

The Enterprise.

VOL. 2.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1897.

NO. 41.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
9:14 A. M. Daily.	
12:49 P. M. Daily.	
4:49 P. M. Daily.	
6:56 P. M. Daily.	
8:04 P. M. Sundays Only.	

SOUTH.	
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sundays.	
7:58 A. M. Daily Sundays Only.	
11:13 A. M. Daily.	
12:02 P. M. Daily.	
3:44 P. M. Daily except Sunday.	
6:00 P. M. Sundays Only.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	
12:19 P. M. Saturdays Only.	

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

TIME TABLE.

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

ARRIVE.	DEPART.
9:30	9:35
10:00	10:05
10:40	10:45
11:20	11:25
12:00	12:05
12:40	12:45
1:20	1:25
2:00	2:05
2:40	2:45
3:20	3:25
4:00	4:05
4:40	4:45
5:20	5:25
6:00	6:05

TIME CARD.

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

POST OFFICE.

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

MAILS ARRIVE.

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

MAIL CLOSURES.

No. 5, South	9:10 a. m.
No. 14, North <td>9:40 a. m.</td>	9:40 a. m.
No. 13, South <td>3:40 p. m.</td>	3:40 p. m.
No. 6, North <td>3:05 p. m.</td>	3:05 p. m.

CHURCH NOTICES.

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

MEETINGS.

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

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

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

EPITOME OF RECORDS.

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

DEEDS.	
Amedeo Lippi and Pietro Lippi to Antonio Borel, lots 133 and 135, San Mateo City Homestead.	10
Samuel P. Robbins to Emma F. Jessup, lot 212, sec. 12, E. press Law.	21
Alfred Lowell to Christian Peterson, lot 4, block 5, Redwood City.	10
Edward King to Gerghino and Debenedetti, one-tenth of lots 8 and 9, block 9, Spanishtown.	10
C. C. Eddy and wife to Maggie G. Barrett, lots 2, 3 and 4, Abbey Homestead.	10
Maggie G. Barrett to Abbey L. and Imp. Co., lots 2, 3 and 4, block 122, Abbey H'd.	10
Gustav Frederica to Hartland Law and Herbert E. Law, lots 14 to 26 inclusive, block 10, Baden.	10
John McNeill to Herbert E. Law and Hartland Law, lots 6 to 12 inclusive, blk 10, Baden.	10
Leopold Loupe and wife and Peter C. Descalso and wife to Hartland and Herbert Law, lots in Baden.	10
Albert Schohay and wife to Hartland Law et al., lots in Baden.	10
Thos. Dunbar to Hartland Law et al., lots in Baden.	65
Peter C. Descalso and wife to Hartland Law et al., lot 42, block 1, Baden.	1
William Thomas and wife to Hartland Law et al., lot 22, block 9, Baden.	65
Joseph Thompson to Hartland Law et al., lot 2, block 14, Baden.	65
Joseph W. Hobson to Martin C. Walton, lot 1, block 139, Abbey Homestead.	10
Gustave Berson and wife to G. Howard Thompson, lots 212, 215, 222, 231, Menlo Park Villa.	10
Martha E. Hallidee to Martha A. Doyen, Andrew H. Brown and Eliza W. Brown, 4 acres Portola.	5
Alonso Slaven to Edith A. McEwen, lot 1, block 220, Abbey Homestead.	10
John J. McEwen to Wm. F. Egan, lot 48, block 16, 75-Lot H'd Ass'n.	10
Geo. Clabrough to Chas. Kavanaugh, lots 4, 5 and 6, Eastern Addition to Redwood City.	1025
William Gillaspie to Elizabeth Doune Miller, lot 5, block 26, City Ext'n H'd.	10

MORTGAGES.	
Archy Hamilton and wife to San Mateo Co. B. and L. Ass'n., lots 11 and 12, block 31, Western Addition, San Mateo.	800
Julia J. Morrison to Garden City Bank and Trust Company, 806.65 acres.	10,000
Jas. A. Foster and wife to San Mateo B. and L. Ass'n., part of block 16, Western Addition to San Mateo.	1200

ALONG THE COAST.

Interesting Occurrences From all Over the Coast.

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED.

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

Governor McCord of Arizona has been inaugurated.

San Francisco physicians who fail to register births will be prosecuted.

Willis Polk, one of the most prominent society men of San Francisco, is insolvent.

Sidney Williams, a colored carpenter, dropped dead of heart disease in Oakland.

The City Council of Oakland has sustained the Mayor's veto of the garbage ordinance.

The Merchants' Association of San Francisco has petitioned the Supervisors for better lights and streets.

There is a great increase this year in the enrollment of children in the Oakland schools over that of last year.

The farmers of northern Sonoma are making an attempt to secure the establishment of a beet sugar factory.

The public schools of Berkeley have opened with the largest enrollment on record. The total number of pupils was 2,032.

Richard Winter Martin, son of J. West Martin, accidentally took an overdose of laudanum, at Livermore and died.

Mmanuel Cheavez, murderer of his mistress at Senator, has been sentenced to be hanged by Judge Torrence of the San Diego courts.

George H. Willey and Miss Rosa Range of Santa Monica were married on the high seas off Redondo. The bride's parents objected.

The State Board of Equalization has completed the work of fixing the railroad assessments. The total valuation is \$262,921 over last year.

Three clubs have been organized in San Francisco to arrange prize fights. They will attempt to keep all other clubs out of the business.

Fifty-one hundred tons of wheat will soon leave San Diego harbor on the ships City of Athens and Sardome. Both are British vessels.

The City Council of Oakland is considering a proposition to tax bicycles and utilize the money thus raised, in the construction of bicycle paths.

Senator Cannon of Utah and ex-Senator Dubois of Idaho, are on the way to Japan to study the financial and industrial conditions of that country.

Santa Monica has voted to bond the town for \$40,000 to build and complete a sewer system. The vote was 360 for and 7 against, carrying the necessary two-thirds by over 100 votes.

While standing on the San Mateo depot platform, waiting for the train for San Francisco, Alvin Hayward, the mining magnate, narrowly escaped being run over by the southbound train.

Elbert Partee, an 11-year-old boy of Fresno, shot and instantly killed Richard Griffin, who had invaded the Partee home and viciously attacked Mrs. Carrie Partee, the boys mother. All parties to the tragedy are colored.

The highlanders of Chinatown in San Francisco have issued proclamations warning twelve persons: "Your dying day is surely at hand." This means that unless vigilant watch is kept there will be a number of murders.

The United States Mint has reopened for the first time since June 15th, and Frank A. Leach has assumed his new duties as Superintendent.

Several Klondyke miners appeared the first day, with dust and nuggets in buckskin pouches and stout sacks of canvas.

The Valley road is strictly up to date. It has established Klondyke station. It is located midway between Miller and Lankershim, in Madera county. It is at Klondyke that the company gets the red gravel which it uses for walks and driveways about its buildings.

There is a boom in Lima and white beans in Ventura. One hundred thousand sacks have changed hands since July 30th. J. K. Armsby of Chicago took 40,000 sacks, the last of the old crop. The Lima Association is cleaned out, and the price was advanced 10 cents per hundred.

The butter output of the Lompoc creamery for the month of June sold for \$2069.40. In the month of April it turned out seven and three-quarters tons; in May seven tons and 1700 pounds, and in June six tons and 934 pounds. It is receiving now between 8000 and 9000 pounds of milk daily.

Thirty-two employes of the mint have received notice that they need not return to work. Superintendent Daggett states that the wholesale dismissal was made in obedience to instructions from Washington, on ac-

TELEGRAPHIC RESUME.

Things That Have Happened all Over the Country

MENTIONED IN THESE PARAGRAPHS.

Selections That Will Greatly Interest Our Readers Both Old and Young.

A fire in the Snyder hardware store in Chicago caused a loss of sixty thousand dollars.

Senator Hanna and family have gone on a three-weeks' cruise in the Georgian Bay region.

William Sadler and William P. H. Parks, Garrard county farmers, were struck by lightning and instantly killed during a storm in Kentucky.

All the gas companies in the towns about Philadelphia will be consolidated. It means the ultimate consolidation of all in the State. The capital will be \$50,000,000.

The Rev. Henry Day, D. D., widely known in the Baptist Church as a preacher and editor, died of paralysis, in Indianapolis. He was born at Westfield, Mass., in 1818.

Off Cape Henry, the British steamer Rapanahock crushed into the schooner A. D. Lawson from Baltimore to Charleston. The schooner sank in two minutes but the crew were saved.

Five deaths from the intense heat occurred in Louisville a few days ago. They were Benjamin Carter, Mrs. James Cazel, Mr. John L. Abor, Mrs. John Sands and Miss Pruitt. All were white.

A beautiful sight was presented when President McKinley and Secretary Alger reviewed the Twenty-first Infantry at Lake Champlain.

Archbishop Keane arrived in New York from Rome last week. He has been delegated by the Pope to attend the annual meeting of the Archbishops. It is thought he has an important message.

A special dispatch from Secretary J. Addison Porter to the Troy Press states that President McKinley has accepted the invitation to attend the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac at Troy on August 20.

Four girls were drowned in Skunk river, near Lancaster, Iowa. Three were daughters of Pierce Pamble, aged 7, 12 and 16, respectively, and the other was a Miss Adams. They were caught in the current while wading.

The cloak-makers employed by F. Siegel & Broof Chicago went out on strike because the firm refused to meet a demand for higher wages. The strikers number about 350. The firm claims the men are asking 30 to 60 per cent advance.

Ball Brothers, of Muncie, Ind., among the largest fruit jar manufacturers in the world, are preparing to introduce machines for blowing fruit jars, and have sent notices to some of their employes that their services will not be needed after this month.

George B. Hardin of Chicago has asked for an injunction against the directors, officers and managers of the American Glucose Company forbidding it to manufacture glucose, and also against selling out to the new glucose trust. Similar suits will be filed in Buffalo and New York City.

The British barkentine Cipher was destroyed by fire off Savannah, with her cargo of rosin and lumber, valued at \$6500. The vessel was worth \$7000. Some of the crew did not want to go to sea and it is thought they set the vessel on fire to keep from sailing. There have been no arrests.

Christopher Schrage, the miser, who was robbed of \$55,000 in bonds in Chicago a year ago, was buried last week. The old man never recovered from the shock of losing his wealth, although the bulk of it was restored to him. During the past month he refused food, raving continually about the robbery.

Ottumwa, Ia., was the center of terrific thunder and hail storms recently. The Rock Island passenger train, Chicago bound, was stopped by the storm. Hailstones in such quantities and size rolled on the track in the cuts that the train was brought to a stop. Every window in the train was broken. The crops were out to pieces.

Two hundred women and girls employed at the Fulton Bag and Cotton Mills, in Atlanta, struck because of the employment of negroes by the management. At noon the 400 men employed in the mills walked out in obedience to the orders of the Textile Workers' Union, in sympathy with the striking female operators. This forced the closing down of the factory.

A party of sixteen left a sanitarium, in Liberty, N. Y., for a picnic. Coming down a hill the whiffletree of the carriage broke. The driver was thrown out and the occupants shrieked, and the vehicle was upset. Edith Spaulding of New York had her skull fractured and will probably die. Ten others were badly injured.

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J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

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FRANK MINER,

Contractor FOR

Grading and Teaming-work

OF ALL KINDS.

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

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

I. GOLDTREE & CO.,

Commission Brokers,

(Casserley's Seven-Mile House),

SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL.

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

PIONEER GROCERY

GEORGE KNEESE

Groceries, and Merchandise Generally.

BAKERY.

Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

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

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

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206 GRAND AVENUE.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

GENERAL :: MERCHANDISE.

GROCERIES,

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BOOTS & SHOES

CROCKERY,

MEN'S CLOTHING

ETC., ETC., ETC.

::: Free Delivery. :::

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

Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

Corner Grand and San Bruno Avc

The Linden House

Board by the Day or Week at Reasonable Rates.

Rooms Single or in Suits.

NO BAR.

Accommodations for Families a Specialty.

H. J. VANDENBOS,

Proprietor.

HARNES SHOP

On Lower Floor LINDEN HOUSE, All Kinds of Work on Harness and Saddles Done Promptly and at Reasonable Rates.

Boots and Shoes REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

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Hav, Grain and Feed. :: ::

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ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Moderate Charges. Prompt Service.

LINDEN AVENUE,

Between Armour and Juniper Avenues

Leave Orders at Postoffice.

THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM.
Editor and Proprietor.

Every one's life lies within the present; for the past is spent and done with, and the future is uncertain.

The St. Louis Republic prints a column of "Notes Taken in Society." If they are promissory notes probably many of them will go to protest.

Well, why shouldn't the Governor of Tennessee appoint a young woman colonel on his staff? There probably wasn't another man in the State who didn't have that title.

Professor Wortmann, a German scientist, has discovered living bacteria in wine that has been bottled thirty-five years. He could undoubtedly discover sea serpents in whisky of that age.

After all the various methods of keeping cool in hot weather have been considered, the fact remains that for cooling purposes ice is about the only thing that really is just what it is cracked up to be.

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable. The more you aim at perfection and persevere will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

A Mexican who has been sentenced to hang at Floresville, Texas, has requested that the exercises on that momentous day be opened by a few selections played by the local brass band. After that, of course, he will be in a position to welcome death.

A Boston paper remarks: "Alice Lingard is dead. Lydia Thompson was recently playing old women's characters in the British provinces. Pauline Markham recently received a heavy remark for a broken leg in Louisville. Emily Soldene has written a book. Where are the rest?" In the ballet and the chorus.

Paris has voted \$10,000,000 to the exposition of 1900, or more than double the amount appropriated for its last exhibition. Two great palaces will be erected in the Champs Elysees, and the Seine, crossed by a monumental bridge, is to be transformed into a Venetian canal, with terraced banks and ornamental pavilions.

Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald: The days and the nights are filled with music. Birmingham is a music-loving town. It displays no weakness to be moved by weakness. Its wondrous harmonies search the subtlest windings of the soul, the delicate fibers of life where no memory can penetrate, and binds together your whole being, past and present, in one unspeakable vibration.

The Michigan Bar Association has declared against lawyers advertising in the press, except in the form of a simple card. The lawyers get a great deal of free advertising from the newspapers in the reports of cases in which they appear. No one ever heard of the most conservative attorney, or physician either, for that matter, objecting to this sort of publicity. There is a great deal of humbug about the "ethics" of these professions.

Social intercourse is usually beneficent; solitary life, and even exclusive family life, is narrowing and monotonous. To go out of the daily routine from time to time, to meet other people, to exchange pleasant and friendly greetings, to discover different views and to realize different standpoints, to give and to take new ideas, and to create bonds of congeniality, returning home refreshed and invigorated in mind and body, is an undoubted advantage to all concerned, and one which is often realized.

The bloody-mindedness of so-called civilization received a rebuke from the King of Siam while he was at Vienna. They proudly showed him a large collection of stuffed animals which had been killed by the late Crown Prince Rudolph. His majesty asked if the prince had killed them himself. They answered that such was the fact. Whereupon the gentle Buddhist replied that he loved animals too dearly to kill them. He kept them instead. The wanton slaying for so-called sport of animals, many of them gentle and lovely creatures, harmless to man, is one of the first inconsistencies in the Christian religion which strike the Buddhists and others who come to examine it.

Chicago's cheerful centenarian, "Jimmy" Lane, has taken to riding a wheel, and in common with other devotees of the bicycle he declares that it makes him feel younger already, and that with its aid he will be able to live many more years. With his usual pertinacity he mastered the machine at the first trial and he promises to become one of the most enthusiastic wheelmen in town. It need surprise no one to hear that the oldest inhabitant has been arrested for scorching. Mr. Lane is an optimist and as such he shames a great many younger people who insist on taking gloomy views of life. If, like him, they would turn their gaze outward and buy wheels they would be much happier.

