house of God.
"Whose house ye are."—Paul.
G. W. Scott.
Middletown, March 16, 1896.
—Middletown Independent.

The Postoffice located in South Chicago, with all the mail to be delivered one day last week, office fixtures and stamps was burned. The loss on the building and fixtures is \$10,000.

IT WORRIES MR. SAGE

A SMALL RAILROAD THAT CAUSES HIM MUCH TROUBLE.

Has Photographs Made of His Employees Showing Them Sleeping or Lounging. One Crew Camped by a Fire—Great Is the Poughkeepsie and Eastern.

Russell Sage is the proprietor of a railroad 40 miles long that gives him more trouble than all his other mileage and his millions put together. It is called the Poughkeepsie and Eastern, and, as its name implies, one end of it is anchored in what people who live there call the Queen City of the Hudson. The other end is at present located in a cornfield in the direction of Boston. Every time Mr. Sage gets out of sorts with the Vanderbilt or annoyed at the New York and New Haven people he stretches out on his Poughkeepsie and Eastern a little and employs several men with pickaxes. Then his surveyors squint due east through theodolites and there is big talk about the Poughkeepsie and Eastern paralleling the Boston and Albany. Threats are also made of an extension west to Chicago.

Mr. Sage decided recently to take an active part in the operating of his pet road. This determination was due to information he received privately that things were not going on all right. The locomotive engineers were exceeding their allowance of three-quarters of a pound of coal per train mile, and were running freight trains over the whole length of the road in less than two days, the schedule time, or taking a week, just as caprice dictated. Then other irregularities were discovered. At the annual inventory, Jan. 1, three coupling pins and one chainis leather washrag were missing.

"The whole root of the difficulty is laziness," said President Sage. "These things will always happen to a railroad whose employees are not industrious. Discharge all the lazy men we have at present and get more."

But this was more easily said than done. They couldn't locate the lazy men. A freight crew would get out from Boston Corners with every appearance of wakefulness and energy, but just as soon as it got around a curve where the master car builder or the division superintendent couldn't see it, the engineer would run it on a siding and the crew would go to sleep or fall to picking blackberries. Mr. Sage at one time even thought of stringing wires along the track, so that he might learn where his trains were, but this involved a large outlay, and he racked his brain for some simpler plan.

He at length evolved a scheme by which the division superintendent, the master car builder and the track foreman should hide in a caboose and keep tabs on a sample train. But he found out that the division superintendent, the master car builder and the track foreman, who was one and the same person, had to attend to the turntable at Boston Corners and couldn't leave his work. The trains were getting slower and slower. The Cannon Ball express, which was put on as a menace to the New Haven company, occupied nine hours in running over the road. Then President Sage took counsel with himself and decided that something must be done.

He consulted a firm of detectives. He told them that he had ballasted and bonded the road in a style that brought it up to date, and he wanted them to find out how the employees spent their time, and why an up to date roadbed did not bring up to date speed. They gave him every assurance that they would bring the men to time.

Equipped with a camera, a detective who makes a specialty of railroad work went to Poughkeepsie. He knew that the presence of a passenger on a Poughkeepsie and Eastern train would excite suspicion, so he disguised himself as a tramp by a marvelously small number of artistic touches, and began to loiter along the grass grown line of the road.

The result of his labors, it is said, is an immense collection of cabinet photographs. They were taken by the instantaneous process, but they might just as easily have been done with a time exposure, for they show that employees of the Poughkeepsie and Eastern rarely move. Some of the pictures are so realistic that one who sees them can almost hear the conductors and brakemen snore.

One especially good view represents the "Lightning Bug" freight train, which brings maple sirup down from Vermont regularly every day, standing at ease on the track while her crew, camped round a log fire, are listening to the fireman, who is reading a dime novel. There are cobwebs on the driving wheel of the locomotive.

An interesting physiological fact brought out by the detective is that employees of the Poughkeepsie and Eastern have the rare faculty of sleeping while standing up. The pictures positively prove this. The open mouths and closed eyes eloquently describe a condition of sound slumber. When this convincing evidence that insomnia was not one of his maladies was shown to a brakeman, he said:

"That's the way I always act. I keep my eyes shut so as not to wear them out, and my mouth is one of those that falls open all the time and only closes when I remember to shut it. That's a habit I learned since I came to live in Poughkeepsie."

Mr. Sage does not know exactly what to do with his bundle of photographs. There is some talk of his pasting them up in the Poughkeepsie station as a warning to the employees in general. The men know all about the pictures and are very much alarmed.

"They took me eating a piece of pie," said a freight handler, "when it wasn't the dinner hour, and I should have been checking pig iron on a flat car. Then they've got a picture of a political debate in the roundhouse, when the men should have been cleaning the engines."
—New York World.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN IN CHINA.

He Would Have Been Likely to Get Himself Into Trouble.

One dark evening I was returning home from a call on one of our English neighbors in Taiyuenfu. When not far from our compound, the road crossed an open space of several acres in extent. As I was finding my way along by the rather dim light of a Chinese lantern I nearly stumbled over the body of a man who had fallen by the way. My first impulse was to take hold of the person and ascertain if help was needed, but for some reason I did not, but hurried home to get aid. Mr. X. was still with us and on hearing my statement said: "Yes, I know. The man is dead, and it is fortunate that you did not attempt to touch the body. Should we now try to remove it or even to go to it we should no doubt be seen and at once suspicion would attach itself to us, and none could tell the consequences. We might cause a riot before morning."

It should be said that this suspicion would not have been because we were foreigners, for a native under similar circumstances would likewise have run the risk of being charged with the murder. The good Samaritan would have fared hardly in China, or most likely would have been suspected of doing the kind deed for some ultimate gain, while the priest and the Levite would have been accounted not hard hearted, but prudent.—Professor C. M. Cady in Century.

The Fighting Swiss.

The year 1812 saw the Swiss mercenaries at the zenith of their power, when warring Austria and France alike away from Milan, they installed therein the ruler of their own choice. In the same year they met the Landsknechts at the passage of the Oglio and Ticino, and, fording the rivers stark naked, beat them back without waiting even to dress themselves. A few months later they showed even more magnificent insolence when besieged by the French in Novara; throwing the gates open, they begged the enemy not to be at the pains of making a breach, but to walk straight in, "Donnez-vous donc la peine d'entrer." The French made no reply, except to hammer away with their artillery, whereupon the Swiss mockingly hung the breaches with sheets as sufficient protection against so feeble a foe. Shortly after arrived reinforcements from Switzerland, which, without pausing to rest more than an hour after a long and hurried march, dashed out in disorder against the encompassing troops and dispersed them with terrible loss. "If we could only reckon upon obedience in our men," said the Swiss leaders, "we should march through the whole of France."—Macmillan's Magazine.

Hitchcock—Wilmot.

The Anglo-Saxon suffixes "kin" and "cock" were used as diminutive or endearing forms of personal names, just as the Normans used the suffixes "et," "ot," "en" and "on." Thus from Hitch, itself a diminutive of Richard, we get the surnames Hitchkin, Hitchcock, Hitchens and Hitchison. Any common baptismal name affords a number of such variants, which became fixed as patronymics or surnames. There are, for example, at least 15 different forms of William available for that purpose.

