

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 2.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1897.

NO. 19.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:29 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
9:15 A. M. Daily.	
12:49 P. M. Daily.	
3:47 P. M. Daily.	
4:19 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.	

SOUTH.	
7:20 A. M. Daily.	
11:13 A. M. Daily.	
12:10 P. M. Daily.	
3:05 P. M. Daily except Sunday.	
5:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.	
7:10 P. M. Daily.	
12:10 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.
9:40	9:45
10:30	10:35
11:20	11:25
12:30	12:35
12:40	12:55
1:20	1:35
2:00	2:15
2:40	2:55
3:20	3:35
4:00	4:15
4:40	4:55
5:20	5:35
6:00	6:05

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

### TIME CARD.

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

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

## POST OFFICE.

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

## MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North	From the South
9:00	3:50
10:30	6:45

## MAIL CLOSURE.

No. 4. South	No. 14. South	No. 18. South	No. 6. North
8:30 a. m.	9:50 a. m.	2:30 p. m.	6:00 p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

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

## MEETINGS.

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

## DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

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

TAX COLLECTOR  
F. M. Grainger.....Redwood City

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

ASSESSOR  
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City

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

SHERIFF  
Win. P. McKevoy.....Redwood City

AUDITOR  
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS  
Miss Edith M. Tillou.....Redwood City

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

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

## EPITOME OF RECORDS.

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

John Jacob Mundy, subdivision 126, West End Homestead Association, 4

Wm. E. Elford to Alfred B. Elford, lots 31, 32, 17 and 18, block 6, Seventy-five-dollar Homestead, 1

Alfred T. Elford, Henry E. Elford, and E. B. Elford to Alfred B. Elford, lots 31, 32, 17 and 18, block 6, Seventy-five-dollar Homestead, 1

E. M. Morgan to D. J. Truman, 80 acres, 10

Bridget O'Day et al. to Thomas F. O'Day, lots 1, 2, 5 and 6, block 12, Abbey Homestead, 1

Bridget O'Day et al. to Henry J. O'Day, lots 3, 4, 7 and 8, block 12, Abbey Homestead, 1

Robert Wisnom and wife to Wm. C. Caldwell, lots in San Mateo, 10

South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company to Franklin Miner, lot 19, block 122, South San Francisco, 10

Franklin Miner to Ella S. Miner, lots 19 and 20, block 122, South San Francisco, gift

Robert G. Byrbee to Edith A. Byrbee and Howard S. Byrbee, lots 22 and 23, block 35, Railroad Avenue Homestead Tract, and lot 15, block 39, Railroad Avenue Extension Homestead Tract, gift

Thomas McFarland to A. G. McFarland, 823 acres, 10

## MORTGAGES.

Wm. C. Caldwell and wife to San Mateo County Building and Loan Association, lots in San Mateo, 600

The Nevada City Herald says: The quartz ledge recently discovered at Sebastopol, near North San Juan, is said to contain stringers which are very rich in silver, says the Tidings. One of the stringers, twenty inches wide, assays fifty-three ounces of silver to the ton.

The controversy between the Board of Harbor Commissioners at San Francisco and certain transportation companies, concerning the payment of 5 cents per ton on coal passing across the docks for fuel on steamers, will probably be settled out of court.

The Redondo Railway and Beach Company has decided to spend \$30,000 in improving the hotel at Redondo Beach, one of the principal summer resorts of Southern California.

## 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.

Castroville has organized a creamery company, which has contracted for its plant.

The eating houses on the Santa Fe system are supplied entirely with Riverside oranges.

Escondido valley has begun packing the largest crop in her history. It will all be handled by one firm.

The proposition to send grain-laden ships from San Francisco to the Indian famine sufferers has been abandoned.

No more bills can be introduced in the legislature this session. Of the 962 to dispose of but 145 have been passed and 130 knocked out.

The railroads will in future fumigate with carbolic acid solution all cars used in the Mexican fruit trade that come to Southern California.

The whaling and cannery fleets are all preparing for the summer cruise, and in consequence the water front is busy. Over 2500 men will ship for Alaska and the Arctic this month.

Word has reached Martinez that a large flow of oil had been struck at the depth of 1100 feet on the Allen ranch, near Lafayette, about ten miles east of Oakland. It is said to be of excellent quality.

Collector of the Port Wise of San Francisco has ordered that between \$800,000 and \$100,000 worth of opium now in the bonded warehouses be held there pending an investigation as to the legality of its importation.

The City Council of Salinas has passed an ordinance declaring their intention of calling for a bond election to vote \$75,000 in bonds to meet expenses of erecting a much-needed high school and constructing a sewer system. The school building is to be a modern brick building. The Council will invite competition among the architects of the State.