Five Indians have just become "good" in the traditional way in Minnesota by partaking too generously of hair oil and a special brand of painkill-

er. Chief Wee Sug is one of the victims, and their untimely taking off appears to be due to a temporary drought in alcohol. The Indians had received their quarterly allowance of cash and naturally hastened to exchange it for the most available fire water. They seem to have been in no respect fastidious and were content with almost anything that was of the right color and was sufficiently hot in transit. The hair oil supply was the first to be used up, and then followed a heavy run on the painkiller. When the two concoctions had been disposed of the five Indians had reached a stage of inebriety that furnished a rapid passage to the happy hunting grounds. There have been many scandals regarding the amount of whisky that has been allowed the Indians. Must hair oil, hitherto regarded as so innocuous, be added to the already over-weighted Indian question?

When a foreigner for any ordinary reason tramples an American flag under his feet it is not a matter of much real importance and is a waste of physical energy. But it would be just as well for any foreigner who contemplates any such conduct to make sure that the spectators do not happen to include some American patriot. Antonio Alione in New York failed to take this little precaution, and in consequence Antonio is now in the hands of a hospital physician. Antonio was wandering about Mount Vernon when a flag on a porch attracted his attention and aroused his antipathy. He very imprudently allowed his angry passion to carry him to the point of tearing the flag down and stamping on it when the owner was watching him from the window. The subsequent proceedings were lively but brief, and when they were over Antonio was carried away by some good Samaritan and placed where he will have time to reflect on the general attributes of the stars and stripes, including the pugilistic attainments of the owner of the flag he thought he insulted.

It is strange how long it takes the authorities to finish prosecuting a man when he has money and influence. This remark is called out by the delay of the authorities in the case of Scroggus, the St. Louis importer, who was caught in the act of smuggling several thousand dollars' worth of valuables through the New York custom house without paying the usual duties. The case against Scroggus was clear. He was found with the goods in his possession. He had not declared them, and his excuses were of the most childish sort. He pleaded ignorance of the regulations governing the importations of goods, something he has been charged in for a quarter of a century. Of course the newspapers of his city have said that it was all a mistake, that Scroggus was too honorable a man, and all that sort of thing. Some rich men, also importers, have come to his rescue, and one of them, a New York merchant, was found trying to get upon the jury which was to try the case. The matter has dragged along and now it is said that it will not be presented to the Grand Jury until next September. If Scroggus had been a poor man instead of a rich man he would have been serving out his sentence by this time.

This has been a very bad year for building and loan associations. In Chicago several have gone into liquidation and in most cases the stockholders stand to lose the greater part of their deposits. In nearly every large city the same state of affairs exists. In Louisville four have failed almost simultaneously, the aggregate capital running into many millions. And now comes the news from Reading, Pa., that twenty associations there are in a bad way, and that the most of them are likely to fail. To a town of Reading's size the failure of twenty associations of this sort means widespread bankruptcy. In many cases these failures have been caused by the carelessness of directors, leading to the dishonesty of secretaries and treasurers. Directors meet and take the word of treasurers that the affairs of the association are in a satisfactory condition. This goes on and on until an immense defalcation is discovered. This is the same laxity which causes so many bank defalcations, but stockholders never seem to learn a lesson from these repeated failures. The advocates of building and loan associations have always held that it was practically impossible for the treasurers of such concerns to default to any great amount because there never was much cash on hand at any one time. But this has been disproved time and again.

An Irishman's Tribute.
An Irish leader had been invited to attend an English meeting. He did not fancy accepting the honor, but for political reasons he felt he could not refuse.

He resolved, however, to take a fling at the Brits.

The opportunity soon presented itself. He was very inappropriately asked to respond to the subject, "The British Flag, Upon Which the Sun Never Sets."

The Irishman, much to the surprise of all, paid a glowing tribute to the English. He eulogized the brave fellows who had carried the flag to the four quarters of the earth.

As a colonizer, he placed old England high above all nations. Concluding his eloquent response, he exclaimed, with emphasis:

"Yea, penetrate into the very heart of dark Africa, where no white man has ever trod, and there you will see the Englishman!"

And the champions of roast beef never saw the point.—Chicago Journal.

A willing prisoner—A man locked in slumber.

FOR SUNDAY READING

THE GOSPEL OF GRACE IS HERE EXPOUNDED.

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

An Incident and a Sequel.

NE of Dr. A. J. Gordon's favorite sayings was that God never makes a half-providence any more than a man makes a half-pair of shears. A good many years ago a little Scotch boy, 4 years old, was caught in a threshing machine, and his right arm was torn off. That was a terrible accident

In every sense of the word, for the boy not only lost the use of his arm, but was deprived of a future livelihood. He was a farmer's son, and it was supposed, could himself be nothing but a farmer. Now what would happen to him when he grew up? This problem the boy's mother took to her heart. There she held her mutilated laddie, and prayed that God would make him a prophet. As his service on the farm was out of the question, she prayed that he might be used for a nobler husbandry. Thus the boy grew up, with his mother's prayers of dedication ringing in his heart, and in spite of himself, they formed his life. He could not evade them. Her prayers shut him in with God.

The boy grew and studied, and was admitted to the University of Edinburgh. He is the student of whom the story has been often told, how Doctor Blackie asked the country boy to rise and recite. Geggie—for that was his name—arose and held his book awkwardly in his left hand.

"Take your book in your right hand, mon!" said the teacher, sternly.

"I hae nae right hand," answered the youth, holding up his stump.

There was a moment's silence, which was broken by the hisses of the class. Tears of mortification were in the student's eyes. Then Doctor Blackie ran down from his desk, and putting his arm about the lad's shoulder, as a father might, said:

"I did not mean to hurt you, lad. I did not know."

Then the hisses were changed to loud cheers, and Doctor Blackie thanked the students for the opportunity of teaching a class of gentlemen.

It was about that time that Major Whittle came to the university, and in the great awakening that followed, Geggie was the first to give himself up to the service of Christ.

Some time afterward Doctor Gordon was telling this story to his congregation in Boston. There was an impressive stillness, and after the service had closed with more than usual solemnity, a stranger walked up the aisle. The congregation noticed that he had only one arm. With a feeling of peculiar presentiment, Doctor Gordon came down the pulpit stairs to meet him.

"I am your Geggie," the stranger said, with great emotion.

Doctor Gordon, with a ringing voice, called his congregation back and told them that his illustration was before them. The student was asked to speak. He related the story of his accident, his mother's prayers, and how he had now consecrated his life.

As the congregation left the church that morning, the thought came to more than one: "Every man's life is divinely planned. If adversity is inevitable, God makes the misfortune fit the plan. Many a youth, without knowing it, is working out the life to which his mother's piety devoted him; and her vows and the Infinite Wisdom are parts of a perfect providence."

Children and Church Going.
The fault may lie in some cases with the minister, but much more often the fault is with the fathers and mothers. In the matter of church attendance the parents and the pastor must combine. The parents should require and expect the children to accompany them to God's house as much as to sit at their table for their daily food in their own houses. The pastor should endeavor to attract the young to church by making his sermons simple in language, earnest in delivery and interesting with illustrations. Very few sermons are fit to be preached at all which are utterly beyond the comprehension of an average boy 10 years old. Grown people, in turn, relish fresh, vivid, simple, earnest, practical preaching as much as their children do.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

Good Seed.
It is said that when Julius Caesar came to Britain with his great war carriages he brought with him seeds without knowing it—seeds from Asia—and that some of those seeds fell into English ground, and that there are flowers and grasses growing in England to-day which have come from these seeds that were blown about from the war wagons of Julius Caesar.

Everything carries seed about—birds and bees, roaring storms and whispering breezes. And so it is with a good life. It is very fruitful, and from it are scattered seeds that carry blessings far and wide. If we sow good seed, some of it, like that of the sower in our Lord's parable, is sure to fall into good ground and yield a glorious harvest. At any rate, let us take care that the weeds and briars of selfishness and unkindness in others come not from our sowing. Rather let us try

to live good, pure lives, so that the seeds we scatter as we go through the world may spring up and bring forth fruit to God's glory.

Two Types of Christian Womanhood.
There are two Christian women. We know them both. They are good, true and faithful, each to her sphere. One attends conventions, makes missionary addresses, manages societies and collects a vast amount of money for missionary and church enterprises. She is doing a great work for God and humanity, and many heathen bones are transformed through her labors. I know another woman, timid and shrinking from public gaze. You never see her name among the delegates to religious conventions, nor see an account of an able paper that she has read before some religious body, for the simple reason that she hasn't read any papers; but I have met her many a time by the sick-bed of the poor and destitute, sitting up with the sick who had no friends, night after night, and out of her own slender means providing food for the hungry, medicine for the sick, clothing for half-naked children. No one except her pastor knew anything of it, yet she also was doing a great work for God and for humanity.

The Son's Defiance.
I said to Sorrow's awful storm
That raged within my breast;
Rage on—thou mayst destroy this form
And lay it low at rest,
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest raging high,
Undaunted on thy fury looks
With steadfast eye.

I said to Penury's meager trait,
Come on, you threats I brave,
My last poor life drops you may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet still the spirit that endures
Shall mock your force the while
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile.

I said to cold neglect and scorn
Pass on, I heed you not;
Ye may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot,
Yet still the spirit which you see
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high-born smiles.

I said to Friendship's menaced blow,
Strike deep—my heart shall bear,
Thou canst but add one bitter woe
To those already there.
Yet still the Spirit that sustains
This last severe distress,
Shall smile upon its keenest pains
And scorn redress.

I said to Death's uplifted dart,
Aim sure—oh! why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart—
A weak, reluctant prey.
For still the spirit firm and free,
Unruffled by this last dismay,
Wrapped in its own eternity,
Shall smiling pass away.

He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last.
Not long ago a fire broke out in a Formosan village, and two houses were soon wrapped in flames. One of them was saved, the house of a heathen Chinaman; the owner of the other house is a Christian, who happened to be away from home, and as nobody tried to save his house, it was burned down.

There was great laughter among the villagers at the Christian's misfortune. "That is the worth of your religion," they said to him.

A day or two after, a company of men were seen coming across the fields, and when they got near it was seen that they were laden with tools, wood, and articles of furniture. The village was astir. What was it? Who were the men? They were the members of the church to which their Christian neighbor belonged, and had come from their homes, some miles away, to rebuild the house, which they did, while the villagers gaped with wonder. Nothing like it had ever been seen. Such a religion could not be laughed at!—The Little Missionary.

Surpass It.
If your seat is too hard to sit upon, stand up. If a rock rises before you, roll it away or climb over it. If you want money, earn it. If you wish for confidence, prove yourself worthy of it. It takes longer to skin an elephant than a mouse, but the skin is worth something. Don't be content with looting what another has done—surpass it. Deserve success and it will come. The boy was not born a man. The sun does not rise like a rocket or go down like a bullet fired from a gun; slowly but surely it makes its round, and never tires. It is as easy to be a leader as a wheel-horse; if the job be long, the pay will be greater; if the task be hard, the more competent you must be to do it.

The Personal Touch.
Jesus puts the whole of Christian living into one commandment. "That ye love one another." Now, it was the personal touch which he gave to life when he gave himself that makes Jesus the power. He is in the world for our salvation. Has was the largest, grandest nature the world ever saw. I wish that we might understand that this is the real secret of all those who, like him in the least degree, do anything for mankind. It is not money that makes the world move, nor institutions nor machinery of any sort in and for itself. It is always at the last the personal touch.—Rev. D. J. Colenan.

Principle.
It is only by having true principles that we can live up to our Christian calling. We should bear in mind the rule to do all we can in conformity with the Lord in order to elevate the actions of our life. We should understand by the light of faith what men have to gain. It may be that life may pass in an ordinary manner and that there comes no demand to make sacrifices; yet we may be able to obtain the eternal reward offered.—Rev. B. Mc Govern.

HE WAS A HUSTLER.

He Was Determined to Do Europe in Three Weeks.

"Excuse me," said the man with side-whiskers, as he turned to the passenger on the seat behind him, "but I heard you speaking of Europe a while ago. You have been there, I take it?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And I am on my way to New York to take a steamer to London. Were you in London?"

"Oh, yes."

"How much of London can I see in two days?"

"A mile or two, I should say."

"A mile or two—that will do first rate," said the side-whiskered man, as he took out pencil and pocketbook.

"How long should you think I ought to stay in Paris?"

"From 8 in the morning to 6 in the evening, at least. In that time you can see at least four blocks of Paris."

"Thanks—four blocks—ten hours—good enough. Is the tomb of the great Napoleon at Paris?"

"Of course not."

"Glad of that. If it was I should feel obliged to go and see it, and it always gives me the headache to look at tombs. I am told that I ought to go to Rome. Anything special to see in Rome?"

"A few ruins, I believe," replied the man who had been there.

"Then I shall skip Rome. Half of my town burned up last year, and there's no end of ruins to be seen right at home. I've seen the track of a cyclone, too, and you can't beat that for splinters and ruins. I'll find Switzerland over there somewhere. I suppose?"

"Yes, if you make inquiries."

"I've been told to take it in. Most all mountains, I believe. How long had I ought to be doing Switzerland?"

"At least a couple of hours."

"I can give it half a day if I find it interesting. I've got it down here to go to Naples, and to go from Naples to Vesuvius. Vesuvius is a volcano, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I never saw one and don't know as I care to. We had the biggest spring freshet in the Wabash this year known since 1848, and a man who has seen seven houses and barns floating down a river all at once can't feel knocked out at sight of a volcano. How's Venice?"

"It was all right when I was there, though most of the people had the grip. You ought to put in a full day in Venice."

"Half a day is all I can spare, and I shall spend most of that in a gondola. Europe, taken altogether, is quite a country, isn't it?"

"Yes, a pretty fair country."

"A man who hustles along can see most of it in three weeks, can't he?"

"He ought to."

"Well, I'm going to give it three weeks, and perhaps an extra day or two, and then scoot back here, and if my going abroad don't knock out the other grocers in my town galley west I'll put the price of eggs down to 10 cents a dozen and hold 'em down till I have got to go into bankruptcy!"

"Thanks, sir; I've got it all down here—Europe—Rome—Naples—Venice—three weeks—no tombs—grip up and dust and get back home agin! Come into the smoker and have a nickel cigar with me."—Washington Times.

TAKING EARTH'S MEASURE.

Monument Which Marks the Largest Arc of the Circle.

The country between the Danube and the Arctic ocean was early appreciated by scientists as offering particular advantages for the measurement of a large arc of the earth's surface, and this project has been carried out by continuing the arc so as to join several other projected and subsequent measurements. The northern terminus of this immense arc—the largest yet measured—is 25 degrees 20 minutes—is at Hammerfest, in Norway, the most northerly town in the world, and is marked by a monument. The inscription on the monument, in Latin and Norwegian, reads as follows: "The northern termination of the arc of meridian of 25 degrees 20 minutes from the Arctic ocean to the river Danube, through Norway, Sweden and Russia, which, according to the orders of his majesty King Oscar I. and the Emperors Alexander I. and Nicholas I. and by uninterrupted labors from 1816 to 1852, was measured by the geometer of the three nations."

The southern termination at Staronekrassowka, latitude 45 degrees 20 minutes 20.8 seconds, is marked by a truncated pyramid of cast-iron, resting on a cube of seven feet side, bearing an inscription almost identical with that of the Hammerfest monument. In measuring a great arc a base line of several miles is first accurately measured within an inch, and from this, by means of triangulation, another line is measured, which forms the base for a new triangle, so that the configuration of the country is important. As Struve, who had charge of this survey, pointed out, nature presents no obstacle to the southern extension of the great arc by another 12 degrees, and more recently Dr. Gill has looked forward to its connection with the South African survey, which has just been completed. Dr. Gill considers that the South African triangulation might be extended to the mouth of the Nile, and then, by an additional network of triangles along the coast of the Levant and through Greece, the junction with Struve's meridian could be made so as to produce a stupendous arc of 105 degrees. Many years must elapse before such an enormous undertaking can be completed, but its importance as a contribution to exact geodesy cannot be overestimated.—London Nature.