English forms: William, giving Williams, Williamson, MacWilliam, Fitzwilliam; Will, giving Wills, Wilson; Bill, giving Bilson; Willy, giving Willyson.

Anglo-Saxon forms: Wilkin, giving Wilkie, Wilkins, Wilkinson; Gilkin, giving Gilkinson; Wilcock, giving Wilcox.

Norman forms: Guillaume, giving the surname Gillom; Guillamot, giving Gillamot; Guillon, giving Gillon; Guillot, giving Gillot, Gillotson; Guill, giving Gilson, McGill; Willet, giving Willet; Williamot, giving Wilmot; Wilen, giving Willan, Willing.

The Outlook in England.

Is Lord Salisbury likely to give the franchise to women? It is quite possible that he will do so. The Liberal Unionists almost to a man (Mr. Leonard Courtney the one conspicuous exception) are against the representation of women, but the Conservative majority without the Liberal Unionists will be strong enough to carry anything. There will undoubtedly be a registration of voters bill, and in all probability a redistribution of seats bill, brought in by the government, and it is thought very probable that in these an opportunity will be found for enfranchising at least some women. Woman suffrage has always had considerable Conservative support. Lord Beaconsfield was absolutely the first person to say a word in its favor in the house of commons, and Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour are both its advocates. Probably, however, a Conservative woman's suffrage would be confined to propertied ladies. It would be rather a representation of that property than an enfranchisement of women. To this, probably, the house of lords would not object.—London Illustrated News.

How to Make a Handle Stick.

Handles will get loose, do what you will, says The Wheel, and some time or other they will part company with the bar. Forty ways to cement them on have been exploited as many different times in the columns of the wheel papers, but the average sticker on of handles makes the mistake of smearing the cement over the handle bar instead of placing it inside the handle, the consequence being that the handle when forced on, pushes up the cement, which forms in an unsightly ring round the end of the handle. The proper way is to melt a little cement, pour it into the mouth of the handle while the latter is being revolved, so as to make it run round, warm the end of the handle bar, but not sufficiently to injure the cork or celluloid, and push the handle on. The handle bar will thus tend to carry the cement farther in, and there will be none visible round the outside.

We like a girl who refuses to let a young man break her heart.

The Mission of Motherhood.

Everything pertaining to woman is taking on higher conditions. Even the caricature pictures, in which needy cartoonists cater to their own necessities by expressing on paper for the public prints their never lucid ideas of the woman question, have advanced beyond the old pictures of the hideous, angular virago and her broomstick or the irate woman, half hen and half monstrosity, both of whom were vigorously belaboring the alleged tyrant man, and are now sketching handsome, happy looking women in ugly and impossible garments, making love to silly, conceited little swains whom the new woman wants to marry. If the old woman produced such specimens of masculinity under the old order as are portrayed therein, it is quite time to supplant her by the "free woman," who will make better success of the mission of motherhood.

A Good Motto.

Pay as you go, and if you can't pay don't go. That is the motto that Comptroller Fitch has set up for the finance department of New York. It is good enough to pass around.

MARKET REPORT.

The market on live stock is strong, and in good demand, except that sheep are now being sold alive at prices that are easier than they were a few weeks ago. Hogs are in good demand at easier prices as they are being offered more freely. Provisions and Lard are in more demand, and selling at steady prices.
LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are 1/2 lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.
Cattle—No. 1 Steers, 7 lb, 5 1/2 @ 6 1/2; 2nd quality, 5 @ 5 1/2; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 4 1/2 @ 5; second quality, 4 @ 4 1/2.
Hogs—Hard grain-fed, under 160-lb weight, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4; 160-lb weight, 3 3/4 @ 4.
Sheep—Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 3 lb, 3 @ 3 1/2; Ewes, dressing 50 lbs and under, 2 3/4 @ 3.
Lamb—First quality, 7 lb, 2 1/2 @ 3; second quality, 2 @ 2 1/2; Sucking Lambs, 1 lb, 50 @ 2.00 each.
Calves—Light, 7 lb, 3 1/2 @ 4; gross weight; Heavy, 3 @ 3 1/2; gross weight.
FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:
Beef—First quality steers, 5 @ 5 1/2; second quality, 4 1/2 @ 5; third quality, 4 @ 4 1/2.
First quality cows and heifers, 4 1/2 @ 5; second quality, 3 1/2 @ 4; third quality, 3 @ 3 1/2.
Veal—Large, 5 @ 6; small, 6 @ 7.
Mutton—Wethers, 6 @ 6 1/2; ewes, 5 1/2 @ 6; yearling lambs, 6 @ 6 1/2. Sucking Lambs, 7 @ 8.
Dressed Hogs—6 1/2 @ 7.
PROVISIONS—California hams, 9 @ 10 1/2; picnic hams, choice, 6 1/2 @ 7.
Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 12c; heavy S. C. bacon, 11c; med. bacon, clear, 6 1/2c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 7 1/2c; light, dry salt bacon, 9 1/2c; ex. light dry salt bacon, 10 1/2c.
Beef—Extra Family, bbl, \$10 80; do. hf-bbl, \$5 75; Extra Mess, bbl, \$8 00; do. hf-bbl, \$4 25; Smoked, 3 lb, 1 lb.
Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 6 1/2c; do. light, 7c; do. Bellies, 9c; Extra Clear, bbls, \$14 00; hf-bbls, \$7 25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4 50; do. kits, \$1 25.
Lard—Prices are 3/4 lb: Tes, 1/2-bbls, 50s, 20s, 10s, 5s, 6c; Compound, 5 1/2 @ 6; 6 1/2 @ 6 1/2; Cal. pure, 6 1/2 @ 6 1/2; 6 1/2 @ 7; 7 1/2 @ 7 1/2. In 3-lb tins the price on each is 1/4c higher than on 5-lb tins.
Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$1 80; 1s \$1 00; Roast Beef, 2s \$1 80; 1s, \$1 00; Lunch Beef, 2s, \$1 00; 1s, \$1 10.
Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

IF YOU WANT GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

F. W. KOESTER, Barber Shop.

Beer & Ice

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

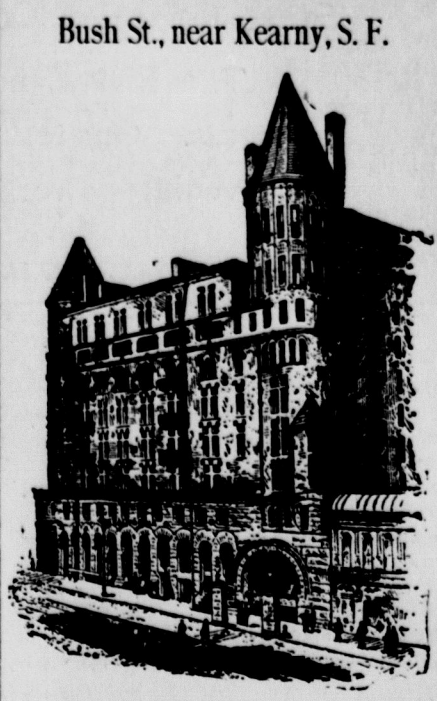
For the Celebrated Beers of the
Wieland, Fredericksburg,
United States, Chicago,
Willows and
South San Francisco
BREWERIES
—AND—
THE UNION ICE CO.
Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.