The Sierra Railway Company of California is rushing the preliminary work on the proposed railroad from Oakland to Sonora. Within a distance of thirty miles already traversed only nine property-holders remain who have not given the right of way. As soon as the right of way is secured work will begin at Oakland and pushed with all possible speed.

The Southern California Insurance Association has issued a quantity of new cards of special ratings for Los Angeles to take the place of cards of the Pacific Insurance Union issued November, 1897. The rates named in these new cards are net, and take effect from 1st of March, 1897. They include substantial reductions from the old rates charged and on the other hand put an end to the "bargain" insurance that was being sold promiscuously a short time ago. As fast as the surveys can be completed new cards of special ratings will be issued.

The business men of Hanford, Kings county, have organized the Hanford Chamber of Commerce, the following signing the roll of membership: J. W. Barbour, B. L. Barney, P. McRae, J. E. Richmond, Peter Van Valer, L. E. Felton, E. E. Bush, A. Goldberg, S. B. Hicks, D. A. Woodward, D. R. Cameron, E. E. Manheim, Judd Smith, Justin Jacobs, John Ross, F. M. Goodrich, A. G. Park, Robinson & Rawlins, Joe D. Biddle, R. Mills, J. C. Rice. A carefully prepared constitution and by-laws were also adopted and this week the chamber will elect permanent officers.

La Fiesta de Los Angeles, which attracted thousands of people to that city last April, will be repeated this year on a scale of increased magnitude and splendor. The series of stupendous pageants and gorgeous displays of which these carnivals largely consist may now be considered as an established institution, to recur annually in the month of April. The great festa of 1897 will commence on the exact date of last year's opening, April 20. Each committee is hard at work to improve upon the different features of the last fiesta, and there ports show that they will succeed in every respect. The fancy-dress ball, which will be the opening event of the festa, will be a gorgeous affair.

A company has been formed in Yuma, and has begun work on the Gravity Canal in the Lower Colorado Valley, fifteen miles below that city, which will turn the waters of the Colorado River on 8000 acres of rich land for which Yuma County is beginning to become famous. It is the first to be consummated of half a dozen enterprises of like character, though all of greater magnitude, which have been hanging fire in this section for many years. Owing to the fact that a large portion of the richest land in the county

has been involved in litigation between the Government and parties claiming it as a grant from the Mexican Government, the immediate prospect of a settlement of the case is turning the tide and several monster irrigation enterprises will soon go through.

A Martinez correspondent says that town is to have a new industry. It will be known as the Western Starch Chemical Company and has been incorporated with a capital of \$30,000—\$3000 of which is paid up. The company will start in a small way at first, giving employment to six or eight people. At present more particular attention will be devoted to the manufacture of starch from wheat flour, but it is the intention to make the manufacture of chemicals the principal business later on. The company is formed by local capitalists with A. A. Cunningham of San Francisco as business manager. Mr. Cunningham has been four years chemist in the American Sugar Refinery at San Francisco and has also been connected with the University of California, and is a chemist of large experience. The incorporators are Dr. J. H. Carothers, president; W. A. Hale, secretary; Bank of Martinez, treasurer.

Friends of the Coronado library will be pleased to hear that its list of benefactors has been materially increased. Miss Noyes of Washington, D. C., has presented a full list of periodicals for March; Rear-Admiral Beardslee has become a life member, and little Kenneth Davis, upon accepting the invitation to become its mascot, for 1897, contributed to the fund the sum of \$20. Following in the footsteps of the successful library hall, Claus Spreckels has forwarded his check for \$200, as a token of his interest in the welfare of the library.

## CONGRESSIONAL NOTES.

Cleveland allowed to become a law without his signature the Act to prevent trespassing upon the national military parks.

The make-up of the new Cabinet is as follows: Secretary of State—John Sherman of Ohio. Secretary of the Treasury—Lyman J. Gage of Illinois. Secretary of War—Russell A. Alger of Michigan. Secretary of the Navy—John D. Long of Massachusetts. Secretary of the Interior—Cornelius N. Bliss of New York. Secretary of Agriculture—James Wilson of Iowa. Postmaster-General—James A. Gary of Maryland. Attorney-General—Joseph McKenna of California.