Weighting an Elephant.

An Indian writer relates an interesting anecdote concerning Shahjee, the

father of the first ruling prince of Maharashtra of Hindustan, who lived at about the beginning of the seventeenth century. On one occasion a certain high official made a vow that he would distribute to the poor the weight of his own elephant in silver money, but the great difficulty that at first presented itself was the mode of ascertaining what this weight really was, and all the learned and clever men of the court seem to have endeavored in vain to construct a machine of sufficient power to weigh the elephant. At length it is said that Shahjee came forward and suggested a plan which was simple and yet ingenious in the highest degree. He caused the unwieldy animal to be conducted along a stage, especially made for the purpose by the waterside, into a flat bottom boat, and then, having marked on the boat the height to which the water reached after the elephant had weighed it down, the latter was taken out, and stones were substituted in sufficient quantity to load the boat to the same line. The stones were then taken to the scales, and thus, to the amazement of the court, was ascertained the true weight of the elephant.



"The Christian," Hall Caine's new novel, is announced in volume form.

F. Hopkinson Smith has just finished a novel entitled "Caleb West, Master Diver."

Oliver Optic at his death left two complete manuscripts which will shortly be published.

Professor Arlo Bates hopes to finish this summer his novel, "The Puritans," on which he has been engaged for several years.

Chester Bailey Fernald will tell in a forthcoming work how, when wheeling in Japan, the children tried to feed his bike with carrots.

It is rumored that Emile Zola will base one of the chapters of his new novel, "Paris," on which he is now working hard at Medan, upon the Charity Bazaar fire.

The American Baptist Publication Society will publish a volume of short stories by E. W. Thomson, one of the editors of the Youth's Companion. The title of the volume will be "Between Earth and Sky."

The history of the house of Blackwood, which Mrs. Oliphant has been engaged on for a long time, will appear in three, if not four, volumes, the first of which need not be expected until the autumn.

Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") is still very delicate and incapable of much bodily exertion, and she consequently leads the life almost of a recluse. She spends most of her time in her library, but occasionally writes in bed. She never goes to dinner parties or receptions, but retires early to rest.

Harper & Bros. are to publish "The People for Whom Shakespeare Wrote," by Charles Dudley Warner; "Eye Spy," a series of studies in outdoor life, written and illustrated by the late William Hamilton Gibson; "In Simpkinsville," a collection of short stories, by Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart; and "The Story of Rhinegold," by Anna Alice Chapin.

Robert Louis Stevenson now has two tangible tokens to mark his memory. One is the large marble slab over his grave on the Samoan hilltop and the other is a memorial fountain that his San Francisco admirers are erecting in his honor. In the meantime his own countrymen are working hard to collect enough money to "raise the tardy bust of fame" in Edinburgh.

The list of names of that great work, the "Dictionary of Nation Biography," being now complete, the event is to be celebrated by a dinner given in London by George Smith to the contributors. Volume LI. (Scaffin-Shears) contains the longest article which has yet appeared in the dictionary—that on Shakespeare. The editor of the dictionary, Sidney Lee, is the author of the memoir.

Mrs. Oliphant's death lends a double interest to the fact that the Putnams are to bring out her last book, "The Ways of Life," in this country. The volume is made up of two stories, the "Wonderful History of Mr. Robert Dalyle" and "Mr. Sanford." Both stories turn upon the pathos of an author's or artist's discovery that he has passed the meridian of his career. The book was reviewed with the highest praise by the London papers before Mrs. Oliphant's death.

A Dangerous Delicacy.

A scientist has been investigating the cause of severe gastric troubles which occasionally follow the eating of pate de foie gras, and finds, according to the Medical Press and Circular, that they arise from the presence of an excess of oxalate of potassium in the goose-liver. It appears that the producers of these diseased livers shorten the period of development and produce larger livers by administering to the bird "salt of sorrel," otherwise binoxalate of potash.

Passes and Puffs.

Complaints from stockholders have led the Western Railroad of France to publish some curious facts about free passes given to the press. Passes were issued in 1896, which, if paid for, would have added to the receipts of the company 330,000 francs; to counterbalance this the newspapers printed free advertisements for the railroad, which would have cost it 1,634,000 francs.

Every married woman has the habit of writing a great many letters, and the husband never knows that he is not being abused in them.

Never Tested Him. "He's a fine young man," remarked Colonel Stillwell, "a very fine young man."

"But isn't he disposed to be rather shy?" inquired the girl to whom he was talking.

"As to that, I rely couldn't say. I never had the pleasure of playing poker with him."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Bright Boy.

"What's your occupation, bub?" asked a visitor at the capitol of a bright boy whom he met in the corridor. The boy happened to be a page in the White House. "I'm running for congress, sir," he replied.—Christian Intelligencer.

AROUSE TO ACTION

A dormant liver, or you will suffer all the tortures incident to a prolonged bilious attack. Constipation, headaches, dyspepsia, furred tongue, sour breath, pain in the right side, will admonish you of neglect. Discipline the recalcitrant organ at once with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and expect prompt relief. Malaria, rheumatism, kidney complaint, nervousness and debility are thoroughly removed by the Bitters.

Aid (charging furiously up)—General, the enemy has captured our left wing. What shall we do? The Commander—Fly with the other.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed, it is destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

CHEAP IRRIGATION.

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

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

The Hercules Works are at present building an 80 H. P. engine for Geo. F. Packer, Colusa, which will raise 6000 gallons per minute from the river and distribute it over his land. This will be the largest gasoline pumping plant in existence.

I know that my life was saved by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Michigan, April 21, 1886.

"I wonder why we never hear anything about those living pictures any more?" "They're dead."

TWO OF A KIND.

But the Dry Goods Salesman Objected to Fellowship With the Puller In.

A smart looking and well dressed gentleman lounged in the elevator entrance of a Broadway wholesale dry goods warehouse. Apparently his sole occupation was watching the faces of passersby. Now and then he would make a feint at starting for some passing figure and then generally resume his listless attitude against the door jamb. At last he did make a frantic dive for a stout gentleman who was passing. Unfortunately a crowd of pedestrians obstructed his purpose, and before he could clutch the arm of the stout gentleman, who was a buyer for a well known retail store, another smart looking, well dressed gentleman, who had been lounging at the elevator entrance of another wholesale dry goods warehouse, darted out, seized the stout gentleman by the hand and had him in the elevator in a moment.

That same afternoon the first mentioned of the two smart looking, well dressed gentlemen was walking from Worth street to the bridge on Park row and had nearly reached Baxter street when a tough young man seized him by the arm.

"Say, boss, can't I sell you a first class overcoat? Our goods is de best on de row, an we'll make de price to fit yer pocket. See? Come in an let me."

He tugged vigorously as he said this, and the gentleman was growing red in the face.

"Let go my coat, you blackguard, or I'll have you arrested!" he shouted, struggling to shake off the other's clutch.

"Oh, no, you won't! We're in de same biz. See? Jes' come in an look over our goods. I'm sure we can suit you."

With a violent wrench the gentleman shook himself free and turned indignantly on the puller in:

"If I could see a police officer, I'd have you arrested, you!"—Then words failed.

"No, you wouldn't. Yer not'n better'n a puller in yerself. I've seen you on Broadway layin fur people an yankin 'em in jes' es we do. Yer jes' a puller in, same as I am, but you ain't got no pride nor sympat'y in de biz. See!"

And the smart looking, well dressed gentleman hurried off without saying yea or nay or uttering a protest. The canker of comparison had entered his soul.—New York Sun.

Not Needed.

"I have here a neat and pretty little letter opener," began the agent.

"So have I at home," said the business man sadly. "I'm married."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

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 Womankind.

Gossip from Gay Gotham.

New York correspondence:

N vain is one to look among the fashionably dressed women this summer for the winsome maid attired in rustic simplicity, in materials that are to be had at reasonable prices and made into dresses whose strongest suggestion is an old-time neatness. The summer maid is distinctly of the period. She runs so strongly to silks that she is suspected of doing so just to advertise that she can afford to do so, and when she chooses some comparatively inexpensive material for her gown, she elaborates it to the despair of economical copiers. Wondrous are the means her dressmaker takes to this end, and very fine feathers are the outcome of such devising, although one



makes concession of plainness in some considerable portion, but this invariably counts as an exception and is completely offset by highly wrought effects elsewhere in the dress. Thus, in the plain skirt of the second picture's left-hand dress was promise of simplicity, and it was echoed in the plain sleeves, but the body told another story. The material was suede colored brillantine, and the body consisted of bias folds that pointed upward in the center of the back and dropped down in front. In front and back and in one with the collar was a pointed yoke of rich white lace lined with pink silk. A white leather belt held the waist.



TWO GET-UPS TYPICAL OF MIDSUMMER.

fabric that furnishes the greater part of the get-up may be of almost trifling cost. Usually, however, the goods is something of good quality, neither cheap nor very costly, something whose value or cost will cut a very small figure in the analysis of the first impression the gown creates.

As an illustration of this, the gown that the artist puts in her first picture will serve well. Its material was etamine of an inconspicuous, almost commonplace blue. But with that one item all suggestions of the commonplace ended. The skirt was shirred to a deep yoke of mauve taffeta and trimmed with mauve velvet ribbon in three groups of five bands, each headed by a tuck of the etamine. The row of shirring that joined it to the yoke was hidden by a band of very heavy cream guipure. The bodice was etamine with gussets of tacked mauve taffeta on each side edged with lace insertion, a taffeta frill coming on the left side. Mauve banded the epaulettes and a large chiffon bow was worn at

for mohair puffs the sleeves were entirely of lace. Long sash ends hung from the red satin belt. Quieter of hue, but equally complicated of design, was the third dress of this group. Of nickel gray nun's veiling, its skirt was laid in small pleats that started from a narrow ivory lace yoke. The bodice had a lace yoke finished with bretelle-like bands of tucked material, with vest to match. Its sleeve puffs were also tucked, and belt and collar were white satin. Last of the quartet is a gown of linen over rose-pink silk. Embroidered linen edged with white chiffon covered the rose-pink lining of the bodice in bolero fashion, tucked linen gave the collar-like yoke, a green satin girdle showed beneath the jacket, and the tight silk sleeves were capped by triple epaulettes, one each of linen, chiffon and of silk. It will be seen that this dress is easily the most elaborate of the four, but take the other three and then think of the once desirable rustic simplicity! You remember the old school day recitation description of the explo-



GOWNS IN WHICH THE WORK COSTS MORE THAN THE MATERIALS.

the throat. Tucking is the cause of a deal of the work that goes into summer gowns and much of the expenditure of material in them, but when it isn't tucking it is accordion pleating or something requiring even more pains and outlay.

It is, therefore, not surprising that women go in for downright elaborateness, rather than to be as simply gowned as they dare to be and then not be un-

sion of a warship at sea that ended, "The boy, oh, where was he?" That's about the case with simple effects these days—they're blown sky high!

Copyright, 1897.

The nice things that are said about a dead man fool no one; not even his widow.

A girl usually has as much love at

Contrasts.

Statistics show that the uneducated factory girl is more frequently married than is the wide awake, capable girl in the higher salaried position of stenographer, office assistant, clerk or trusted secretary. The factory girl is not thrown with people of wealth and position so much as is her more talented sister, and consequently when some honest man comes along she is ready to trust her future with his in a simple, even shabby, little home. But the girl who sees, day by day, the rustle of my lady's silks and the courtly manners of my lady's husband and sons will not be content to give up her salary, however difficult it may be to earn it, for the sake of being loved by a man who may not find her so charming when the rent is overdue and the babies need new shoes. So she stays on, growing old and acquiring deeper lines about her mouth.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Vanity That Comes High.

Most of the photographs displayed in the windows of English photographers are exhibited by request of the originals and at their own expense. One London photographer charges \$2.50 for putting a carte in a window and \$5 for a cabinet.

Experiments which have recently been made at the Hygienic Institute of the University of Berlin would seem to overthrow the theory that bacteria are indispensable to the existence of ancient life, which theory was put forth by Pasteur.

CAN'T HELP TELLING.

No village so small. No city so large.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, names known for all that is truthful, all that is reliable, are attached to the most thankful letters.

They come to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and tell the one story of



physical salvation gained through the aid of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The horrors born of displacement or ulceration of the womb:

Backache, bearing-down, dizziness, fear of coming calamity, distrust of best friends.

All, all—sorrows and sufferings of the past. The famed "Vegetable Compound" bearing the illustrious name Pinkham, has brought them out of the valley of suffering to that of happiness and usefulness.

In one advertisement alone we recently published thirty testimonials from women in one small town who had regained health through its use.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on every bear the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought and has the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897.

Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher

Insist on Having

The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 17 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa. Includes text: "A perfect type of the highest order of excellence in manufacture." "Walter Baker & Co.'s BREAKFAST COCOA" "Absolutely Pure—Delicious—Nutritious. Costs Less than One Cent a Cup." "DORCHESTER, MASS." "WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd." "Established 1780."

Advertisement for Hercules Gas Engine Works. Includes text: "Power for Profit" "Hercules Special" "Price only \$185." "Hercules Gas Engine Works, 221 Bay St., San Francisco, Cal." "Power that will save you money and make you money. Hercules Engines are the cheapest power known. Burn Gasoline or Distillate Oil; no smoke, fire, or dirt. For pumping, running dairy or farm machinery, they have no equal. Automatic in action, perfectly safe and reliable. Send for illustrated catalog."

Advertisement for Printers' Supply House. Includes text: "PRINTERS' SUPPLY HOUSE" "American Type Founders' Co., Proprietors." "PALMER & REY BRANCH"

Advertisement for Wine Presses. Includes text: "Wine Presses FOR SALE BELOW COST. DIFFERENT SIZES. ALSO Stemmers and Seeders" "Address, O. N. OWENS, 215 BAY ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL."

Advertisement for Base Ball Goods. Includes text: "BASE BALL GOODS. Special Rates TO CLUBS." "We carry the most complete line of Gymnasium and Athletic Goods on the Coast." "SUITS AND UNIFORMS MADE TO ORDER. Send for Our Athletic Catalogue." "WILL & FINCK CO., 818-820 Market St., San Francisco, Cal."

Advertisement for Typewriter & Mimeograph Supplies. Includes text: "TYPEWRITER & Mimeograph Supplies for all United Typewriter & Supplies Co. 602 Mark St. S.F."

Advertisement for Children's Teething. Includes text: "CHILDREN'S TEETHING." "Mrs. W. B. Rowland's Teething Tablets are used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty five cents a bottle. It is the best of all."

Advertisement for Vehicles and Harness. Includes text: "Send for our No. 21 Catalogue of Vehicles and Harness. Lowest Prices. HOOKER & CO., 16-18 Drumm St., San Francisco."

Advertisement for Vigor of Men. Includes text: "VIGOR OF MEN" "Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored" "Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses: the results of overwork, sickness, worry, etc. Full strength, development and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanation and proof mailed (sealed) free." "ERIE MEDICAL CO., 68 NIAGARA ST., BUFFALO, N. Y."

Advertisement for Tape Worm. Includes text: "TAPE WORM" "Expelled in from 17 to 24 hours to 2 hours with Head. Requiring no previous or after treatment, such as fasting, starving, dieting, and the taking of nauseous and poisonous drugs causing no pain, sickness, discomfort or bad after effects. No loss of time, money or detention from business. SLOCUM'S TAPE WORM SPECIFIC has never failed. Cure Guaranteed. Over 6,000 cases successfully treated since 1883. Write for free information and question blank. Address: Slocum Specific Co., Auditorium Building, Spokane, Wash."

Advertisement for Anti-Jag. Includes text: "ANTI-JAG" "A marvelous cure for DRUGS & RESINS, can be given secretly at home. It is harmless. All druggists, or write Remova Chemical Co., 60 Broadway, New York. FULL INFORMATION GLADLY MAILED FREE."