WM. NEFF, Billiard

Pool Room

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

THE CALIFORNIA



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'NOTE.

Dinner from 5 to 8 p. m. \$1.00
Lunch from 11:30 a. m. to 2 p. m. 75 cts.

J. L. WOOD, Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

A. F. KINZLER, Manager.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

GREEN VALLEY MEAT MARKET.

Wagon will call at your door with choicest of all kinds of fresh and smoked meats.
THE . COURT.
CHOICEST
Wines, Liquors & Cigars.
THOS. BENNERS, Prop.
Grand Avenue, Next to P. O.

ARMOUR HOTEL

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

Accredited Insurance Agent for the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co., on all their buildings and plant at South San Francisco.
Special facilities for placing large lines on all classes of insurable property. Property specially rated. Correspondence solicited.
OFFICE: 132 California St., San Francisco.

State Chemist, California:

The ROYAL fulfils all the requirements. Our tests show it has greater leavening power than any other.

To Name Springfield's Four Hundred.

It has been seven years since a Blue Book was printed, and in that time there have been many social changes. Some have dropped out of the charmed circle, some of the buds have developed into matrons, while others are still serving as bridesmaids. And some of the plebeians have acquired property or gained culture and are knocking for admission at society's gate. All that is needed is official recognition. We need a Blue Book, the stars to indicate the grade of patricians. It will be well for the compiler to remain unidentified until the book has been published, and then, as in the previous case, to promptly leave town—to go far away and stay away. The Price & Lee company, which has been compiling dry and accurate directories of Springfield, has the temerity to announce that it is prepared to classify Springfield society. The preliminary circulars are out. Now is the time to get into line if you want a three star grade in the firmament of the Four Hundred. The Blue Book enumerator has not started on her rounds yet. Entertain and go to entertainments. The sheep and goats are to be divided, and it may again be seven years before another Blue Book division is made.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD KNOW THAT



FERRY DAVIS VEGETABLE PAIN-KILLER
 In a very remarkable remedy, both for INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use, and wonderful in its quick action to relieve distress.
Pain-Killer is a sure cure for Sore Throat, Croup, Coughs, Chills, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera, and all Bowel Complaints.
Pain-Killer IS THE BEST remedy known for Sea Sickness, Sick Headache, Pain in the Back or Side, Rheumatism and Neuralgia.
Pain-Killer IS UNQUESTIONABLY THE BEST LAXATIVE MADE. It brings speedy and permanent relief in all cases of Constipation, Cuts, Sprains, Severe Burns, &c.
Pain-Killer is the well tried and trusted friend of the Sick, the Farmer, the Planter, the Sailor, and in fact all classes wanting a medicine always at hand, and safe to use internally or externally with certainty of relief.
IS RECOMMENDED By Physicians, by Missionaries, by Ministers, by Mechanics, by Nurses in Hospitals.
BY EVERYBODY.
Pain-Killer is a Medicine Chest in itself, and few families can afford to be without this invaluable remedy in the house. Its price brings it within the reach of all, and it will annually save many times its cost in doctor's bills. Beware of imitations. Take care but the genuine "FERRY DAVIS."

S FOR CURES SCROFULA, BLOOD POISON.

S THE CURES CANCER, ECZEMA, TETTER.

S BLOOD

FERRY'S SEEDS
 Perfect seeds grow paying crops. Fertilizer is never left to chance in growing FERRY'S SEEDS. Dealers sell them everywhere. Write for FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL for 1896. Brims of valuable information about best and newest seeds. Free by mail. D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

ROWELL'S FIRE OF LIFE!
 An unfailing Cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago and Acute Nervous Diseases. For sale by all Druggists. 51 per Bottle. BURNETT & CO., 327 MONTGOMERY ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE AEROMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/4 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-After-Completion Windmills, Tilted and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Outlets and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Filmore Streets, Chicago.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SCOTCH STRIP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.
 For sale by all Druggists. 25 cents a bottle. S. F. N. U. No. 719. New Series No. 14

IN A BALLOON.

The Sensations That Are Superinduced by Its Rising and Falling.

A dim sunlight strikes us in the balloon. Suddenly we realize we are in bright sunshine again, with fleecy white clouds below us and a deep blue sky above. Look at the shadow of the balloon on the clouds! See the light prismatic colors like a halo around the shadow of the car. Here we are all alone, in perfect silence, in the depths of a great abyss—massive clouds towering up on all sides, a snowy white mass below. But no sign of earth—no sign of anything human. Not a sound, not a sign of life! What peace! What bliss! Horrors! What's that report? The balloon must have burst. Oh, nonsense! Keep still! It's only a fold of the stuff nipped by the netting being suddenly released; that's all.

Well, we are falling, for see the bits of paper apparently ascending. And we must take care, for the coldness and dampness of this cloud will cause the gas to contract, and we shall fall rapidly. So get a bag of ballast ready, for we are already in the darkness of the cloud. Now the gas bag shrinks and writhes, and the loose folds rustle together, and it gets darker. You can feel the breeze blowing upward against your face or hand held over the edge of the car. Well, that's not to be wondered at, for remember we are falling, say 1,000 feet a minute, which is the same thing as if we were going along ten miles an hour sitting in a dogcart. Not quite the same, you say—you'd sooner be in the cart? Well, perhaps if the horse were going straight at a wall, without the possibility of being able to stop him, you would think otherwise. But look! There is the earth again; so out with your ballast. Go on! Pour out plenty; there's no good economizing.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Education and Woman.

Two forces—education and the woman—are destined to influence and modify social conditions. Education is being more widely disseminated and diversified by university extension. It is by education that the world must advance. Woman's development has always been through the peaceful arts. She has ever been the practical sex. Man has always been the originator and philosopher. No woman ever originated a creed or philosophy, but it remains for them to put the theories, both religious and social, into practice. She carries them out, observes them in her home relations and instills them into the budding mind of youth.

Women and men have radically different ideas of practical politics. To a man practical politics means attachment to some party and according support to it under all conditions and circumstances. To women practical politics means clean streets, proper enforcement of municipal regulations, the administration of law with a view to securing the benefits intended. Women look at the result accomplished as the material point in politics. The Federation of Women's Clubs aims to secure political results by divesting such questions of the glamour of partisanship and directing every energy to their actual accomplishment.—Mrs. Helen M. Henrotin.

ROUND THE HEARTHSTONES.

Household necessities, cheer and warmth in winter, require the building of more fires. A cheerful warm fire-place is a gracious comfort, but the harm fire may do has no limit. Hearthstones have stored legends, and there are stories of how houses are burned down by carelessness. But it is because we have more fires that there are more burns and scalds, the treatment of which, to allay at once the torturing pains, requires something for immediate use. No household should be without it, and St. Jacobs Oil supplies the need. Used according to direction, it heals, soothes and cures and leaves no scars behind.

Fat Man—Did you polish 'em up nice? Bost-black—Yep; look for yourself. Fat Man—I'll take your word for it.

Fits Cured
 From U.S. Journal of Medicine Prof. W. H. Feeke, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferers who may send their P. O. and Express address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Prof. W. H. FEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York

Churchill's Push.
 When Lord Randolph Churchill was at Oxford, he was constantly in conflict with his dean at Merton on the subject of compulsory chapels, and on one occasion he was sent for to listen to a grand remonstrance. It was a chilly day, and the dean was standing with his back to the fire when Lord Randolph entered. After about ten minutes another delinquent was ushered in, and found Lord Randolph standing with his back to the fire and his coatails comfortably upraised, while the unfortunate dean was arguing away out in the cold, near the door.