The following bills have been reported:

Granting right of way through the Spokane military reservation, Washington, to the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad. To vacate the Sugar Loaf reservoir site number five in Lake county, Colorado, and restore it to public domain. Establishing a land office at Kalispell, Mont. Prohibiting the entry into any part of the United States of any vessel from a port infected with the bubonic plague until inspected at quarantine. Extending for a year the period in which yearly or final proof in cases of entries of desert lands may be made. Directing that patents issue to settlers on lands in the eastern peninsula of Florida. Senate amendments to the bill allowing the bottling of distilled spirits in bond were concurred in and the bill now goes to the President. The House concurred in the Senate amendments to the Indian Appropriation bill and it was sent to conference and the House adjourned. The House refused to consider the bill authorizing the Postmaster-General to test the merit of the postal card and envelopes with coupons attached patented by the United States Economic Postal Association, which were to be admitted to the mails under regulations to be issued by the Postmaster-General.

The Naval Appropriation bill as reported to the Senate carries a total of \$85,738,234—being increased by \$3,563,000. Among the items of increase are: Dredging channel in Mare Island Strait, Cal., to enable naval vessels of 11 classes to reach the Mare Island yard, \$250,000; training vessel for the cadets of the Naval Academy, \$250,000; machinery of vessels, authorized by this and previous bills, \$500,000; establishing a government armor factory, \$2,500,000. The construction by contract of not more than three torpedo boats, with a speed of thirty knots, each, is authorized to cost in all not exceeding \$800,000. Not more than two of these are to be built in one yard. There is to be no repimium for excess of contract speed. The appropriation for an armor plate factory gives the Secretary authority, in case he finds it impossible to contract for armor within the limits of the price fixed by the bill, to lease, purchase, or establish a government armor factory of sufficient capacity to make such armor and to proceed to the manufacture of armor necessary for the three ships now under construction. Provision is made for the reception of bids for such plant and the appointment of an armor factory board. The sum of \$2,500,000 is appropriated for the making of armor for the three battleships.

A new enterprise in the form of a new telephone company with a capital stock of \$200,000, in which well-known Southern Californians only are interested, is to be started in San Bernardino.

## THE MINING INDUSTRY

What they are Doing in the Mines.

### ALL BRANCHES ARE REPRESENTED.

Brieflets that are of interest to all Classes—News from All Over the Country.

The Pennsylvania mine of Grass Valley, which has become a dividend payer, declared a profit of 5 cents per share last week. D. E. Mateson was elected a director of the company.

The Mountain View quartz mine, located on the east side of Mt. Thompson, El Dorado county, an old-time producer, has been bonded by parties in San Francisco, and will be started up again.

The Placerville Nugget says Lewis & Brandon, Webber creek district, are preparing to reopen the old Friedman quartz mine near Webber creek. They have bought and are enlarging the old Bunker ditch and will use it to furnish power for their hoist and for a two-stamp mill. The Friedman was formerly a rich pocket proposition and much high grade ore was mined from it during the early '60s.

The Redding Free Press says George M. Jackson and Frank Perkins of Modoc county claim to have discovered a rich and extensive ledge on Muletown mountain, near the Markwick and Jones claims. The ledge is said to be fifty feet wide and can be traced for more than a mile. In a gulch the ledge is exposed for fifty feet deep, and from the way in which it lies it can be easily worked. The ore is base, but Mr. Jackson thinks that it will assay on an average of \$25 per ton in gold, silver and copper. A sample sent to Selby assayed \$760 to the ton, but it was a picked sample. The discoverers have been working on the ledge about two months. A slight ripple of excitement has been caused by the discovery.

It is probable that there will be even a larger rush this season than last to Alaska, though more of the men will go to the Yukon river region than to Cook's Inlet. A great many men wintered there this year so as to be early on hand in the spring. Several new and rich streams were discovered last fall and their fame will attract many. The miners attending the working of the large quartz veins on Douglas Island and elsewhere will also attract prospectors for quartz. It is, of course, almost useless to warn people against a "mining excitement" when they have made up their mind to try their luck. But miners and prospectors generally ought to know by this time that Alaska is not a country for poor men to go to. The placers are rich and the quartz ledges are good, and there is money to be made by those properly fixed to try and make it. But for a man to land in that distant and expensive region "busted," and with not a decent grub stake or enough to get out with, is the height of folly. It is taking great chances of suffering and hardship. All that kind of men quit Alaska last year cursing the whole country, when they were at fault rather than the country. Those fortunate enough to get good claims made money, and made it fast, but their number was small in proportion to those who went. Hundreds ventured there with just enough money to pay their passage up and trusted to luck to get back. People in those circumstances should blame no one but themselves for failure. Alaska is a good mining country and is rapidly increasing its annual gold product. Its ledges are large, but of low grade, and capital is required to work any of them. The placers, like placers elsewhere, are best for poor men, but they lie at such a distance from central points and the climatic conditions are so adverse that only those with means to spare should venture in that direction. When a man makes up his mind as to how much money he can get along on, he ought to double his estimate. It is, it will be admitted, easier to make up the mind than the money in most cases, but men are very foolish to take such chances as they must when poorly provided with outfit and money. The Alaska newspapers have repeatedly warned people of the circumstances to be met and urged upon them not to come unless fully prepared with a good amount of funds. As in other places, it is not every man who strikes a good claim or one out of every ten men, and those who do not must take their chances of getting days' work else get out of the country as best they may. A long journey by land, river and sea is not to be made without money, and the man who starts with only money to get there and none to come back is simply a fool and deserves little pity, especially when forewarned.