Advertisement for Piso's Cure for Consumption. Includes text: "PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION" "CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists."

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at Baden, Cal., as second class matter, December 19th, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. One Year, in advance, \$2.00 Six Months, 1.25 Three Months, .65

Advertising rates furnished on application.

OFFICE—Postoffice Building, Cor. Grand and Linden Avenues. SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1897.

HERE TO STAY.

The Baden Brick Company is here to stay. All the work done by this company last year was purely experimental, and owing to mistakes made by the first superintendent a considerable portion of the original construction work was a total loss.

The only result of an encouraging nature reached last year was the demonstration that there was an abundant supply of good clay at this point.

Owing to dull times and the discouragement caused by mistakes and bad judgment in construction of the first works erected, the company suspended operations last fall.

This year work was resumed and a permanent plant of the latest and most improved design has been put up. The company will commence the manufacture of bricks on an extensive scale and we can now count the Baden Brick Company as one of the permanent industries of our young city.

GOOD PRICES MAKE GOOD TIMES.

Good prices make good times. Wheat is 83 cents and still rising and the surplus of their cereal is greater than ever before in the history of our country. Prosperity is coming back to our beloved land and upon this occasion is returning by way of the agricultural route.

Forty-two thousand dollars taken from a single pocket of a Trinity county gold mine within 48 hours is a reminder to N. S. G. W.'s suffering from an attack of Klondykitis, that their own golden State is still in it, and that as a producer of the precious yellow metal California still holds the first place in the front rank.

The Coast Advocate has a new editor in the person of George P. Sobafar. The Advocate, under its new management, takes up the oil industry and the coast railroad with vigor.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The orchards are full of gold already, and with a protective duty on lumber it will not be long before the woods are full of it.—S. F. Call.

Nobody seems to be uttering a word of regret at the final departure of the Wilson law from the statute books of the country.—Exchange.

"The House sugar rate is written in the tariff bill, not the corruptly purchased Senate rate. It is a great victory for right, for justice, and the people."—New York World (Democratic).

"If the promise of the harvest fields is fulfilled it will be hard for theorists to persuade a thriving people that they need monetary panaceas to keep them out of the poor-house."—New York World.

Since the passage of the tariff bill the Chino sugar factory has given notice that an increase of 25 cents a ton will be paid for all beets under contract. This will increase the beet growers' incomes to about \$65,000 this year. The "wave" is coming.—Argus, Petaluma.

The following shows a comparison of leading farm products and prices on July 7, 1896, and July 7, 1897:

Table with columns for product (Wheat, Corn, Oats, Mess Pork, Lard, Short Ribs Sides) and prices for July 1897, July 1896, and Closing.

dence alike to those who have opposed and those who have favored the change. The great strength in stocks, particularly in those of the Granger list, reflects assurance of heavy crops. The remarkable rise in wheat, notwithstanding that assurance, is based on heavy buying for export and belief that foreign demands will be large. To these must be added another element of confidence scarcely observed a week ago. The heavy increase in receipts of gold, whether from one side of the Alaska border or the other, swells deposits at the mints and in the banks of this country, and if the yield from new regions answers current expectations, may have an influence akin to that of gold discoveries in California. The one retarding force, the strike of coal miners, has caused closing of a few manufacturing works for want of fuel, but negotiations for settlement are still pushed with hope.—Dun's, July 24, '97.

From the heedless way in which the Pacific Coast silver-bugs are tumbling over each other in their haste to be transmuted into Klondyke gold-bugs, they would seem to belong to the tumble-bug classification.—Democrat, San Jose.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MYSTERIES.

The Surprising Images That Sometimes Show After a Plate is Developed.

It is no uncommon experience to find upon new plates certain images for which there seems no possible explanation, their startling and unaccountable appearance being "wrought in mistry," causing astonishment not unmixed with uncanny feeling. A gentleman made an exposure upon the interior of a friend's house. He was doubtful of the time and proceeded to develop for under exposure. To his great surprise the plate developed quickly, and to his greater surprise the image was an interior quite different from that upon which he had exposed. The plate was from a fresh box and could not possibly have had a previous exposure.

Another instance of the kind, having quite a sensational and tragic ending, is on record. An exposure was made upon a view having a river in the foreground. The photographer, while developing this peculiar plate, was perfectly astounded by an appearance which he had not seen while taking the photograph, and for which he could in no way account. On completing the development there was plainly revealed in the foreground of the picture the figure of a woman, apparently floating upright in the water. Not many weeks after, to complete the mystery, the body of a woman was found in the river at the exact spot where the photograph had been taken.

Again, not long since, the daily papers were agitated over the account of a traveling photographer who, upon making an exposure upon the exterior of a reputed haunted house, discovered at one of the windows a portrait of the murdered man through whom the house had gained its evil name. In another case three distinct images, having no connection one with the other, were impressed upon a single film. The plate was exposed upon a garden in the evening—nothing remarkable being seen—but when placed in the developer a man's hat of old fashioned shape, a child's dress and a dog were distributed over the image of the garden.

Such mysterious images were more common in the days of wet plates than now. A few years back Professor Burton investigated the matter. Upon tracing back the history of the glass he found that it had been used for other films, and that the images which appeared undoubtedly arose from the remains of previous images. The old glass was thus proved to be the source of the ghosts; it only deepened the scientific mystery, while it cleared away the supernatural. The glass traced by Burton had been washed for some weeks, immersed in strong nitric acid, and every means taken to insure chemical cleanliness, yet in spite of all this enough energy remained latent to form a developable image upon the new film, whether by chemical or physical force remains to be discovered. A complete solution of the difficulty would probably throw considerable light upon the nature of the photographic images in general. At least, it seems to indicate that light is not absolutely essential in the formation of latent images in a sensitive film.—American Journal of Photography.

Photographs by Sugar Light.

A scientist has discovered that light may be produced from sugar. He has succeeded in taking several photographs by the light supplied by sugar only. The sugar was first exposed to a direct sunlight for two hours and then placed in a dark room. Immediately on being placed in the darkness the sunlight stored in the sugar began to glow, faintly at first, but quite brightly after a few minutes. After about 20 minutes, during which time the photographs were taken, the light began to die away and gradually went out. The photographs taken by sugar light are quite distinct, though not as clear as an ordinary photograph. The scientist who made this discovery declares that by exposing a sack of sugar to strong sunlight for two hours enough light could be procured from it to illumine a small house for the same period.—London Tit-Bits.

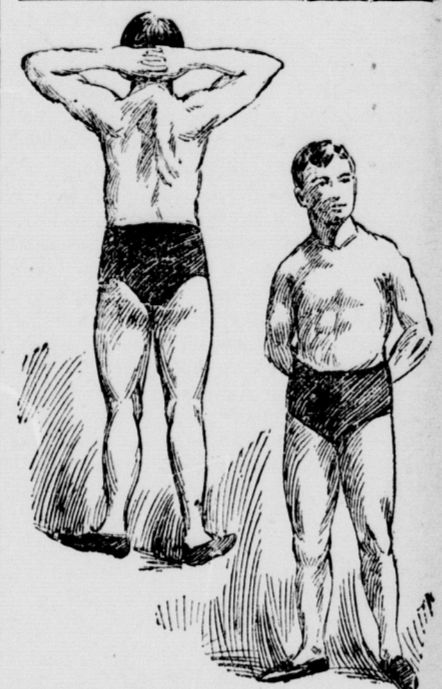
What He Couldn't Do.

A student in one of the Buffalo medical colleges is responsible for the statement that at a certain place of public entertainment one of the boys was bragging of his manifold accomplishments until one of the company lost patience and said in a gruff tone: "Now, we've heard enough about what you can do. Come, tell us what there is you can't do, and I'll undertake to do it myself." "Waal," replied the student, with a yawn, "I can't pay my account here. So glad to find you're the man to do it." And the critic paid the score amid roars of laughter from the party.—Buff-

RIDES FROM THE HIPS DOWN.

Jimmy Michael Examined by Boston Physicians with Surprise.

Immediately after his record-breaking victory over McDuffie, in the fifteen-mile race at the Charles River Park, Boston, Jimmy Michael, the wonderful little Welsh rider, was subjected to an exhaustive examination by a number of physicians. The observations of these medical men led them to some surprising conclusions, which may perhaps be summarized in the statement that the little bunch of grit and muscle rides from his hips down. The hearts of other racing men examined by some of the doctors had been found to beat at tremendous speed after a severe race, but Michael's blood pump seemed to be no more excited than it would be had he vaulted over



GREATEST OF BICYCLE RIDERS.

a couple of tables. His lungs were free and his respiration normal. He did not seem to be suffering from fatigue. All the organs in the upper portion of his body were found to be in a remarkably healthy condition. But below the hips some of these conditions seemed reversed. The great flexor and extensor muscles in his thigh and calf were found to be highly excited. The thigh muscles seemed to be beating like the pulse in an ordinary man's wrist, and they were corded and bunched as hard as iron. Below the hip line Michael was warmed up; above as cool as a cucumber. This state of affairs is explained by the medical men as indicative of the way the man works. He holds his body rigid without effort, while his legs do all the work propelling his 120 gear. His heart and lungs are large and strong enough to keep his vitality up to the requirements of severe exertion without showing it by increased action. The doctors unanimously expressed astonishment that such a diminutive physique (Michael is only 4 feet 11 1/2 inches tall) could be capable of the enormous exertion necessary in driving a wheel at the rate of something over thirty miles an hour for fifteen miles.

CHAMPION OF TENNIS COURT.

Miss Juliette Atkinson Desirous of Winning Theatrical Applause.

The woman tennis champion of America, Miss Juliette Atkinson, who enhanced her claim to the title recently in Philadelphia, is not only a tennis player, but also has dramatic ambitions. In the match with Miss Bessie Moore in championship singles, which she won on the grounds of the Philadelphia Cricket Club, Miss Atkinson won the championship of America for the second time.

The young lady is a daughter of Dr. Jerome G. Atkinson, of Brooklyn, and is well known in society circles of that city. Early in the year she astounded her friends by appearing in the chorus



MISS JULIETTE ATKINSON.

of "Kismet," which was then running at Wallack's Theater, New York. She was given a few lines to speak in the second act, and when she was interviewed by one of the New York papers she declared all her inclinations were toward a stage career.

Number of Foreign Cardinals.

Cardinal di Rende's death, according to the Tablet, has made the number of foreign Cardinals greater than that of the Italian for the second time within twelve months. There are now thirty-one of the former to thirty of the latter, a state of things which, until within a few years, had not occurred for many centuries.

Not a Bad Idea.

In the reign of William III. of England, all child-stealers apprehended were branded with a red-hot R, for rogue, on the shoulders. A big M on the right hand signified manslaughter, while a T was burned into the left

Supplying All Wants.

The Peddler—I have the most excellent silver polish.

The Lady of the House—Don't need it. I haven't got any silver.

"Well, then, it will take grease spots out of wall paper."

"Haven't got any wall paper."

"Then it will renew the curl in feathers."

"Haven't got any feathers."

"Well, then, it will make oil paintings look like new."

"Haven't got any oil paintings."

"Well, then, a little taken internally will make you feel as if you had some of these things. Good day."—London Answers.

Disappointment Qualified.

Lady—I was awfully sorry, professor, I was unable to come to your lecture last night. Were there many there?

The Professor (Irish)—Um—well—not so many as I expected. But I never thought there would be.—London Punch.

Angleworms can be obtained anywhere by wetting the ground with a solution of blue vitriol or with soap-suds, which will bring them out in surprising numbers.

A medical authority states that the voices of singers and actors can be much better preserved if used in theaters lighted by electricity rather than gas.

The best dancers are said to be the Americans and Russians. French and Italians, however, posture better.

It Was Needed.

"Our church tower goes nearer heaven than the tower of any other church in town," proudly remarked a resident in an interior town to a visitor from the city.

"Well," replied the latter, "I don't know any church that needs it more."

"Yes, poor Mrs. Elderly is all wrapped up in that son of hers." "And he isn't much of a wrapper, eh?"—Detroit News.

F. A. HORNBLOWER,

Attorney and Counselor at Law.

OFFICE—Odd Fellows' Building.

Redwood City, Cal.

Practices in State and Federal Courts.

VENUS OIL CO.

DEALERS IN THE BEST

Eastern Coal Oil

AND

Gasoline.

Coal Oil and Gasoline at

Lowest Market Prices.

Leave Orders at

Neff's Building,

SAN BRUNO AVENUE.

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.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice, BADEN, CAL.

This is the Only Store

in San Mateo County that SELLS

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

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call

and be Convinced.

GREEN VALLEY

MEAT MARKET.

G. E. DANIEL.

Wagon will call at your door with choicest of all kinds of fresh and smoked meats.

San Mateo Bakery and Confectionery

ALL KINDS OF BREAD AND FANCY CAKES ON HAND AND MADE TO ORDER.

Proprietor of Buchman's Hotel.

New Building. New Furniture. Wheelmen's Headquarters.

BEST 25-CENT MEALS SERVED.

B Street, next to Bridge, San Mateo, Cal.

E. BUCHMAN, Proprietor.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

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AND

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FOR THE

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROV'T CO.

AGENT

HAMBURG-BREMEN AND

PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

AGENT EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

House Broker.

...NOTARY PUBLIC...

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner - Grand - and - Linden - Avenue,

LOCAL NOTES.

G. W. Bennett of Alameda paid our town a visit on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Sneath made a flying visit to our little town on Tuesday. Mr. R. K. Patchell lost a valuable cow last week during his absence at Morgan Hill. H. W. Brown, attorney-at-law of Colma, was in town Wednesday on legal business. Miss Lena Kneese has returned home from the city, where she has been visiting the past month. Mr. Cohen, of the People's Store, returned home from a trip into the mining counties on Tuesday. Go to George Kneese's for fresh groceries. His stock is full and complete and prices reasonable. E. Ready has leased the cottage in block 145 belonging to Mr. Martin and will open a first-class laundry. Jack Leavy put in a day last week with his hay bailer and bailed the hay crop belonging to W. Rehberg. The First National Bank of San Jose has leased the pottery property, the lease to go into effect on the 15th inst. Rev. George Wallace will hold services at Grace Church to-morrow (Sunday) at 7:30 p. m. Sunday-school at 4:30 p. m. Julius Eikerenkotter reports trade fair. Julius has a full line of dry goods and groceries, which he is selling at bottom prices. Mrs. Cohen has received a fresh stock of goods at the Peoples' Store, which she is prepared to sell to her patrons at bedrock prices. We understand there is another wedding on the tapis and that the impending auspicious event concerns two estimable young people of our little town. Mr. Charles P. McCuen, who has been visiting his brother, W. J. McCuen, the past few months, departed on Tuesday for his old home in New York. The Jersey Farm has a big pile of baled hay at its new wharf. The schooners continue landing hay, which the Jersey Farm teams are busy hauling away. We can report all cases of Klondyke fever in this town well under control, there being no danger that any of the victims of the epidemic will be carried off before next spring. The Journeymen Butchers are arranging for a picnic the latter part of the present month, full particulars of which we expect to be able to give our readers next week. Will Card has resigned his position at the packing-house and left on Wednesday for his home at Salinas, Cal. Continued ill health influenced Mr. Card to return to Salinas. On Sunday last, about 4 o'clock p. m., the barn on the Brookside property of M. Whelan was destroyed by fire. When discovered the barn was wrapped in flames. The origin of the fire is unknown. Will Card left on Wednesday for his home at Salinas, Cal. Mr. Card has given up his employment with the Western Meat Company on account of continued ill-health, and his many friends will regret to see him leave our little town. The appointment of a deputy game warden at this place is a matter of urgent necessity. The frequent violation of the game law, by pot hunters and young fellows from the city, requires some one here to look out for and suppress this specie of lawlessness. On Friday of last week a party from this place, consisting of Mrs. I. F. Cunningham, Miss Ethel Cunningham, little Julia O'Brien and Wm. Rehberg visited the Morgan oyster beds, going via Millbrae. The drive to Millbrae, the boat ride and the hospitality of the oyster company were all enjoyed to the utmost. The Enterprise has endeavored to secure from the members of this party some notes upon the great oyster industry in our immediate vicinity, but the only information obtained is that the bivalves were large, luscious and abundant. On Friday morning, August 6th, the infant son of John and Maria Matti, died very suddenly. At 6 o'clock Mrs. Matti gave the little one some milk, at which time he seemed as well as usual. At about 8:30, only two hours later, the mother noticed something wrong; the child seemed to be choking and, alarmed, she ran out to get her neighbor, Mrs. Fourcan, to come in. Upon returning, after an absence of but a few minutes, she found her little one dead. At the request of the parents an inquest was held, and the jury found that the immediate cause of death was heart failure. The funeral took place on the 7th inst., at 3 o'clock p. m. Interment Holy Cross Cemetery.