His Subterfuge.
 "Look here, Hopkins, you said you were going to New York on legal business, and you went and got married."
 "Well, isn't getting married legal business?"—Chicago Record.

Masters of the World.

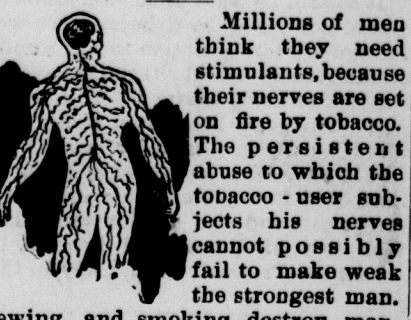
Simple words, short maxims, homely truths, old sayings, are the masters of the world. Great reformations, great revolutions in society, great eras in human progress and improvement, start from good words, right words, sound words, spoken in the fitting time, and finding their way to human hearts as easily as the birds find their homes.—D. March.

The most easterly point of the United States is Quoddy Head, Me.; the most westerly, Atto island, Alaska; the most northerly, Point Barrow, Alaska; the most southerly, Key West, Fla.

TOBACCO-TWISTED NERVES.

The Unavoidable Result of the Continued Use of Tobacco.

Is there a Sure, Easy and Quick Way of Obtaining Permanent Relief from the Habit?



Millions of men think they need stimulants, because their nerves are set on fire by tobacco. The persistent abuse to which the tobacco-user subjects his nerves cannot possibly fail to make weak the strongest man.

CURED 49 CASES OUT OF 50.

Holbrook, Nev., June 13. Gentlemen—The effects of No-To-Bac are truly wonderful. I had used tobacco for forty-three years, a pound plug a week. I used two boxes of No-To-Bac and have had no desire for tobacco since. I gave two boxes of No-To-Bac to a man named West who had used tobacco for forty-seven years, and two boxes to Mr. Whitman, and neither of them have used tobacco since and say they have no desire for it. Over fifty that I know have used No-To-Bac through my influence, and I only know of one case where it did not cure, and then it was the fault of the patient.

I was 64 years old last week. I have gained seventeen pounds in flesh since I quit the use of tobacco. You can use this letter, or any part of it, as you wish. Yours respectfully,

C. E. Holbrook, P. M.
 You say it is wonderful. Indeed, it is. No-To-Bac cured over 800,000 cases just as bad. You can be made well and strong by No-To-Bac. Your own druggist guarantees a cure. Get our booklet, "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away," written guarantee of cure and free sample, mailed for the asking. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Success in Society.

The secret of success in society is a certain heartiness and sympathy. A man who is not happy in company cannot find any word in his memory that will fit the occasion; all his information is a little impertinent. A man who is happy there finds in every turn of the conversation occasions for the introduction of what he has to say. The favorites of society are able men, and of more spirit than wit, who have no uncomfortable egotism, but who exactly fill the hour and company, contented and contenting.—Emerson.

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

As Shakespeare says, is to poke fun or sneer at people who are nervous, under the hallucination that their complaint is imaginary or a affectation. It is neither, but a serious reality. Imperfect digestion and assimilation of the food is a very common cause of nervousness, especially that distressing form of it which manifests itself in want of sleep. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters speedily remedies nervousness, as it also does malaria, kidney, bilious and rheumatic ailments. The weak gain vigor speedily through its use.

"I thought you said the doctor told you to die." "Well, I am dying." "But you go to these chafin-dish parties." "I know it. If I wasn't dying I wouldn't dare."

\$100 REWARD \$100.
 The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
 Sold by Druggists, 75c.
FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Eline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after one day's use. Nervous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Eline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Tea Garden Drops is Best Sugar Syrup for table use ever offered to the public. Makes delicious taffy candy. First-class dealers sell it.

Try Germea for Breakfast.

It's Pure
 Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa is Pure—it's all Cocoa—no filling—no chemicals. WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

GIRLS VALUE PURITY IN MEN.

The Exceptions, Who Wed Men of the World, Always Repent of It.

A young man writes to Edward W. Bok inquiring why so many girls seem to prefer the company of young fellows of slightly blotted character—men who have seen the world—and in many cases marry them, in face of the fact that their past lives are known to them. In The Ladies' Home Journal Mr. Bok, its editor, makes this reply: "Girls—that is, the right kind of girls—do not prefer the company of young men of this sort. Doubtless, you have come across instances where this rule has been otherwise; so have I. But it is all in the seeming, and not in the reality. Depend upon one thing—girls have as high an estimate of purity in man as men have of purity in woman.

"There are, of course, cases to the contrary, but these are few. Where girls marry men who are known to have led what is called a 'worldly life,' it is more generally due to a misunderstanding of facts or to ignorance than people imagine. There is a type of girl who finds a peculiar satisfaction in the conquest of a man who has 'seen the world' and then comes to her as the one woman of all her sex who can make him happy. This sometimes pleases her vanity and love of conquest, but she is not many years older before she discovers that she has satisfied those feelings at a very high cost.

"There is another type of girl who rather fancies a man who is what is called 'fast.' But that sort of girl is painfully ignorant of what is meant by that word as applied to a man. If she were not, she would be very apt to change the adjective to 'vulgar.' And as she matures she finds this out. It is only young men of upright lives who can hope to win the favor and love of girls of high motives, the girls who make the best wives. If, at times, girls seem to favor young men of another kind, the glamour is simply transitory. It is rare, very rare, that a girl's better instincts do not lead her to the higher grade of young men. An upright life never fails of reward, and of the highest reward, from the hand of woman."

An Error About Cats.

An error about cats, and a truly vulgar one, is that they lie on young children's breasts and suck their breath or suffocate them. Cats like to lie on the breast of a person they love, and are apt to show their happiness by now and then lifting their heads for a kiss or gently touching the face or neck above them with their paw; this sort of patting or stroking a beloved cheek or throat is one of the more human habits which dogs have not. Seeing one of our cats lying on her master's chest when he was asleep on the sofa, I understood how the notion had taken root; then, too, cats are luxurious and fond of warmth, and may sometimes share a baby's crib or cradle for that reason, as dogs certainly do.—Temple Bar.

Little Worth.

Harry—I cannot offer you wealth, Marie; my brains are all the fortune I possess.
 Marie—Oh, Harry, if you are as badly off as that I'm afraid papa will never give his consent.—Strand Magazine.

Sour

Stomach, sometimes called waterbrash, and burning pain, distress, nausea, dyspepsia, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This it accomplishes because with its wonderful power as a blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates an appetite, gives refreshing sleep, and raises the health tone. In cases of dyspepsia and indigestion it seems to have "a magic touch."