Oro Blanco and Arivaca continue to send encouraging news from their mines. The richness of the mineral developments in those sections has only just begun to be realized.

The production and management of manure deserves as careful attention as the production of any other farm crop.

## J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing

Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

## M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed.

Wood and Coal.

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Moderate Charges. Prompt Service.

LINDEN AVENUE,

Between Armour and Juniper Avenues

Leave Orders at Postoffice.



## Detroit Livery Stable EXPRESS AND TEAMING

OF ALL KINDS.

WOOD, HAY AND GRAIN.

W. REHBERG, PROPRIETOR.

## 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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GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

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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 Juniper Avenues, San Bruno Ave

# THE ENTERPRISE.

**E. E. CUNNINGHAM.**  
Editor and Proprietor.

The first day of January and the first day of October in any year fall on the same day of the week unless it be a leap year.

Children are large patrons of the postal savings banks of France. Out of over 400,000 depositors in these institutions, according to the reports of the Minister of Posts and Finance Telegraph, 80,589 are minors.

An Oklahoma bibliomaniac recently sent the following letter to a dealer in rare books: "Dear Sir: I am anxious to get a copy of the original plays of Shakespeare in pamphlet form. I want them in good order, containing all the plays that Shakespeare ever wrote. Please inform me if you have the pamphlet and how much it will cost."

It is said that when Li Hung Chang was deprived of his viceroyalty and summoned to Peking he was obliged to distribute among court officials and functionaries the neat little sum of 8,000,000 taels in order to protect himself against the attacks of his political enemies. Being a diplomat of long experience old Li had no difficulty in placing his money where it would do the most good.

At the late election Minnesota adopted by an overwhelming vote a proposition to amend the constitution of the State so that no alien can exercise the right of suffrage until he shall have been naturalized. As few States have so large a percentage of foreign-born citizens as Minnesota, the adoption of this amendment indicates that real foreign-born citizens do not favor alien voting.

Spanish theater-goers are raising a great rumpus over the recent high-handed proceeding of the Madrid authorities in ordering all places of amusement closed at midnight. Heretofore it has been the custom to keep open until 2 in the morning owing to the fact that the fun-loving Spaniards want a great deal for their money, two five-act pieces and a curtain-raiser being no unusual program for an evening.

A war device which has been indorsed by the Austrian Government is a flying machine, designed to carry destruction into the camp of the enemy. It will sustain a weight of from forty to fifty pounds at a distance of 1,500 feet above the earth. Directly under the balloon is the flying apparatus and beneath this is a small torpedo. The latter also contains an automatic arrangement which will explode the balloon at a given time and send down a shower of dynamite.

The four States of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Ohio polled 4,000,731 votes and have 115 Presidential electors. The States of Nevada, Florida, Idaho, Louisiana, Mississippi, Montana, South Carolina, South Dakota, Utah, Wyoming, Alabama, Georgia, Arkansas, Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee—sixteen—cast 2,012,053 votes and have 115 electoral votes. In the first-named States there is one elector to 200,000 population, while in the latter there is an elector to 140,000 inhabitants.

New York ladies have been discussing the inroads made on the home by club life and bewailing modern innovations generally. One woman declared that "homes are broken up that the home-maker may obtain leisure for lectures and clubs, and even babies of 6 are snatched with the fever. Cupid has no privacy in which to shoot his darts and can only make his advances under the cover of a hundred eyes." But, worse than all this, was the statement that the fine de siecle woman had no time to make mince pies.

If Congress would but require contestants to pay the cost of their cases when they cannot prove them, as litigants in courts are compelled to do, it would have a deterrent effect on frivolous claims of election. If the State offered to pay—at the public expense—the court charges of all suits instituted, no matter what the judgment might be, or for whom, the country would soon be swamped by litigation. Yet there is no more reason why Congress should provide that those who bring suit before it should be compensated for frivolous claims and contests.