WEDDING BELLS.

Married.—In the city of San Francisco, by the Rev. Fuendeling, on Saturday, August 7, 1897, Mr. Otto Daubert and Miss Anna Theresa Niderost, both of this young city. Miss Niderost has resided in this place with her parents the past five years and has been for the greater portion of that time an employe in the canning works of the Western Meat Company. The fair bride is held in the highest esteem and regard in this community, where she is so well known. Mr. Daubert is also an employe of the Western Meat Company and a young gentleman of steady habits and excellent moral character. We join with the numerous friends of Mr. and Mrs. Daubert in wishing the young couple a happy and a prosperous voyage upon the matrimonial sea.

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A FINE BRICK PLANT.

The Baden Brick Company has got through with construction work and is ready to commence brickmaking on a large scale and in first-class style. The new continuous patent kiln just completed is 160 feet in width, and when in regular operation will turn out about one million bricks per month. The smoke-stack in the center of the new kiln has a height of 120 feet. The new kiln stands within fifty feet of the wharf, where boats can land and the cheap transportation of bricks to market is assured. The company has just sunk a well and in sinking have passed through 20 feet in depth of first-class brick clay, thereby demonstrating that the supply of clay suitable for brick making is practically inexhaustible. Mr. Butler is ready and expects to commence brick making within a few days, and to keep his kiln in full operation will employ from 35 to 40 men regularly.

PRESS NOTES.

SAN MATEO COUNTY'S OIL.

A Vast Oil Field Opened to Eastern Capital and Enterprise. The Pacific Coast Oil Company is again in luck. On last Saturday oil was struck in well Number Two, which kept the men hustling all day Sunday setting up tanks in which to hold the generous flow. This well was the first one sunk. Number One, which was the last well sunk, has been flowing in paying quantities since the 26th ult. The well situated near the creek is known as Number One and the one on the flat is called Number Two. Well Number One is furnishing a supply sufficient to encourage the company in preparing to start a third well in the same locality. This, no doubt, will give more employment to men in that line of business. When the fact of the possibilities of our district in the development of the oil industry is widely known, there is no doubt that plenty of outside capital will be available for investment near this town. The advent of the railroad reaching here should add a stimulus to the erection of oil derricks and this place would in a short time rival the boom in Los Angeles county. The land holders here should give all the encouragement possible to outside capital to come here with their investments and should be willing to lease their properties (of course to their advantage) at a fair royalty. The industry in San Mateo county, especially the coast side in this vicinity, is just in its infancy and by reports of several oil experts there must be an enormous quantity of oil, which will be marketed in the near future, thus bringing added money into this section. It is reported that an Eastern syndicate has an eye on this place and has sent a man out here to investigate. There has been, and is too much, secrecy about this oil matter, for reasons best known to interested parties. The truth about our oil fields cannot be hidden, and must become known. The oil production of the United States in 1891 was only 5,558,775 barrels, while in 1888 it was 28,249,597. There has been a steady increase up to date and in 1896 reached the enormous figure of 39,462,788 barrels, representing many millions of dollars. What the production of 1897 will be none dare say. California has slowly but steadily increased its output and its annual product is now about 480,000 barrels as follows: Ventura county, 50 wells, 255,000; Los Angeles county, 45 wells, 127,500; San Mateo and Santa Clara counties, 97,500; total, 480,000 barrels.—Coast Advocate.

SICK COWS FOR FOOD.

Condemned in Alameda as Consumptive They are Sent to Butchertown for Slaughter for this Market. The Health office received information yesterday that cows condemned for tubercular consumption by Health Inspectors of Alameda county had been sent to Butchertown to be slaughtered for the San Francisco market. An investigation was promptly made by Veterinary Surgeon O'Rourke and Officer Butterworth, with the result that four cows condemned at Bridge's dairy near Fruitvale had been sent across the bay to South San Francisco. The diseased cows were traced to Kneecr's slaughter-house, where the carcasses will be examined. If found to be affected with tuberculosis the meat will be sent to the fertilizing factory and there destroyed. The Inspectors of the local board having taken a lesson from the incident, decided to watch all cattle coming into the city for slaughter that no

MORE BEETS, MORE MONEY.

The farmers were notified last Saturday through the executive committee of the Beet Growers' Union, by the sugar company, that the price of beets had been raised 25 cents per ton. This is in accordance with the promises made, both verbally and in the contracts, that if a bounty or import duty equal to the McKinley bounty should be enacted by Congress the price would be raised 25 cents per ton. The Dingley bill does not place a duty of quite 2 cents a pound on refined sugar, but so close to it (1.95) that the company has not raised the quibble, but simply announced the raise, and the scale of prices is adjusted accordingly, to-wit: For 12 per cent beets, \$3.50 per ton; and 25 cents per ton for each and every per cent above 12. Whatever may be said as to what the grower should have, it remains that this raise in price is of very material assistance to every one. The farmer who deliv-

ers 400 tons of beets will cumber his pocket to the tune of \$100 by reason of it, and that is worth looking at in such times as we have been having. On the estimate made by Mr. Hache for the Chino crop, it means \$14,121 for the Chino framers. Incidentally, it may be remarked, that this is the direct result of protection to American industries. The company claims that it is under no legal obligations to pay this increase, but that it is entirely voluntary on its part. The harvest on the Chino ranch is gradually increasing, the average daily delivery for the past week being 233 tons. The total to date is 2804 tons gross. The daily average of percentage and purity of the beets delivered during the week has been as follows:

Table with columns: Day, Sugar, Purity. Thursday 15.8 79.3, Friday 15.9 79.3, Saturday 15.5 78.5, Monday 15.2 79.3, Tuesday 15.4 78.4, Wednesday 15.4 79.1. Chino Valley Champion.

PRESS NOTES.

SAN MATEO COUNTY'S OIL.

President McKinley seems to have taken the St. Louis convention and the seven millions of voters who supported its platform at their word. That convention declared that the civil service law was placed on the statute books by the Republican party and that the party renewed its "repeated declarations that it should be thoroughly and honestly enforced and extended wherever practicable." That is what the President did by his recent civil service order prohibiting the removal of men and women from positions except upon written charges and permitting them to have an opportunity to reply to these charges wherever made. While the order has displeased many who had hoped to see faithful officials removed in order to make places for them, it has strengthened the one weak spot in the civil service and is thus commended by those whose only interest is the welfare of the nation and the party.—Exchange.

THE COUNTY WINS.

In the suit of the county against Loren Coburn, Judge Buck has rendered the following decision: "The cause and action heretofore, on August 6, 1897, tried and submitted and the Court having now fully considered the same, it is ordered: 1st. That judgment be entered in favor of the plaintiff and against the defendant for a right of way for a public highway over the land of said defendant and as prayed for in the complaint herein. 2d. That said defendant be and he is hereby awarded damages in the sum of \$800. 3. That neither party recover any costs herein. Let plaintiff's attorneys prepare and present pleadings."—Democrat, Redwood City.

STRUCK WITH A BENCH.

James Gannon, a painter, who lives at Baden, came up to this city last evening and called on some friends at 323 Eighth street. Gannon started out to get a pitcher of beer, and at the head of the old stairs encountered a stranger who objected to his presence by throwing a bench at him. It struck the painter in the right leg, breaking both bones below the knee and knocking him downstairs. Gannon was taken to the Receiving Hospital, and will be sent to the City and County Hospital today.—S. F. Examiner.

CASAN, THE TARTAR DWARF.

A Fierce Little Mongolian Who Lived Centuries Ago. In the series of papers on "Historic Dwarfs," in St. Nicholas, Mary Shears Roberts describes the famous Casan. Mrs. Roberts says: Casan was the name of a little Mongol Tartar who flourished in the early part of the thirteenth century. He was born in the eastern part of Asia, not far from the ancient city of Karakorum. His parents belonged to one of the barbarian hordes that owed allegiance to Genghis Khan, and Casan became a fierce though small warrior and fought bravely under the banner of the great and mighty Mongol conqueror. The exact height of this little dwarf is unknown. He was certainly not over three feet tall, but he was active and muscular and, like all his race, could endure hunger, thirst, fatigue and cold. The Tartars were unexcelled in the management of their beautiful horses. The fleetest animals were trained to stop short in full career, and to face without flinching wild beast or formidable foe. Casan was a born soldier, and at an early age became expert in all the exercises that belonged to a Tartar education. He could manage a fiery courser with great skill and could shoot an arrow or throw a lance with unerring aim, in full career, advancing or retreating. Like many of those small in stature, he was anything but puny in spirit, and while yet a lad he gathered about him a troop of wild young Tartar boys as reckless and daring as himself, of whom by common consent he became leader. He commanded his lawless young comrades with a strange mixture of dignity and energy, and they obeyed his orders with zeal and willingness. Sometimes they would go on long hunting expeditions, seldom failing to lay waste any lonely habitation they happened on.

THE CHESEPEAKE MILL.

A Building Made from the Timbers of the Famous Battleship.

In St. Nicholas there is an article on "The Chesapeake Mill," by William Abbott, accompanied by a picture of the interesting old building, probably the first one ever printed. Mr. Abbott says: If there is a naval fight in our history about which every schoolboy ought to know—to use an expression of which historians are rather fond—it is the sea-fight between our man-of-war "Chesapeake" and the British "Shannon," off Boston harbor, on the 1st of June, 1813. It has been so often told that I will not tell it over again except in the briefest way. The Chesapeake was captured, chiefly or altogether through the mutinous conduct of part of her crew, who refused to work the cannon on her lower deck at all. Captain Lawrence and Lieutenant Ludlow were killed, or, to be exact, the captain died of his wounds four days after the loss of his ship, and the Shannon took her prize into the harbor of Halifax, where her arrival caused the greatest rejoicing. The dying words of Lawrence, as he was carried from the deck, "Don't give up the ship!" have been familiar to our boys and girls for more than eighty years. It is these words that make the combat most memorable. They are a good motto in every trouble of life. Don't give up the ship—don't despair, lose heart, surrender, but take courage, and, like General Grant, "Fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

With the Chesapeake's entrance into Halifax harbor all trace of her disappears from our smaller histories. Some years after the war of 1812 was over, the English naval authorities decided that the Shannon was useless, and had her broken up. I think, if they realized how much romance was in after years to attach to the story of the fight, they might have kept the old ship in repair, as Admiral Nelson's old "Victory" has been preserved. The Chesapeake was sent to England, where she must have been an object of great interest; but in 1820 she, too, was taken to pieces. This was probably done in the harbor of Southampton, for her timbers were sold to one John Prior, the owner of a flour-mill in the little town of Wickham, near Southampton. He pulled down his mill, and used the great beams of the American frigate in building a new one. The great deck-timbers, thirty-two feet long and eighteen inches square, served for floor-beams in the mill, and the smaller ones for uprights, all without being cut or altered in any way. Of course many of them were full of the shot fired by the Shannon in the fight, and the shot are there still.

ROMAN RELICS IN ENGLAND.

Ever since 1890 excavations have been made southwest of Reading, Eng., in the parish of Silchester, and the remains of the old Roman settlement of Callera Atrebatum have been brought to light. There have been found the indications of public edifices, temples, forum, residences, shops, traces of trades, and other evidences of the former existence of a purely civil community. The latest excavations have shown that there were dyers' works, furnaces, shops and bleaching ground. There was also a very curious find of blade bones of sheep, from which numbers of ring counters had been cut, seemingly by a turner's lathe, and this indication of a turner's trade may in some degree account for the presence in other places of accumulations of these bones. Another interesting discovery was a tub well, which had been successfully brought out. One curious thing shown was that this well had its water carried off by means of wooden logs, which were bored, and the sections of this piping were secured by iron collars. Finds of glass, pottery, bones, metal articles and coins have been frequent. Roman wood relics, from the perishable character of the material, are of great rarity, but what was certainly a chair leg of hard wood has turned up. One thing very curious is a fragment of glass of many colors, and a fragment of Egyptian porphyry. There is a handsome white ware bottle, with neck vased, showing that the Romans did not always use Samian ware.

PAINTING.

Machines for painting large surfaces have now been in successful use for some time, their first extensive employment being, if we remember rightly, for the decoration of the World's Fair building at Chicago. In these machines the paint is projected in a fine spray by means of an air blast. It is rather curious that a machine on this same principle is now being used for removing paint from metallic and other surfaces. This latter machine is in reality a sand blast apparatus, which by simple attrition will remove paint at the rate of one square foot in two minutes.

PRICE OF A PEER.

The court of queen's bench has just decided that five hundred pounds is a fair price for procuring a peer as a director in a stock company. The Earl of Westmoreland was the peer in question. Mr. Justice Day said, in giving judgment: "I confess I do not understand this buying and selling of peers or any one else. It appears, however, to be a practice, and the plaintiff, having completed his part of the bargain is entitled to judgment."

CLAY TILES.

An inventor has produced a clay shingle for house roofing, which he claims can be manufactured at slight expense and is very durable. It is said that the machinery for making these shingles is on hand, and that contracts will soon be entered into to supply them by the million.

FISH WITH WINGS.

These Scaly Flyers are Plentiful in Tropical Deep Waters.

The flying fish loves deep water and is found throughout the length and breadth of tropical seas. He is fond of feeding near the gulf weed of the Sargasso and deposits his stringy, glutinous spawn on its yellow branches. Vessels bound from New York to the Caribbean islands, upon reaching the "horse latitudes," sometimes encounter vast quantities of drifting weed, strung out into long ribbonlike patches about an eighth of a mile apart. Among the golden weed, with its delicate leaves and globular seeds, exists a curious family of cuttlefish, crabs, mollusks and small fishes. Upon these the flying fish preys, and they in turn devour its spawn. Every plunge of the steamer as she plows through the blue tropical waters frightens dozens of flying fish into the air, where they scatter in all directions, with the sunlight glistening on their gauzy wings.

The flying fish of the Atlantic attains a length of nearly one foot and a breadth between wing tips of 11 inches. He has a round, compact body, about one inch in diameter near the pectoral fins or wings. There is also an auxiliary pair of ventral fins or wings, not nearly so large as the pectoral pair. The wings are formed by a thin, transparent membrane stretched over a delicate bony framework and are either black, white or mottled with both. The upper half of the entire fish is a metallic blue in color, while the lower portion is a mucous white. Black, prominent eyes; a small, prehensile mouth; forked tail, dorsal and anal fins, complete the picture of one of the most interesting little fishes in all nature's vast aquarium.

In flight he darts from the water to a height of 20 feet and goes scudding away before the wind, beating the air rapidly with both wings and tail. He sails straight away for 1,000 feet or even more, occasionally touching the crest of a wave, and seeming to gain a new impetus by the contact.—Forest and Stream.

SPANKING AN ELEPHANT.

Remarkable Occurrence in Which One Animal Had to Punish Another.