Stomach

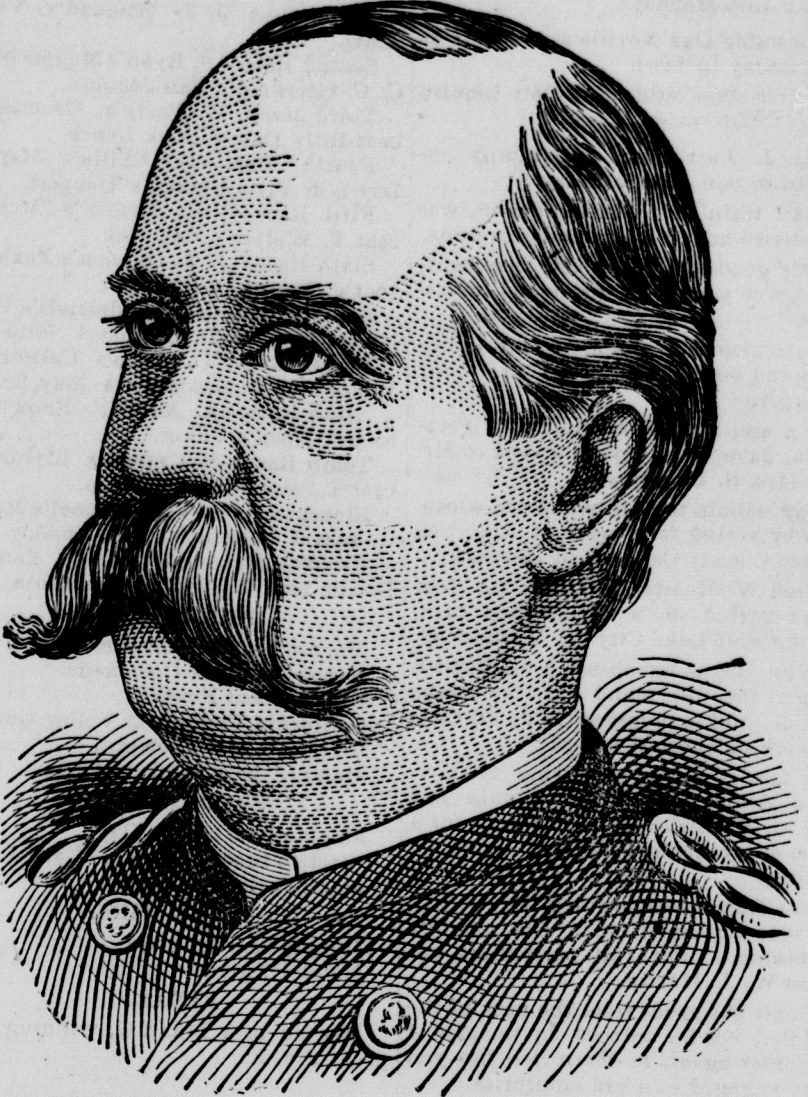
with severe pains across my shoulders, and great distress. I had violent nausea which would leave me very weak and faint, difficult to get my breath. These spells came oftener and more severe. I did not receive any lasting benefit from physicians, but found such happy effects from a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I took several bottles and mean to always keep it in the house. I am now able to do all my own work, which for six years I have been unable to do. My husband and son have also been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla—for pains in the back, and after the grip. I gladly recommend this grand blood medicine."
 Mrs. PETER BURBY, Loominster, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headache. 25cents.

COL. JOSEPH L. FOLLETT.

One of Sheridan's Commanders Saved by Paine's Celery Compound.



Col. Joseph L. Follett of New York has a national reputation. At the age of 21, Col. Follett enlisted in Battery G, First Missouri Light Artillery, and soon rose to its command. At Lookout Mountain, his was the only Battery that reached the summit.

Since the war he has devoted himself to mechanical engineering, and has invented several important improvements on the sewing machine, and a bicycle that promises to be one the surprises of next season. The tension on the nervous system of an inventor, kept up for months and months, seriously weakened the health of a busy brain worker like Col. Follett, and his constitution, which even the hardship of war did not weaken, threatened to succumb to nervous exhaustion.

What Col. Follett has to say in regard to his restoration to health, cannot fail to carry great weight. In a letter to Wells & Richardson Co., of Burlington, Vt., he writes: "When suffering from mental exhaustion and a generally disorganized system, and overwork, I used Paine's celery compound. The compound acted like a charm on my bowels and kept them in fine condition, and I experienced great relief from my brain troubles."

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 This Oil is made from Pennsylvania Crude, and put up for Family Use for such persons as desire an oil that is ABSOLUTELY SAFE—no smoke, no smell, high fire test, and water white. . . . This Oil has no superior in the market, and a trial will satisfy any person, so they will use no other.
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 Also CABLED POULTRY, GARDEN and RABBIT FENCE.
 We manufacture a complete line of Smooth Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as represented. Ask your dealer to show you this Fence. **DE KALB FENCE CO.,** MAIN OFFICE AND FACTORIES: DE KALB, ILLINOIS. PACIFIC COAST OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE: 26 BEALE STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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WE WILL SEND YOU EITHER 2 Silver-Plated Teaspoons, OR, 1 Tablespoon, OR, 1 Fork, IN EXCHANGE FOR 30 Coupons, OR, for 2 Coupons and 30 Cents.

BLACKWELL'S GENUINE DURHAM TOBACCO.
 THE QUALITY of this silverware is first-class. Rogers' make, King's pattern. NOT the ware ordinarily offered as premiums. Will last for years. Smoke Blackwell's Durham Tobacco and secure a set of silverware suitable for palace or cottage. Send coupons with name and address to BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO CO., DURHAM, N. C. Buy a bag of this Celebrated Smoking Tobacco, and read coupon, which gives a list of other premiums and how to get them. 2 CENT STAMPS ACCEPTED.

Another thing that added to the flame of speculation and curiosity was this. Two of the ladies, returning from a moonlit stroll on the terrace just after tattoo, came through the narrow passageway on the west side of the colonel's quarters, and there, at the foot of the little flight of steps leading up to the parade, they came suddenly upon Captain Chester, who was evidently only moderately pleased to see them and nervously anxious to expedite their onward movement. With the perversity of both sexes, however, they stopped to chat and inquire what he was doing there, and in the midst of it all a faint light gleamed on the opposite wall, and the reflection of the curtains in Alice Renwick's window was distinctly visible. Then a sturdy masculine shadow appeared, and there was a rustling above, and then, with exasperating, mysterious and epigrammatic terseness, a deep voice propounded the utterly senseless question:

"How's that?"
To which, in great embarrassment, Chester replied:

"Hold on a minute. I'm talking with some interested spectators."

Whereat the shadow of the big man shot out of sight, and the ladies found that it was useless to remain—there would be no further developments so long as they did—and so they came away, with many a lingering backward look. "But the idea of asking such a fool question as 'How's that?' Why couldn't the man say what he meant?"

It was gathered, however, that Armitage and Chester had been making some experiments that bore in some measure on the mystery. And all this time Mr. Jerrold was in his quarters, only a stone's throw away. How interested he must have been!

But while the garrison was relieved at knowing that Alice Renwick would not be on hand for the german, and it was being fondly hoped she might never return to the post, there was still another grievous embarrassment. How about Mr. Jerrold?