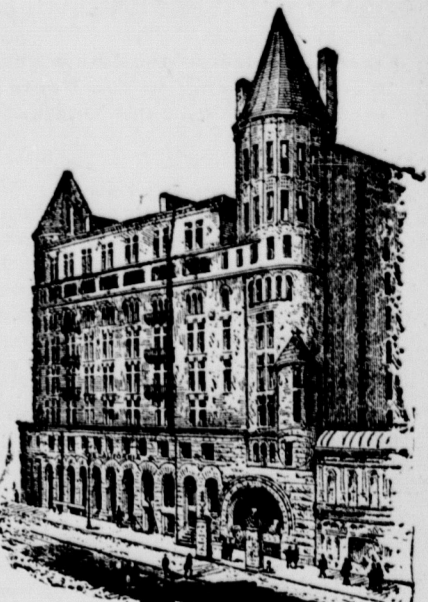
Did you ever see an elephant spanked? Scarcely, for they don't do such things in this country, but they do in India. Captain Martin of the British army, stationed at Campbellpore, vouches for this story: Elephant Abdul (No. 15) was on trial for killing his keeper, Syce Ramboouce, by picking him up by the legs and crushing his skull against a tree. The president of the court martial was Major Cameron of the Thirty-fourth Hagras native infantry. He read the charge, and then witnesses proved that Abdul was guilty as charged. The president then sentenced the culprit to 50 lashes and to two years' imprisonment. Two elephants led Abdul to an open space, and in the presence of the whole battery the punishment began. The culprit trumpeted in fear and made an unearthly noise. There were 14 elephants on one side and the officers and men of the battery on the other three. In the center of this hollow square stood Lalla (No. 1), the flogger, and the prisoner. The latter was chained by the four legs to as many heavy iron pegs and could not move. Fastened to Lalla's trunk was an immense cable chain. When all was ready, the major gave the word, and down came the chain with a resounding whack. Abdul roared for all he was worth. Fifty times was the operation repeated, and then Abdul was taken to a compound, where he remained a prisoner for two years.—New York Journal.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market in better shape and prices are strong, while in some cases 1/4 higher. SHEEP—Desirable sheep of all kinds are in demand at strong prices. HOGS—Desirable hard fed hogs are in demand at prices 1/4 to 1/2 higher. PROVISIONS are in good demand at stronger prices. LIVES/POCK—The quoted prices are 1/2 less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle, delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable. Cattle—No. 1 Steers 6 1/2 @ 6 3/4; No. 2 Steers 5 1/2 @ 6; No. 1 Cows and Heifers 4 1/2 @ 5; No. 2 Cows and Heifers 4 @ 4 1/2. Hogs—Hard, grain fed, 250 lbs and under, 3 1/2 @ 3 3/4; over 250 lbs 3 1/4 @ 3 1/2. Sheep—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 2 1/2 @ 3; Ewes, 2 1/4 @ 2 3/4. Spring Lambs—3 1/2 @ 3 3/4, gross, weighed alive. Calves—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 4 @ 4 1/2; over 250 lbs 3 1/4 @ 3 3/4. FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses: Beef—First quality steers, 5 1/2 @ 6; second quality, 4 1/2 @ 5 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 1/2 @ 6; small, 7 @ 8. Mutton—Wethers, 6 @ 6 1/2; ewes, 5 1/2 @ 6; Sucking lambs, 6 1/2 @ 7 1/2. Dressed Hogs—5 1/2 @ 5 3/4. PROVISIONS—Hams, 9 1/2 @ 10 1/4; picnic hams, 8; Atlanta ham, 7 1/2; New York shoulder, 7 1/2. Bacon—Ex. L. S. C. bacon, 11 1/2; light S. C. bacon, 10 1/2; med. bacon, clear, 8; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 8 1/2; clear light, 8 1/2; Bacon, ex. light, 8 1/2. Beef—Extra Family, bbl, \$10 00; do, hf bbl, \$5 25; Extra Mess, bbl, \$9 00; do, hf bbl, \$4 75. Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 7 1/2; do, light, 7 1/2; do, Bellies, 7 1/2 @ 7 3/4; Extra Clear, bbls, \$14 00; hf-bbls, \$7 25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$1 25; do, kits, \$1 45. Lard—Prices are 1/2 lb. Ties, 1/2-obs. 50s, 20s, 10s, 5s. Compound 4 1/2 4 3/4 4 1/2 4 1/4 5 1/4 5 1/2 Cal. pure 5 1/2 6 6 1/2 6 1/4 6 1/2 6 1/4 In 2-5 lbs the price on each is 1/4 c higher than on 5-lb tins. Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$1 75; 1s \$1 00; Roast Beef, 2s \$1 75; 1s, \$1 00. Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all provisions without notice.

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Bush St., near Kearny, S. F.



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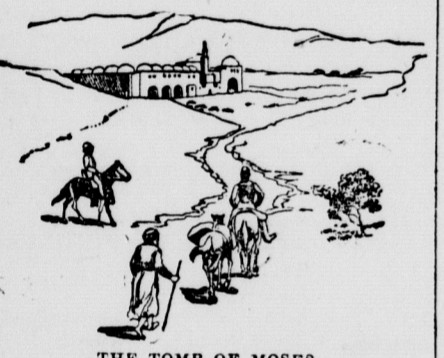
VISIT TO THE DEAD SEA

AN EXCURSION POPULAR IN THE HOLY LAND.

From Jerusalem to the Monastery of Mar Saba, thence to the Fords of the Jordan—On the Plains of Jericho.

Journey to the Jordan.
A pleasure jaunt to the Dead Sea is a novelty in these days, when novelty has lost its edge. Yet, there is such a thing, and, during the season, travelers who desire to make the journey from Jerusalem to the neighborhood where Lot lost his wife may do so with as little discomfort as the climate, the bad roads and the horseback traveling will permit.

The tourist who wishes to "take in" the Dead Sea as one of the sights of Palestine will be roused at his hotel in the City of David before 5 o'clock in the morning, and will find his dragoon waiting at the door with a number of the small Syrian horses as may be needed for the party that proposes to make the journey. It is very seldom that a tourist goes alone, for traveling in the East is expensive, and an excursion of this kind would cost three or four travelers much less in proportion than it would cost one. Mounting at the hotel door, the party goes rattling along the narrow streets of Jerusalem. Two hours' ride from the hotel down through the gorge excavated by the Brook Kedron brings the party to the Turkish guardhouse on the road to the Jordan, where he is met by the unspeakable Turk in force, for all the garrison for the time being, whether on duty or not, come out to meet the travelers and bid them welcome. The



cordiality is purely mercenary, however, for the Turkish and Kurdish troops have no more love for the Christian tourist than for the Armenian peasant, and, if it were their interest to do so, would, with neatness and dispatch, cut the throats of all the party, pillage their baggage and throw their bodies over the nearest precipice. But even Turks learn something by experience, and the Turks of the guardhouse on the road to the Jordan have learned that it is more profitable to protect than to plunder travelers, so



they extend a hearty welcome to the tourists, invite them in and offer them cups of black coffee. Coffee, in all parts of the Ottoman Empire, is always on tap, and the traveler who accepts a cup from a gens-d'arme, by that act engages the man as his protector during the journey to the Dead Sea and return. No one ventures even so far as the Jordan without an armed escort, for the road from Jerusalem to Jericho is as badly infested with thieves now as when the good Samaritan went that way and picked up the luckless tourist who ventured to make the journey without an escort. Even now it sometimes happens that over-confident travelers come to grief, and a recent party met on their way a couple of English tourists who had fallen among thieves who carried out the Scripture program almost to the letter, stripping them of their raiment, save a shirt apiece, and departing, leaving them unprovided, it is true, but half dead under the responsibility of getting back to town with no more clothing than that left to them by the plunderers.

About half way between the Holy City and the Sea of the Dead the party stops for the night at the Monastery of Mar Saba. It is a gloomy looking place, half fortress, half monastery, but it has abundant accommodations for the hundreds of pilgrims who flock from Jerusalem to the Jordan and back again. There is no charge for food or lodging, but if anyone supposes that the monastery loses money by entertaining travelers, or that the Abbot lies awake nights worrying about where the support of the brethren is to come from, he is greatly mistaken, for the clever Greek monks, while claiming to run a free boarding house for tramp pilgrims, have managed to

ing institution, but one of the wealthiest communities in the East. It is ostentatiously given out that entertainment is free for all who come, but before the tourist leaves the confines of the monastery he is made aware that any contribution he feels willing to make in aid of the poor brethren will be gratefully received. Of course, every tourist takes the hint, and even from the poorer classes of pilgrims, who go afoot and have little to spare, the shrewd monks contrive to get something.

From the towers of Mar Saba it is an easy ride to the tomb of Moses, which



marks the end of the hill country of Judea and the beginning of the plains of Jericho. The tomb is a Mohammedan mosque on the site of a Christian monastery that dated from the days of the Crusades. It is not an imposing structure, low, flat and without architectural pretensions, but enjoys great repute in the world of Islam as a shrine of unusual sanctity. The fact that the real grave of Moses was unknown even to the Jews of his own day cuts no figure in this case, for, during the age of the Crusades, miracles were common, and when the desirability of a shrine became manifest it was an easy matter to make a miraculous discovery of the grave, the location of which was so revealed to a monk in a dream, the monastery established, and afterward appropriated by the Turks.

The plains of Jericho are the private property of the Sultan; are tilled for his benefit by the local peasantry, and are kept free from grasshoppers by a primitive and thoroughly oriental method. When the storks make their first appearance in the spring, the inhabitants know that the grasshoppers will not be long in coming, and the local supervisor sends word to the Pasha in Jerusalem that the 'hopper crop is nearly ready. As soon as the Pasha feels equal to the necessary exertion he sends word to the men of the villages nearest to the Jordan to hold themselves in readiness to protect the Sultan's crops. When the 'hoppers begin to move, all the population turns out in force, armed with sticks, brooms, poles, brush, bunches of cane and sim-



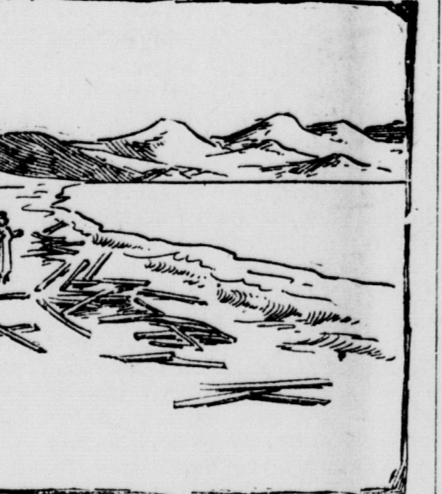
native of the "Dark Continent." She was born in Cape Town, the family name being Holbrook, and in the early days of diamond excitement removed to Kimberley with her family. Here she met Barnato, then a modest diamond speculator, and they were married. It has been said that she was once a barmaid in South Africa; but this is untrue. Mrs. Barnato has a reputation of being a handsome woman. She is the mother of three children.

Oldest German Newspaper.
The Magdeburg Gazette, probably the oldest newspaper in Germany, last month celebrated its 250th anniversary. It is still conducted by representatives of the Faber family, which founded it in 1647, just at the close of the Thirty Years' War. The present heads of the venerable journalistic dynasty are the two brothers, Robert and Alexander Faber, perpetuating a line almost a century and a half older than that which rules over the London Times, the greatest if not the oldest of newspapers. Magdeburg took on the decorations of holiday in honor of its venerable Gazette, which well deserved them.

Coffee and Wine.
Brillat-Savarin long ago stated that the great Frenchmen Buffon and Voltaire drank enormous quantities of coffee, to their deadly hurt; and he declared that a person might take two bottles of wine a day without injury during a long life, but that by a similar indulgence in coffee he would become an idiot or die of consumption. The inordinate use of tea and coffee is now well-known, and is admitted, even by temperance physicians, to be more dangerous than that of alcohol. Dr. Alfred Crespil, in the Health News, has just been adding his testimony to that of others.—London Caterer.

well deserves its name, and after a survey of the vicinity it is easy to understand why the dwellers in the plains of Jericho believe the region to rest under a perpetual curse, and that, after nightfall, it is infected by the uneasy ghosts of the wicked dwellers in Sodom and Gomorrah.

But the old superstitions are rapidly fading out in the light of modern improvement which reaches even the vicinity of the Dead Sea. Jericho has two good hotels, a railroad is projected to connect the city with Jerusalem, and when this is finished the journey will be reduced from four or five days



to as many hours, and the conductors cry "All aboard for Jericho and the Dead Sea" will attract the attention of ten times as many tourists as at present toll over the rough and dangerous road which leads from the Holy City to the fords of the Jordan.

MRS. BARNEY BARNATO.
Wife of the Famous Diamond King Who Recently Committed Suicide.



to suffer when they were having their teeth fixed was terrible. Why, I remember even when I was a boy—

The Myth of the Phoenix.
The phoenix of the ancients was a noble bird, with golden feathers about its neck, while its body was of a rich purple hue, its tall white mixed with red, eyes like diamonds and its head surmounted by a magnificent crest. The phoenix lived usually from 500 to 600 years. As the end approached it built for itself a funeral pile of wood and aromatic spices, which it fanned into a blaze with its wings and thus consumed itself. From the ashes a worm was produced, out of which another phoenix was formed, the first care of which was to solemnize its parent's obsequies. A ball of myrrh, frankincense and other fragrant things was formed into the shape of an egg. This ball was taken on the shoulders of the phoenix and carried to Heliopolis, in Lower Egypt, where was a magnificent temple dedicated to the sun. Here the ball was burnt upon the altar, and then the new-born phoenix was ready for another life of five or six centuries.

A Celebrated Giant.
Cornelius Magrath, the celebrated Irish giant, was born in 1737 and at the age of 16 measured 6 feet. He was an orphan, brought up by the philosopher Berkeley, bishop of Cloyne, who was suspected of dabbling in the black art, and a ridiculous story obtained credence that the great height of Magrath was the result of a course of experimental feeding and the imbibing of magic potions. This strange tale had doubtless no better foundation in fact than that the good bishop opined that good living and tonics are the best means of building up the constitutions of overgrown youths. Be that as it may, Magrath steadily increased in length and strength, and at the age of 19 measured 7 feet 8 inches. The skeleton of the "great Irish giant" is preserved in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin.

Evolution of English Children.
A modern father has evolved the following excellent definition of modern children: "Until 8 they are a pleasure; from 8 to 14 they are interesting; and from 14 upward they are disagreeable acquaintances with a claim upon one."

DENTISTRY IS NOW PAINLESS.

So the Practitioner Believes, but His Patients Think Otherwise.

Should any single man be settled upon as taking the most pride in the evolution of his calling it would undoubtedly be the dentist. He has more new tools than he knows what to do with. He sighs like a furnace for the number of teeth that might have been saved in the last 400 years if people had known what is universally diffused to-day. He devotes all of his spare time speculating as to the probable means that the earlier Saxons used to extract their molars, coming generally to the rather painful conclusion that they must have knocked them out. But his pet theory is that physical suffering has practically been eliminated from modern dentistry.

In the office of a downtown dentist the following dialogue between his patient and himself took place a few days ago:

"Yes, sir, we've got it down now so that there's practically no such thing as pain in dentistry."

"Indeed."

"Yes, sir; if you'll just bend your head over the edge of the chair so that I can get a little more leverage on that tooth. Rather trying position, but it's remarkable how—hurt you, did it? Maybe I got my excavator up a little too far."

"That was awful, doctor! It felt as though my head was going to burst right open."

"Yes, you see the nerve distance is so short between the tooth and the brain—"

"Doctor! I can't stand it! I believe I'll come another day."

"Hurt you a good deal, did it? Well, you see, that was because I broke a little piece of the tooth off. But as I was saying, the way people used to suffer when they were having their teeth fixed was terrible. Why, I remember even when I was a boy—"

"Doctor, that was fearful! Um! O! Ah!"