He had been asked to lead when the german was first projected and had accepted. That was fully two weeks before, and now—no one knew just what ought to be done. It was known that Nina Beaubien had returned on the previous day from a brief visit to the upper lakes, and that she had a costume of ravishing beauty in which to carry desolation to the hearts of the garrison belles in leading that german with Mr. Jerrold. Old Mme. Beaubien had been reluctant, said her city friends, to return at all. She heartily disapproved of Mr. Jerrold and was bitterly set against Nina's growing infatuation for him. But Nina was headstrong and determined. Moreover, she was far more than a match for her mother's vigilance, and it was known at Sibley that two or three times the girl had been out at the fort with the Suttons and other friends when the old lady believed her in quarters totally different.

Cub Sutton had confided to Captain Wilton that Mme. Beaubien was in total ignorance of the fact that there was to be a party at the doctor's the night he had driven out with Nina and his sister; that Nina had "pulled the wool over her mother's eyes" and made her believe she was going to spend the evening with friends in town, naming a family with whom the Beaubiens were intimate. A long drive always made the old lady sleepy, and as she had accompanied Nina to the fort that afternoon she went early to bed, having secured her wild birding, as she supposed, from possibility of further meetings with Jerrold. For nearly a week, said Cub, Mme. Beaubien had dogged Nina so that she could not get a moment with the man with whom she was evidently so smitten, and the girl was almost at her wits' end with seeing the depth of his flirtation with Alice Renwick and the knowledge that on the morrow her mother would spirit her off to the cool breezes and blue waves of the great lake. Cub said she so worked on Fanny's feelings that they put up the scheme together and made him bring them out. Gad, if old Maman only found it out, there'd be no more germans for Nina! She'd ship her off to the good Sisters at Creve-Coeur and slap her into a convent and leave all her money to the church.

And yet, said city society, old Maman idolized her beautiful daughter and could deny her no luxury or indulgence. She dressed her superbly, though with a somewhat barbaric taste, where Nina's own good sense and eastern teaching did not interfere. What she feared was that the girl would fall in love with some adventurer or—what was quite as bad—some army man who would carry her darling away to Arizona or other inaccessible spot. Her plan was that Nina should marry here—at home—some one of the staid young merchant princes rising into prominence in the western metropolis, and from the very outset Nina had shown a singular infatuation for the buttons and straps and music and heaven knows what all out at the fort. She gloried in seeing her daughter prominent in all scenes of social life. She rejoiced in her triumphs and took infinite pains with all preparations.

She would have set her foot against Nina's simply dancing the german at the fort with Jerrold as a partner, but she could not resist it that the papers should announce on Sunday morning that "the event of the season at Fort Sibley was the german given last Tuesday night by the ladies of the garrison and led by the lovely Miss Beaubien" with Lieutenant or Captain Anybody. There were a dozen bright, graceful, winning women among the dames and damsels at the fort, and Alice Renwick was a famous beauty by this time. It

was more than Maman Beaubien could withstand that her Nina should "lead" all these, and so her consent was won. Back they came from Chequamegon, and the stately home on Summit avenue reopened to receive them. It was Monday noon when they returned, and by 3 o'clock Fanny Sutton had told Nina Beaubien what she knew of the wonderful rumors that were floating in from Sibley. She was more than half disposed to be in love with Jerrold herself. She expected a proper amount of womanly horror, incredulity and indignation, but she was totally unprepared for the outburst that followed. Nina was transformed into a tragedy queen on the instant, and poor, simple hearted, foolish Fanny Sutton was almost scared out of her small wits by the fire of denunciation and fury with which her story was greeted. She came home with white, frightened face and hunted up Cub and told him that she had been telling Nina some of the queer things the ladies had been saying about Mr. Jerrold, and Nina almost tore her to pieces, and could he go right out to the fort to see Mr. Jerrold? Nina wanted to send a note at once, and if he couldn't go she had made her promise that she would get somebody to go instantly and to come back and let her know before 4 o'clock.

Cub was always glad of an excuse to go out to the fort, but a coldness had sprung up between him and Jerrold. He had heard the ugly rumors in that mysterious way in which all such things are heard, and while his shallow pate could not quite conceive of such a monstrous scandal, and he did not believe half he heard, he sagely felt that in the presence of so much smoke there was surely some fire and avoided the man from whom he had been inseparable. Of course he had not spoken to him on the subject, and, singularly enough, this was the case with all the officers at the post except Armitage and the commander. It was understood that the matter was in Chester's hands, to do with as was deemed best. It was believed that his resignation had been tendered, and all these 48 hours since the story might be said to be fairly before the public Jerrold had been left much to himself and was presumably in the depths of dismay.

One or two men, urged by their wives, who thought it was really time something were done to let him understand he ought not to lead the german, had gone to see him and been refused admission. Asked from within what they wanted, the reply was somewhat difficult to frame and in both cases resolved itself into "Oh, about the german," to which Jerrold's voice was heard to say: "The german's all right. I'll lead if I'm well enough and am not bothered to death meantime. But I've got some private matters to attend to and am not seeing anybody today." And with this answer they were fain to be content. It had been settled, however, that the officers were to tell Captain Chester at 10 o'clock that in their opinion Mr. Jerrold ought not to be permitted to attend so long as this mysterious charge hung over him, and Mr. Rollins had been notified that he must be ready to lead.

Poor Rollins! He was in sore perplexity. He wanted nothing better than to dance with Nina Beaubien. He wondered if she would lead with him or would even come at all when she learned that Jerrold would be unable to attend. "Sickness" was to be the ostensible cause, and in the youth and innocence of his heart Rollins never supposed that Nina would hear of all the other assignable reasons. He meant to ride in and call upon her Monday evening; but, as ill luck would have it, old Sloot, who was officer of the day, stepped on a round pebble as he was going down the long flight to the railway station and sprained his ankle. Just at 5 o'clock Rollins got orders to relieve him and was returning from the guardhouse when who should come driving in but Cub Sutton, and Cub reined up and asked where he would be apt to find Mr. Jerrold.

"He isn't well and has been denying himself to all callers today," said Rollins shortly.

"Well, I've got to see him or at least get a note to him," said Cub. "It's from Miss Beaubien and requires an answer."

"You know the way to his quarters, I presume," said Rollins coldly. "You have been there frequently. I will have a man hold your horse, or you can tie him there at the rail, just as you please."

"Thanks. I'll go over, I believe." And go he did, and poor Rollins was unable to resist the temptation of watching whether the magic name of Nina would open the door. It did not, but he saw Cub hand in the little note through the shutters, and ere long there came another from within. This Cub stole in his waistcoat pocket and drove off with, and Rollins walked jealously homeward. But that evening he went through a worse experience, and it was the last blow to his budding passion for sparkling eyed Nina.

It was nearly tattoo and a dark night when Chester suddenly came in.

"Rollins, you remember my telling you I was sure some of the men had been getting liquor in from the shore down below the station and 'running it' that way? I believe we can nab the smuggler this evening. There's a boat down there now. The corporal has just told me."

The real satisfaction which praise can afford is when what is repeated aloud agrees with the whispers of conscience.—Johnson.

GOWNS AND GOWNING

WOMEN GIVE MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY WEAR.

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

Gossip from Gay Gotham.
New York correspondence.