"Yes, I expected you'd feel that. The nerve is a little exposed right there. But do you know people used to suffer for weeks with toothaches rather than go to a dentist, and you couldn't blame them. Why, sixty years ago if you had a tooth like that—"

"I hope you have no one downstairs who will be disturbed by my groans."

"Go right ahead, sir, the office below is empty. You are standing it magnificently. I rarely get a man who doesn't complain when I use the automatic hammer on him, although really it isn't half so bad as the electric wheel—"

"By George, doctor, I'll faint if that has to be gone through with again, I—"

"That's the last of that, Mr. Smith; I will simply want to saw a little in there now. I declare you have magnificent enamel, Mr. Smith; it actually turned the edge of one of my largest saws, but as I was saying, surgery is nothing to it. The progress that has been made in dentistry is almost beyond belief. Why, look at the new instruments which have been designed, especially in the last ten years. Such as the automatic hammer, the electric wheel, the double edge saw and the three-pronged excavator. I've put something in now that will kill the nerve. Yes, there is apt to be more or less irritation there for a little while, six or seven hours, but when one thinks of the pain that our ancestors used to have in getting their teeth fixed, it's enough to make us truly thankful that we live in this age."

But by this time the patient was hurrying toward the nearest drug store for some opium pills.

TO THRILL THE PARISIANS.

Pattee's Wheel Throws Ferris' Invention in the Shade.

A device which is intended to eclipse the Ferris wheel of Chicago as an engineering feat, combine the joys of a "shoot the chutes" and a "scenic railway," and give pleasure seekers and novelty hunters something to talk about, is what Herbert Pattee offers to the management of the Paris World's Fair of 1900. Pattee's wheel is expected to be the mechanical marvel of the great exposition, leaving both the Ferris wheel and the Eiffel tower far in the rear. The inventor is a young actor, resident in Washington, who has been connected with various companies, and



who puts in his spare time giving play to his inventive genius. He intends starting for Paris in a few days to lay before the authorities the scheme of his wheel, which he has little doubt will be adopted.

The device consists of a gigantic wheel 200 feet in height, and with a steel frame composed of a network of braces. Its structural detail and the towers which support it look not unlike the Ferris wheel. The great difference is that, instead of having cars suspended between the two outer rims, or the periphery of the wheel, this space is inclosed and laid with stout flooring, giving the whole the appearance of a gigantic bicycle wheel with a broad, flat tire. Upon this floor and in the inside of the wheel is a great trough with sides rising three feet above the bottom, and in this trough are laid stout steel tracks. Cars rest upon these tracks, and the object of the invention is to cause these vehicles, filled with people, to be carried up a certain distance into the air by the wheel, then shot down the incline with a speed of the wind and up the other side by the force of the momentum.

The wheel begins to revolve from left to right and the car is carried up about seventy feet to a point one-third the distance from the bottom to the top of the wheel. The car is gripped to the tracks with lateral arms, spreading out on each side, and clamping themselves tightly to the tracks and trough by the turning of a lever in the hands of a motorman. When the cars have reached the height of seventy feet the motorman releases the lateral arms and the vehicle shoots down the incline at a terrific rate of speed and up the other side, the wheel stopping during the descent. There is a pond of water in the inside troughs, which flows around at the lowest level it can find and is consequently always at the bottom of the wheel. As the boat-like vehicle descends it dashes through the water, reproducing the sensation experienced in "shooting the chutes" and surrounding the people with a shower of spray, which does not wet them, because it is hurled away from the car. At night, when the wheel is surrounded by thousands of colored



electric lights, the effect of this magnified spray will be most effective.

To add to the novelty of the ride Pattee will arrange a tunnel extending half way around the wheel. This will be dimly lighted to give the appearance of stars, and the cars will shoot into its black, cavernous mouth and half way through the tunnel. Another turn of the wheel is made and the car shoots through the tunnel and out to the uncompleted portion of the wheel.

Indian Languages.
"Like the buffalo, the Indian language will soon be lost forever," explained a gentleman, who, under the auspices of the Smithsonian, has devoted a number of years to the study and preservation of the Indian language. "It was thought that the Indian language could be preserved by the aid of the phonograph and graphophone, and parties were sent out to many Indian tribes to have them talk into the apparatus and thus secure a record of the Indian tongue."

"It was found, however, that but few Indians of the present day, and they were the older ones, could talk a pure tongue. More than one-half of the Indians now on the reservations, and this is the case with all of the younger Indians, converse in English. It is not good English, but it is the

glish. I had the work of securing some Cherokee talk, and in doing so talked with a dozen or more leading Cherokees.

"They admitted to me that they did not know one Cherokee who could speak pure Cherokee. They said it was with the greatest difficulty that they could get the boys and girls to speak in their native tongue at all, or to learn even the commonest words or phrases. I arranged with a half dozen Cherokees, however, and secured their services to talk into the machines, and have thus got some pretty good Cherokee, but I know that it is very imperfect Indian language.

"A few of the Sioux Indians talk pretty well, but it is a mixture. In less than twenty years I do not think there will be an Indian in this country who can talk his native tongue pure. As far as the Indian children are concerned, they use six English words where they use one Indian word. The machines of the day will record the language if it is talked into them, but the difficulty is to get Indians who can talk with the necessary degree of accuracy."—Washington Star.

HE'S AN ARTISTIC PRINTER.

Louis H. Orr, New Printer Laureate of the United States.

Louis H. Orr, of New York, who has been elected printer laureate by the typographical craft in the United States, is one of the most artistic printers on this side of the Atlantic. The wearer of the bays was to be chosen by vote, and Mr. Orr was the successful one. He received 5,789 votes, and Henry O. Shepard, of Chicago, was a close second with 5,292 votes. B. B. Herbert was a close third with 5,137 votes. The other candidates were far behind. Mr. Orr is a natural printer. He inherited his love for the types and drew from his father a love of the artistic. This feeling is seen in the very beautiful specimens of printing art which Mr. Orr has turned out from his shop in New York. He began life with a thorough education in the printing office, and learned every detail of the trade. He became a rapid and accurate typesetter, a skillful pressman, and acquired the keenest appreciation of the artistic in the get-



ting together of his work. When the days of his apprenticeship came to an end he set out on his wanderings, and entered the employ of a big envelope concern in Springfield, Mass. Later he set up in business for himself in the Massachusetts city, but it was not until he opened his shop in New York that he took his place beside those great printers who have done most to lift the trade into the realms of art. In his social and private relations Mr. Orr is amiability itself. Loving open-air exercise, his devotion to healthful sports was shown in his unopposed election as a governor of the New York Athletic Club.

The Wife in Russia.

"This is a curious custom you Americans have of referring to your wives by their husbands' names," observed Glynnock Kaplan, an intelligent Russian traveler. "I suppose the American holds his wife in as high esteem as the Russian holds his, but if at home I should speak of my better half as Mrs. Kaplan my friends would at once conclude that my domestic relations were not as pleasant as they should be, and that I was thinking of a legal separation. When I first heard an American speak of his wife as Mrs. Jones, for example, I felt almost like presuming on my acquaintance by intruding into his private affairs and asking him what the trouble was at home. Yet I soon learned that the custom was universal over here, but still I cannot get used to it. 'My wife' is the plain, blunt way I speak in Russia of the lady who, I suppose, I would have to call Mrs. Kaplan in polite society in America. In some of the more fashionable circles of St. Petersburg this American social custom has been adopted, though I was told by a prominent government official not long ago that the Czar disapproved of it."—St. Louis Republic.

What a Banshee Looks Like.

There is absolutely no proof whatever that any person has ever seen a banshee, the most noted spirit of Irish folk lore, yet we have portraits of both the friendly and unfriendly banshee. The former kind is represented as being a young and beautiful female. The face is spirituelle, with hair, eyes and complexion ranging from the blonde to the brunette type. She floats in the air, raising her voice softly and melodiously to the sad refrain that gives warning of the death to occur. The unfriendly banshees are as repulsive as the other kinds are attractive. It is still a woman, but old, wrinkled and wicked, with all evidence of beauty, good feeling and kindness gone from her face. We give these few particulars so that our readers may know a banshee when they see it.

There is nothing to equal a lavender

WHIP-POOR-WILL

Hum of insects, scent of clover, breath of sweetness on the air, wafted from the sweetbrier hedge, loaded with their blossoms fair, fireflies dancing o'er the meadows, and afar off on the hill is the music, oft-repeated, of the night-bird—whip-poor-will.

Ah! the whip-poor-will was singing, long ago, when you and I wandered happily together 'neath the moonlit, summer sky, and I whispered, as we wandered, of a love both fond and true, and I told you of a heart, love, that was beating all for you.

Ah! the whip-poor-will was singing, in that happy long ago, when you gave me your answer, in a whisper, soft and low; and the music and the fragrance, and the soft light from above, seemed to mingle with your answer, and to glorify our love.

Hum of insects, scent of clover, and the fireflies' flickering glow, bring to me sweet recollections of that night of long ago; and my heart beats swiftly, gladly, with a strange and tender thrill, when upon my ear is stealing music of the whip-poor-will. —Saturday Globe.

TAMED BY A WOMAN.

Arizona's most noted buckner was reared on Jack Mitchell's ranch in Lonesome valley, not many miles from Prescott.

In the main he was a handsome beast, stood sixteen hands flush, and weighed 1,400 pounds. But his head was bowed like a barrel stave, and set with small, misshapen eyes, that glared with a devilish light.

The colt took a great fancy to Mitchell's daughter Nell. It soon learned to follow her about as a dog, and would come on a run for a lump of sugar or a bite of bread when she whistled. Nell broke him in so gradually and by such gentle means that by the end of his third year she could saddle and ride Black Wolf anywhere.

But on her going away to school Mitchell thought it about time to reap the profits of his money and care. There were any number of standing offers ranging up as high as \$300. Matters stood undecided until one day a Prescott swell chanced to stop at the ranch. He offered \$400 spot cash, and the deal was closed, with the understanding that the horse was to be delivered as soon as properly gaited.

So next morning Mitchell told one of his stock hands to "throw a saddle upon Black Wolf and finish him up." Not dreaming of any trouble with a pet colt, the young fellow went about his task with whistle and song. But hardly had he touched the saddle before Black Wolf sent him sprawling through the air, to the astonishment of everybody.

Then the regular "broncho buster" mounted, but after a short struggle he was thrown and nearly killed. No one else on the place dared make the trial. Jack Mitchell was as mad as a hornet and sent around for the best riders in the country, and promised to give \$50 to any man that would conquer the horse. But one and all they were thrown.

Finally Bill Zant, a Jerome teamster, came along and bought Black Wolf for a "wheeler." He said he guessed the locoed fool could not do much damage in a twenty-mile team.

And to the surprise of everybody, Black Wolf took willingly to harness. In six months he was the stoutest puller in Yavapai County. But no one beside Bill could do a thing with him. It was worth any other man's life to go into his stall.

Some time during the following summer "Broncho Charley" came over from California. He had conceived the idea of going on the road with a wild west show. His plan was to form his troupe and give the first performance in Prescott.

About over the ranges he skinned, picking up riders, ropers and rifle shots, besides a dozen or so of spoiled horses that the owners were glad to be rid of at any price. Then, engaging a few wild steers, and striking a bargain with some Hualapai braves, Broncho Charley rented a flat on the edge of the town and set the day.

Moreover, he placed \$100 in the bank, and advertised far and wide that it was to be paid to anyone bringing in a horse which could not be ridden by either himself or his men.

But hardly had the mountain breezes begun to flutter the handbills along Montezuma street before a friend came and whispered something in the showman's ear. Without stopping for anything else Charley mounted a horse and spined not spur nor quirt until he drew rein at Bill Zant's camp. With little ceremony Charley said that he had heard of Black Wolf, and that he wanted him for the wild west show.

"Well," said Bill, "seeing as how I ain't a-using him just now, guess it's all right. But you don't want to let him kill anybody."

Black Wolf was led forth ready for the trial.

"Now, fork him and I'll jerk off the blind," said Bill.

Charley did manage to catch both stirrups, but that is all he remembered until Bill picked him up bruised and bleeding from a corner of the corral.

"Think he'll do," asked Bill, with a grim smile.

"Yes; guess so. But for heaven's sake don't say a word about this; it would spoil everything."

And Broncho Charley, with fallen crest, led the horse to Prescott by a roundabout trail.

First thing next morning Charley had another lot of handbills printed saying that, aside from his first offer, he would give \$250 to any person who

would successfully ride a certain horse belonging to his outfit.

Finally the time rolled round for the opening of the great fete. The third and last day was set for the broncho riding. By an hour past noon the grandstand was packed to suffocation; even the roof lent its puny aid in seating the crowds, while the fence for 100 yards each side budded with boys.

At last, in all the glory of buckskin, long hair and six-shooters, Broncho Charley rode into the inclosure and announced that the first contest would be for the \$100 prize. "Now," he said, "bring on your buckers."

They were led in one at a time. Coyote Dan, Buckskin Hellion and Black Canyon Paint, that showed five feet of daylight under his feet every time he left the ground, and a dozen others—all big, ugly brutes. Not a horse among them that was not old at the business, and onto all the tricks of the range. Baker's Terror was brought in last. He stood like a lamb—as easy to saddle as an old gent horse. Broncho Charley was eager to show his skill. Now was his time to gain cheap glory.

He mounted. Terror stood without moving a muscle until all was ready, when suddenly he sprang high into the air. Then he followed with three tremendous jumps to the right, and at the left turn flung Charley, long hair, buckskin and six-shooters in one confused head over the five bar fence.

And it looked for a while as if this horse would win the prize for his owner, but he gave up after flinging two of the best men in the outfit.

And now, after an intermission, the humble showman rode out and pronounced the second contest:

"Anybody that can ride the horse I'm about to bring into the ring will be given a check for \$250, which is on deposit in the Cactus bank. Mind you, he must be ridden with a free saddle—rolls and bucking straps are barred. Now, come on, you crack riders, and try your skill; here comes the horse."

At this everybody looked toward the entrance to see Bill Zant leading Black Wolf into the ring. Up went a wild shout. At once fell the hopes of all the local riders, while those from distant parts of the territory groaned and turned pale when the crowd began shouting, "Hurrah for Bill Zant's Black Wolf!" Too well they knew what that name meant.

For a while it seemed as if no contestants were going to appear. Finally three came forward—a Californian, a Mexican and Doc Bright, the self-styled king of Southern Arizona cowboys.

At the drawing of straws for turns the Mexican drew first mount, the Californian second and Doc Bright last.

Black Wolf suspected something when the cinches were tightened, but he merely smelled of his master's hand and went to nibbling grass.

The Mexican felt of his spurs. Then, catching the horn in both hands, he sprang lightly into the saddle. Bill jerked off the blind and jumped out of the way.

Just a moment the horse glanced about him—just a moment quivered from head to foot; then, dropping his head between his forefeet, he shot upward like a rocket, and, with marvellous agility, wheeled end for end in midair.

Hardly had he landed before he was off again, this time wheeling in the opposite direction and shaking himself like a wet dog to loosen the hold of the raking spurs. One more jump, and the Mexican was flung whirling to the ground, where he lay until some of his companions carried him unconscious out of the ring.

Catching the horse again, Bill called to the Californian to take his medicine. The young fellow hesitated. Then remembering that the honor of his State must be upheld he drew up his belt a hole, tossed his hat to a friend, and bounded into the saddle like a cat.

But, alas! Two of those fearful side sweeps pitched California's honor headlong into a heap of sand. And California's honor narrowly escaped a broken neck.

Wildly the Arizona faction cheered over this defeat. Their man only was left, and he might possibly win the day. He was fresh, while the horse must certainly be the worse after bucking two rounds.

And now, as the territory's pride walked into the ring, the assembled hundreds went beside themselves with joy. But Doc was not overconfident. The easy defeat of the other contestants unnerved him, for he knew them to be no ordinary riders. Worse than all, he was handicapped by a wide reputation. In his heart he wished he had stayed at home.