BEFORE Dame Fashion can convince her devotees that it is time to take up plain bodices, she will have to stop the present flood of new accessories and adornments for bodices. Those who keep their ears to the ground so as to be the first to get warning of the Dame's decrees thought they heard a thundering demand for plain waists several months ago, but there's no sign of popularity for such as yet. All sorts of dainty devices calculated to charm a simple gown into delicious elaboration have kept coming in. To bring the puffy sleeve into proper line at the shoulder there are stiffened epaulettes that fit down over the shoulders, extending in width out to the widest portion of the sleeve puff. These epaulettes are of the same width along their entire length, and are long enough to extend from the shoulder-blade line at the back to the bust line in front. The stock is attached to the epaulettes, and from the stock, filling the space between the sides of the epaulettes down the front, is drawn a soft panel of chiffon that reaches to the belt, the belt in some cases being the final portion of the entire accessory. Sometimes a corresponding panel is set between the

epaulettes at the back. You see, when an affair of this sort is worn, very little of the bodice proper shows. This epaulette front, as it is called, may be made of odds and ends if you like; the epaulettes may be of one material and color, the panel front of another, and still a third stuff and shade be employed for belt and stock. The belt of dresden silk sashing, ending at the back in a lovely baby sash-bow, makes, perhaps, the very prettiest finish.

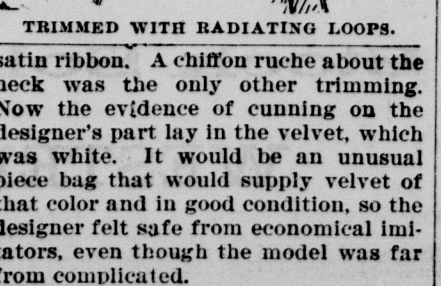
The readiness with which this accessory adapts itself to left-over bits is common with many other devices of the same ornamental bent. Indeed, we need look no further for the expressed belief on the part of fashionable dressmakers—for they were the parties that had their ears to the ground—that the prophetic rumbling meant plain bodices. How can a high-priced dressmaker hope to excel when her best work can be successfully copied or even improved upon by any woman that is rich in piece bags? A result of this situation is that our best designers are now experimenting with waists that are very simple—almost perfectly plain—and making the slight trimming of a material that will not be found in the left-over odds and ends. The waist put at the head of this column is of this sort. Made of beige surah and merely gathered at neck and waist, it had over the shoulders velvet straps edged with lace and finished with rosettes of white

hairs and lapping them towards the wrist to shape the sleeve, or by allowing the bands of ribbon to pass separately over an under puff of organdie. In the latter case the ribbon may finish below the elbow, the organdie continuing on, or not, as you like; or the widths can come together below the elbow to make a solid ribbon cuff. Whoever designed such bodices must have had a mania for devastating pocket-books and for bringing seamstresses to untimely ends, for what a task it all means! Somewhat the same effect can be produced with solid goods, as shown in the fourth sketch. One critic of these sleeves said that the spiral stripes would lead her to look for the wearer's thumb where her smallest finger should be, but a garment that is as stylish and novel as this is should not be condemned, even if it at first seems suitable only for a contortionist.

The bag front still lingers, though its past popularity has been of just the sort that kills many a fashion by making it too common. The real secret of the pouch front's tenacity lies in the fact that many women realize that the round waist effect at the back is often becoming to a figure that cannot stand the round belt in front. So the new designs often include this effect, as does the last one shown. Here the material is figured gray and sapphire blue silk, the bodice being covered half way from neck to waist with blue velvet, below which the silk is slightly bloused. The velvet is trimmed with crescent shaped shoulder pieces, and at the shoulders full rosettes of blue velvet are placed. Two pointed strips of blue velvet trim the godet skirt at the hips.

Bodyes whose trimming is in contrast with the great elaborateness of so many of the Louis jackets are often made of daintily figured goods, and of this sort is the second selection of the artist's, which is of figured gray silk. Its skirt is banded on either side of the front with dresden figured ribbon, the same appearing on the bodice at either side of the fitted vest. The bodice is worn without a belt, and the lining fastens in the center, the vest lapping over. Over it there is a short cape of gray cloth which has three tucks around the hem and a wired collar, and which turns back in revers. It is lined with pink silk.

Ribbon is to be used freely in trimming dresses during the spring and summer, and not a few bodices are little else than alternate strips of ribbon and insertion. These schemes of construction permit some very novel and beautiful effects, as will be seen from



A SPIRAL STRIPE EFFECT.

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The following description of a garment of this type. It was a filmy lawn and lace blouse swathed in bands of ribbon, bands that went spirally about the figure from waist to throat. The lawn showed between, and the ribbon ended at the waist in a great knot. So well was the model carried out that it really looked as if the bodice would be removed by unwinding the ribbon first. The back was of solid ribbon, sewn width by width together, the widths narrowing at the waist to model to the figure, and springing wide below the waist to make an adorable little ripple skirt to the bodice. In front the bodice was a very loose blouse of the sheerest lawn, all run thick and close with tiny ruffles of pale ivory lace. The lawn was a delicate shade to harmonize with the ribbon, and then bands of ribbon swathed the figure. Two breadths were set at the shoulder seam.

Used in this way the ribbon is more like material than like trimming, but when used strictly as the latter, it is often employed with the utmost lavishness. An example of this comes next in the pictures, a waist of white satin hooking in front and draped with white chiffon gathered at neck and waist. Its garniture consists of light-blue velvet ribbon in loops and straps that radiate from the collar, which is surrounded by smaller wired loops. The center band is long enough to be tucked into the belt, which is plain satin matching the ribbon in color. The elbow sleeves are also draped with chiffon, and a black silk crepon skirt completes the costume.

Where ribbon may be justly considered the material of the bodice, the sleeves are made either by sewing together the widths of ribbon at the arm-

hole and lapping them towards the wrist to shape the sleeve, or by allowing the bands of ribbon to pass separately over an under puff of organdie. In the latter case the ribbon may finish below the elbow, the organdie continuing on, or not, as you like; or the widths can come together below the elbow to make a solid ribbon cuff. Whoever designed such bodices must have had a mania for devastating pocket-books and for bringing seamstresses to untimely ends, for what a task it all means! Somewhat the same effect can be produced with solid goods, as shown in the fourth sketch. One critic of these sleeves said that the spiral stripes would lead her to look for the wearer's thumb where her smallest finger should be, but a garment that is as stylish and novel as this is should not be condemned, even if it at first seems suitable only for a contortionist.

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A FINISH THAT HAS A STRONG HOLD.

SALLY AND HER CLUB

HOW DARIUS SCOFIELD'S MOTHER KILLED FOUR PANTHERS.

She Wasn't His Mother Then, and So He Didn't Remember It—But a Former Cortland County Resident Gives an Interesting Account of the Incident.

"If the late Darius Scofield of Cortland county, who remembered his grandmother dicker with a bear for him when he was a year old and getting him back from the bear in exchange for a loaf of corn bread, and who remembered a lot of things about other relations of his, as told in The Sun the other day, had remembered something his mother did once, he would have had another entertaining story to tell," said a former Cortland county resident. "But even Darius' amazing memory wasn't capable of that, for when his mother had this adventure she wasn't Darinus' mother yet and indeed wasn't his mother until two years later. She was then plain Sally Righter."

"She was going through the woods one day on an errand to a neighbor's, a couple of miles from her father's clearing, when she heard a panther yell, and looking back saw the animal bounding along the path toward her. Sally was only 18, but she knew enough about panthers to be afraid of them. In turning round to look behind her she had stopped, and she noticed that the panther stopped too. When she started on again, the panther followed. The faster she went the faster the panther went, yelling frequently. Then Sally stopped again and turned square around in the path. The panther stopped instantly, crouching and swaying its long tail. Sally hurried on again, and the panther hurried after her. When Sally stopped and turned again, she saw that the panther was a great deal nearer to her than it had been when it stopped before."

"Sally wasn't half way to the place she was going. She saw that at one more turn the panther's tactics would have brought the wily beast so close to her that it would undoubtedly make its spring. She resolved to make an effort to save herself. Before stopping again she saw a heavy club at the side of the path. She quickly picked it up and after a step or two more stopped and turned suddenly, facing the panther, which was now not more than ten feet behind her. The panther was ready for its spring, but before it could leap Sally rushed upon it with a yell that shamed those the panther had uttered and gave the savage beast a blow on the nose that mowed everything crack. The panther lowered its head and began to sneeze and snuffle. Sally brought the club down again, this time on the panther's head, and the great cat sprang one side and ran up a dead hemlock tree. Thinking that she had scared her hungry foe from the chase, Sally started to run on her way, when she saw the panther get ready to leap from the tree. She turned and faced it again just as the furious animal sprang. Sally jumped aside. The panther alighted on the ground at her feet, and quick as a flash and with the force of a trip hammer the big club descended on its neck. The panther settled down flat on the ground under the blow, and two more strokes of the club ended its career."

"Sally was pretty well frustrated by this lively bout with the panther and was wiping her face with her apron and taking a breathing spell when she heard a dead whining in the direction of the dead hemlock. Looking in that direction, she saw two good sized panther kittens tumbling out of a hollow in the tree trunk. Sally had her spunk up now. She believed, and no doubt she was right, that the two baby panthers belonged to the panther that had been making her journey so unpleasant for her, and she made up her mind to have a little more satisfaction by knocking them on the head too. She was walking over to the tree to finish her work when a yell that almost made her hair rise broke on her ears, and looking down the path she was alarmed to see another panther, bigger than the one she had killed, coming fiercely toward her. This she set down as the dead one's mate. She was pleased to notice that his advance was somewhat hampered by the fact that one of his fore legs was off at the knee."

"He was plainly bound for a fight, however, in spite of that handicap, and came right on, yelling at every humpy bound he made. Sally concluded to try the same tactics on this panther she had on the other one, and she set up the most unearthly yelling and rushed to meet the ugly beast. This surprised him. He stopped, but kept on glaring. The next thing he knew he got a whack over the nose that dropped him flat in the path. Sally didn't give him time to recuperate, and in less than five seconds had his brains scattered to the four winds. The two young panthers had by this time come out into the path and were huddled at their dead mother's side, licking her and crying most piteously. This touched Sally's heart, and she determined to spare the lives of the kittens and take them home. She stooped down to stroke one of them, when it turned on her, and quick as lightning sunk the sharp claws of one paw deep into her hand. Sally then knocked both of the youngsters in the head and held the unprecedented record of killing four panthers in less than ten minutes. Sally went on and did her errand and told what luck she had run against on the way over. Young Jim Scofield, son of the neighbor where Sally had the errand, went back with her, and they lugged the panthers in to Sally's father's. Young Jim must have thought she would make just the kind of wife a hustling backwoods farmer ought to have, for he took to calling at old man Righter's pretty regular, and in less than a year he and Sally were married. Darius was born a year or so afterward."—New York Sun.

SHE TOOK THE PRIZE.

Miss Melissa Taylor Is Declared the Prettiest Girl in Iowa.

Miss Melissa Taylor, who possesses the distinction of being the prettiest girl in Iowa, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Taylor of Albia. Out of 60 contestants from various parts of the state she was awarded first prize for beauty at the state fair recently held at Des Moines. Miss Taylor is now 21 years of age and besides having a fair face is a charming young woman. Early in life Miss Taylor showed a remark-



MISS MELISSA TAYLOR.

able musical talent, and having a beautiful soprano voice it was decided to give her an opportunity to improve it, and to Chicago and its instructors are due the happy results of four years of study and training, for the young woman now ranks without question as one of the most talented musicians in central Iowa. With this gift she unites a sweet, womanly disposition and a charming manner, which win for her a place in the hearts of all who meet her.—Chicago Tribune.

Modern Woman's Strength.

Whatever may be thought of the pretensions to intellectual advance put forward on behalf of the modern woman, there is at least no denying her physical and muscular progress. Brought to the test of actual results, her claim to mental superiority over the woman who thought and worked and achieved in a less assertive age becomes by no means easy to establish. With all the exultant fuss about higher education and the equality of the sexes, we look in vain today for worthy successors to some of those gifted and brilliant women of the past who, quietly and without the aid of advertisement, wrote their names upon the history of their time. But when it comes to a question of physical comparison the new feminine generation has far better reason to congratulate itself and pity its grandmothers.—London World.

Remarkable Twins.

Tillie and Lizzie of Philadelphia, 19 years old, are remarkable twins, if the stories told of them be true. When one suffers pain, the other feels it also. Either sister can find the other in a crowd of any size "without hunting," as they express it. The resemblance between the two girls is remarkable. Both weigh exactly the same. Their recollections of past events are precisely the same. Neither one can recall a single occurrence that did not happen in the presence of both. It takes the minds of both to retain a lasting recollection of any happening, but when the fact is once impressed upon the minds of both, neither one forgets its least important feature.

New York's Legal Women.

New York's list of lawyers includes the names of many talented young women. The first woman to win a prize at a regular law school was Miss Nellie Titus, now an active and successful lawyer. Miss Florence Dangerfield, who was chosen president out of a class of 90 men, is a young woman who has already distinguished herself in her profession. The versatility of Mrs. Theodore Sutro, who was valedictorian of her class in the law school of the University of New York, is well known. The first woman to be admitted to the bar in this city was Miss Kate Stone-man, a friend and coworker of Dr. Lozier.—New York World.

Jeanne de Chantal.

Mme. Jeanne de Chantal, superior of the religious Order of Providence, is dead. She was 63 years old. When the Prussians came into France in 1870, she was superior of the Chateaudun community. She concealed in the cellars of the convent a great number of soldiers and guerrillas. One of the latter was captured and ordered to be shot. She stood between him and the squad, and the order to fire was not given. A convoy of wounded French soldiers was ordered to Germany, but she stood in front of it, and the soldiers were returned to the ambulance. This achievement has been made the subject of a celebrated painting.

The Spreading Struggle.

Mrs. M. Wolstenholme edits The Woman's Voice at Sydney, New South Wales. Its motto is, "Democratic, but not revolutionary; womanly, but not weak; fearless without effrontery, liberal without license." The Abbeville (S. C.) Medium says: "The struggle for equal rights for women is not confined to our state, but is going on throughout the world among the most enlightened people. The Voice is an advocate of suffrage, and the question seems to be a live one in those localities."

The Big Three.

Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, hail your disfranchised sisters of 41 less favored states look upon you not in envy, but in a spirit of emulation, anticipation and expectancy. In Washington, Oregon, Idaho and California our fight for freedom is on, and our hopes beat high as our campaign progresses. The mighty west is marching on.—Portland (Or.) Pacific Empire.

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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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