But it was too late to back out now. So taking a swallow of water, he flung away his hat and went to the middle of the ring, where Black Wolf, though blindfolded, was pawing the earth and snorting fiercely.

Taking a running start, he bounced into the saddle. "Let him go," and Doc dug the spurs deep.

With a loud bellow, Black Wolf jumped once forward to get a start, then left the ground a full six feet and whirled before he came down. Now he plunged to the right, now to the left; then forward, then backward, up and down, around and around, until Doc's nose and ears were running blood. Another jump and the grip of his spurs was shaken loose. Desperately he clung to the horn, but in vain. He lost both stirrups.

At last Doc could stand it no longer. Calling to mind an old trick, he caught the horn with both hands and jumped clear of everything. He struck on his feet, but fell from exhaustion.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Broncho Charley, when the uproar had somewhat abated, "the money is yet my own. Is there any other person that would like to make a trial for it?"

If so, let him come forward without delay."

A hush fell upon the audience. Would anyone be so foolhardy as to back that devil after the best riders had failed?

Presently there was a stir at the far end of the grand stand, a moving aside to let someone pass. All eyes turned eagerly that way to see a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl step down from the tiers of seats. She was attended by a middle-aged man.

"Who is it? Who is it?" whispered hundreds at once, and hundreds more answered, "Why, that's Nellie Mitchell and her father. They live in Lonesome valley."

Broncho Charley dismounted quickly and came forward. "Good evening," he said, raising his hat politely to Nell and her father. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Why," answered Nell, with many blushes, "I have come to ride that horse."

"What?" exclaimed Charley, starting back in astonishment. "Ride that horse? I could not think of letting you do such a thing; why, you would be killed."

"No, I don't think I would. Just let me try him,"

"Yes, give her a trial," spoke up Mitchell. "She knows what she is about."

By this time the crowd was crazy with curiosity to know what was up. But when they saw Bill coming with the side-saddle exclamations of indignation, wonder, protest and approval swept over the vast throng.

Again Broncho Charley urged the danger, protested and pleaded. But when he saw that Mitchell remained firm he gave in and walked away, concluding that both the man and his daughter must be locoed.

With a deal of coaxing and whistling Black Wolf was caught again. But his anger was thoroughly roused. He looked wildly about him, pawed the ground and reared.

It was at least a quarter of an hour before Bill could pacify him sufficiently to get Nell's saddle cinched in place. And now, as the horse was led, snorting and plunging, to the center of the ring Nell and her father came forward. Scarcely a person in the audience moved a muscle as Nell began talking in soothing tones to the horse; every one feared to draw a long breath when she took a lump of sugar from her pocket and called, "Come, now, Wolfy, poor boy; come and get your sugar."

The horse stood a moment watching her intently. His ears moved uneasily. He recognized that voice—knew his young mistress. With a glad neigh, he walked up and whisked his thanks as he took the lump from her hand.

"Poor old horse," she said, patting his muzzle, while he rubbed his head against her, "did they treat you mean? Now, come! let's take a walk."

So saying, Nell threw the reins over his neck and went over to the fence, while the great brute came trotting along, first on one side and then on the other, as though he were a little dog. Mounting to the top rail, Nell called: "Come, Wolfy; come up here like a good horse and let me take a ride."

Up pranced Black Wolf, but with the wrong side to the fence. "Ah, now," she said, slapping him, "have you forgotten?" Instantly the obedient animal wheeled about and Nell quickly seated herself in the saddle.

Then with a "Go on, old fellow," the horse bowed his neck and cantered gayly up in front of the grand stand amid the wildest enthusiasm and the cries of "Arizona is ahead yet! Hurrah for Lonesome Valley!" and everybody took up the cry, "Three cheers for Lonesome Valley!"

Promptly Broncho Charley rode to the front. His head was uncovered and he had a white envelope in his hand.

The confusion ceased. Then, turning to Nell, he said, simply: "Miss Mitchell, let me congratulate you on doing what the best horsemen in the West have failed to do. Please accept this check, you have won it fairly and you richly deserve it."

"And now, Miss Nellie," spoke out Bill Zant, coming forward, "I have a word I want to say just here. I ain't much on making pretty speeches or anything of that sort, but I want to tell you that when Jack Mitchell sold this horse to me he made a big mistake. And I'm just naturally going to undo the mistake right here. Miss Nellie, I make you a present of the horse—Black Wolf is yours."

And as Nell rode out through the gate the Mexican waved his hand feebly from the blanket where he lay—"Bravo, Senorita! Bravo!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Journalist Ambassadors.

There have been a number of precedents for the appointment of newspaper men as ambassadors, of which several instances have occurred lately. Samuel S. Cox, well known as "Sunset" Cox, was a newspaper writer before he was sent as Minister to Turkey in 1885. Caleb Cushing, contributor to the magazines, was Minister to China in 1843 and to Spain in 1874. Thomas M. Foote, editor of papers in Buffalo and Albany, was charge d'affaires in Vienna in 1852. John Morgan Francis, editor of the Troy Times, was Minister to Greece in 1871. Rufus King, editor of the Albany Journal, was Minister to Rome in 1861. Carl Schurz resigned as Minister to Spain at the outbreak of the war in order to enter the United States army. Whitelaw Reid was Minister to France in 1889, and at the same time Charles Emory Smith, editor of the Philadelphia Press, was Minister to Russia, and Watson R. Sperry, who had been managing editor of the New York Evening Post, was Minister to Persia. John Russell Young was Minister to China in 1882, and James Watson Webb was Minister to Brazil in 1861.

HOME OF PRESIDENTS

OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF OUR CHIEF EXECUTIVES.

Interesting Description of the Famous Building—The East, Blue, Green and Red Rooms—Mecca of Politicians Who Seek Office.

The White House.

Washington correspondence: There is no house in all the land to which the eyes of the American people turn with more interest than to the one which for almost a century has been the home of their Presidents—the White House at Washington.

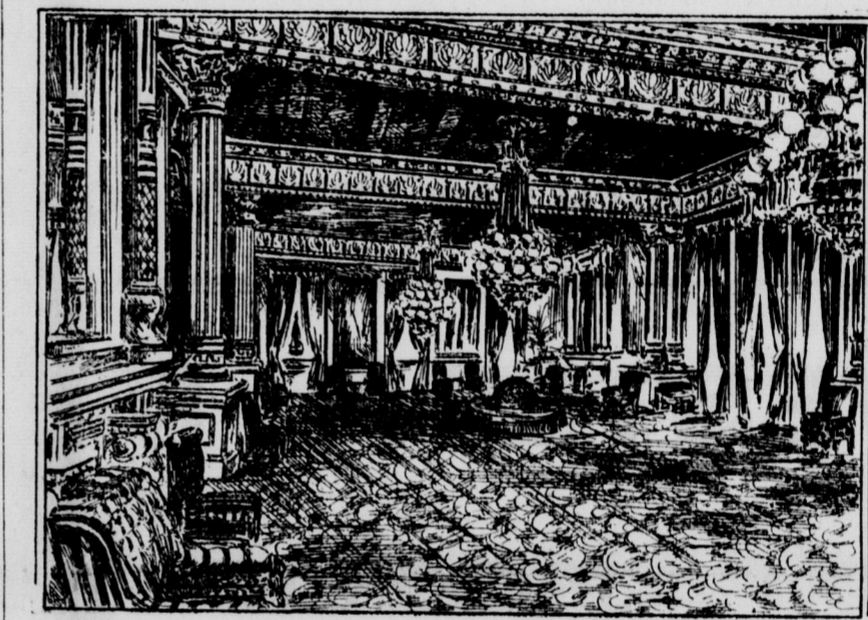
When L'Enfant laid out the plan of this beautiful city, it is evident that he had in mind the old Babylon of Scriptural magnificence. Jefferson, however, had procured abroad plans of foreign capitals—Paris, Versailles, Milan, Versailles and others—and before submitting his own he consulted



PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

these, and from them he took the topography of Versailles, and then introduced the broad transverse avenues, the circles, open squares and triangular reservations which resulted in producing this city of "magnificent distances."

At the foot of one of these reservations the White House stands. There are twenty acres in what is known as the President's grounds, fronting on Pennsylvania avenue and directly facing the lovely Lafayette square and running south to the Potomac river. The house was designed by the famous Architect Hoban, and was constructed under the personal supervision of George Washington. He officiated at the Masonic ceremonies when the corner stone was laid, and he had the sat-



THE EAST ROOM, WHITE HOUSE.

isfaction of walking through it with Mrs. Washington after its completion, a few weeks previous to his death. This building was burned by the British in 1812, but rebuilt in 1815. With the exception of Washington, it has been the home of every President the United States has had. The structure is built of sandstone painted white, and is severely plain in its exterior. It is two stories high, with a basement, and is of the Grecian style of architecture. On the north, which is the front side, is an imposing portico, and a grand portico supported by Ionic columns, while on the south is a semi-circular colonnade.

But if the exterior is plain, the interior is sufficiently magnificent to compensate for it. The heavy black walnut front doors, with their stained glass windows, open into a spacious corridor, the floor of which is of mosaics in different colored stone. In the rear, and separating it from the red corridor, is the famous Tiffany screen, which is one of the most beautiful pieces of work of its kind in the world, and which was designed and made by Louis Tiffany. An idea of its cost may be obtained from the fact that at one of Mrs. Cleveland's last receptions, in the crush of people, two of the small pieces of glass were broken out, and it cost \$25 to have simply the two replaced. It is in this corridor that the Marine Band is stationed when playing for the President's dinners and receptions.

The East Room.

To the east of this corridor, and across the hall which leads upstairs, is the well-known East Room, so historic in its associations, so filled with the memory of the great men who have trodden its floor! It is finished in Grecian style, and the woodwork is decorated in white and gold. The ceiling is divided into three panels, and from the center of each hang massive crystal chandeliers. On the walls are the paintings of Washington (which Dolly Madison had cut from the frame carried from the White House when the British were at its very gates in 1812), and those of Martha Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. This room is a marvel of beauty when it is prepared for the official receptions. Then the window recesses are filled with tall palms, the mantles and mirror rests are banked with cut flowers, while from the chandeliers are hung ropes of dainty asparagus and smilax, and

woven through them are hundreds of tiny varied colored electric lights, the whole presenting a picture which might grace the Arabian Nights. It was in this room, near the large east windows, that Nellie Grant's marriage, which afterwards proved so unhappy, was solemnized.

Leading from the East Room is the Green Room, so named from the tinting which prevails in its furnishing and decorations. On its walls hangs the picture of Mrs. Hayes, which was presented to the Government by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, because she was the first mistress of the White House who turned her wine glass upside down at the dinners given there, although since then Mrs. Cleveland has done the same. The life-size painting of Mrs. Harrison also hangs in this room, and is one of the most artistic pieces of work in the house.

The next in this suite of state parlors is one about which a peculiar charm attaches—the Blue Room. For it is here that the receiving party stand for the official receptions, and it is here that President and Mrs. Cleveland were married. It is in this room, too, where the diplomats, in their gorgeous attire, await for the President to receive them first on New Year's Day. The room has been the scene of a thousand and one other interesting events. In the illustration can be seen the "Golden Gate," over which the eager public love to catch a glimpse of the receiving party after having passed through the rooms themselves; and beyond it is a glimpse of the Tiffany screen.

Opening off the Blue is the Red Room; this was Mrs. Cleveland's favorite of all of the downstairs rooms, and she gave it a more home-like air than any of the others possessed. She filled it with bric-a-brac, her own books and so forth, and often here received her guests. Mrs. McKinley prefers the library above stairs, which is a delightfully charming, sunny room, and the view from its south windows of the White lot, the Monument, Potomac and the blue hills of Virginia beyond cannot be surpassed for loveliness.

On the walls of the lower floor hang pictures of all of the Presidents, as well as many of their wives.

The state dining-room opens from the Red Room, and across the hall is the smaller one used by the family, both handsome apartments and furnished in the dining-room paraphernalia. To the west of the house is the conservatory, and probably more rare exotics are grown there than within

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



CONFIDENCE is the tie of friendship. Game worth catching, must be hunted. Idleness digs the graves of manhood. The prayerless overdraw on the bank of mercy every day. The man who walks with God, does not travel in a circle.

There are too many people who only try to be good on Sunday.

The man who walks with God, does not make a crooked path.

The treasure that is laid up in heaven first does good on earth.

The shepherd who feeds the lambs well, will not lose the old sheep.

When God turns the X rays of his light on a white lie, it it jet black.

A dancing Christian is never shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.

There is a kind of religion that thaws out in January and freezes up in July.

The superintendent of every Sabbath school should either look happy or die in the attempt.

Shrinkage in spiritual life is not growth, and yet there are people who seem to think so.

The armor of God covers only that part of the body exposed when we are facing the enemy.

The man who has true faith, will sooner or later have as good a chance to prove it as Daniel had.

If we would get where God can trust us to handle money, we would never have an empty pocketbook.

The life of the Christian who does not love his Bible, is never marked by close resemblance to Christ.

It should be the aim of the Christian to so live that the windows of heaven will always be right over his head.

When a man who gives nothing prays for the conversion of the world, he is clubbing a pine tree for apples.

There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, even though he has been a member of the church for years.

Some people seem to have an idea that dropping a nickel in the church basket now and then, will nickel-plate their sin.

FIREPLACES OF SNOW.

Winter Life in Northern Latitudes Has Some Singular Features.

At the first glance snow does not look like a very promising material for a fireplace, and yet I think I am not mistaken in saying that every winter there are hundreds of fires built in fireplaces made of this substance, says a writer in Lippincott's Magazine. This is less surprising when we stop to think that in the part of America where this is done the temperature outdoors during the winter months seldom rises as high as zero and frequently falls as low as 40 or 50 degrees below.

About the end of January, or when the sun again appears above the horizon, many families at the two Eskimo villages near Point Barrow, in Alaska, leave their winter houses and travel inland seventy-five or 100 miles to hunt reindeer along the upper waters of the large rivers that flow into the Arctic ocean east of the Point. Here they encamp in large, comfortable snow-houses, usually dug out in a solid snow-drift. Like all Eskimo winter houses, these are entered by means of a long, low tunnel, and opening out of one side of this tunnel there is a fireplace built of snow slabs.

I never had a chance to go out to the rivers with the deer hunters, but one winter there was a snow fireplace built in the Cape Smyth village, near our station.

A young man and his wife moved down from Point Barrow after winter had set in, and, as there was no accommodation for them in any of the permanent wooden houses, they built themselves a small hut from blocks of snow and roofed it over with sialkoth. I made them a visit one afternoon and found the house pretty cold and uncomfortable, in spite of the large stone lamp that was burning all the time. The entrance tunnel was about ten feet long; at the left hand as you entered, and close to the door, was the fireplace. This was about two and a half feet square and neatly built of slabs of snow, with a smoke hole at the top and a stick across at the proper height to hang a pot on. When the first fire is built in such a fireplace, there is considerable melting of the snow, but as soon as the fire is allowed to go out this freezes to a hard glaze of ice, which afterward melts only a very little. These fireplaces are used only for cooking, as the Eskimos rely wholly on the oil lamps for warming the dwelling.

Ready for Business.

The Western Union for many years had a contract with the Bell Company, by which the Western Union agreed to stay out of the telephone field. That contract expired last fall. In anticipation of its expiration, the Western Union for ten or twelve years has been stringing copper wires for metallic circuit telephones, and now it has nineteen thousand stations connected by these copper-wire circuits. The Bell Company has only about eleven hundred long-distance stations. The Western Union can put its long-distance telephone system in working order by simply attaching receivers and transmitters to the wires it uses for transmitting messages.

Growth of Postal Service.

The reign of Charles I. the British postal service carried 1,500,000 letters annually, in the reign of George II. 8,000,000, and in 1894 as many as 2,900,000,000.

The woman who wears such full sleeves to her clothes that they dip in the butter and jam, should elope to some desert island with the man who gets soup in his whiskers.

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202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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