The figures of the losses by fire, month by month, during the years 1894, 1895 and 1896 are published, those of December last alone being estimated. The aggregate losses during 1895 were \$128,246,400; during 1894, \$129,839,700, and \$115,295,500 during 1896. The losses the past year from June to December show a large falling off compared with the same months during the previous years, but the estimates for December are in excess of the losses of that month during the two preceding years. The loss by fire during these years is about equal to the receipts of the treasury for customs, and more than one-third of the receipts of all the railroads in the country after paying operating expenses. This is a large amount of money to charge off mainly to carelessness and recklessness.

The London Lancet states that a peasant woman in the village of Slaviansk has a daughter, aged ten, who recently suffered from some affliction of the eyes. She consulted a "wise woman" in the village, who gave her the following advice. She told her to procure some gunpowder, put it in the child's

eyes and apply a match to it. This advice the mother implicitly followed. The writer of the letter states that he was passing the house at the time, heard the report and went in to see the cause of it. He found the room full of smoke, and when this had cleared off the wretched child was seen lying in agony with two cavities where once had been eyes.

In the making of books, which seems to have no end, a good many authors affect strange and out of the way titles to their productions which often fail to give any insight as to the nature of the story. But for curious titles the early English reformers deserve the palm. Some of them were very remarkable, especially those relating to devotional and controversial subjects. One was entitled the "Sweet Swallows of Salvation," and another, which might have been written by some pious baker, bore this title: "Some Fine Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church."

There is a possibility that the City of Boston may try an interesting experiment in municipal ownership by establishing its own printing plant. Speaking of this the Boston Herald says: "When the Mayor presents his plan to the City Council he will undoubtedly have strong support in favor of it. It is understood that there is no city in the country that does its own printing, and the experiment will be watched with a good deal of interest. The only public printing office in the country is that of the National Government at Washington. The success of that office is well understood, and if the City of Boston can equal it the experiment will have proved a success."

An Eastern newspaper, commenting upon the recent sale of an Arizona mine to secure a loan of \$24,000 to Horace A. W. Tabor, says that this is about the last we will hear in public of that once prominent man. Do not be too sure of that. The mining millionaire is always next door to beggary and the prospector is ever near to untold wealth. Mr. Tabor, who has thrice been fabulously wealthy, is again grubbing as he did years before the great carbonate find at Leadville. It may be that he will not again strike it rich, but then again he may be on the top of the heap in a few years. Tabor has been foolishly extravagant, according to Eastern ideals, but he never went back on a friend.

One would suppose martyrs enough had been made in the early Christian era to furnish subjects for stained-glass windows in all the churches in Christendom for all time to come. One would evidently be mistaken. It appears the supply of early martyrs has all been used up, or, at least, has grown so old as to be no longer suitable for windows, for at Hawarden church, in celebration of the birthday anniversary of Mrs. Gladstone, a window was unveiled to the Armenian martyrs, the older sort being entirely discarded. Deputations of Armenians were present and they expressed no contempt whatever for the proceeding. The published accounts give no estimate of the cost of the window. It may have cost anywhere from \$300 to \$1,000, or more. It is known from figures furnished by missionaries who are laboring night and day to relieve distress in Armenia that \$12 will keep for a year one of the thousands of little children made orphans and homeless by the soldiers of the blood-stepped Abdul Hamid. These helpless little ones, driven together by a common misery, roam the roads in herds, pulling up clumps of grass and eating the roots and raising their shriveled little hands to every passerby with despairing cries for food. Their pitiful state has appealed to every man with a heart in his breast in that scourged land. A system of relief has been organized with ramifications into every Christian country. The missionaries have done what they can, they have made complete arrangements for furnishing food and shelter, but they lack money to carry out their plans. They have sent appeals to Christendom. Despite their efforts, hundreds of these half-clothed innocents will perish from the bitter cold before summer comes again. If their condition has been truthfully described they will starve to death for the very lack of grass to eat. The stained-glass window commemorating these martyrs will be a peculiarly fitting memorial. Every \$12 worth of stained glass in it will literally represent one martyr starved to death, one little Christian child who might have lived on the money in the window in Hawarden church. Such smug, sniveling, slick-faced piety deserves encouragement. When those Apaches of the East burn helpless women in their homes, sing hymns; when families are bereft of protection and support by licensed murder, pray; when little half-naked children are running homeless over frozen roads, hunting for weeds to eat and dying when they don't find them, put stained-glass windows in warm churches and dedicate them to the Armenian martyrs, because when these have been killed off there will be plenty more.

**Walter Scott's Close Call.**  
The world had a narrow escape of never having known a Sir Walter Scott. When a tiny babe he was left in charge of a maid, but the girl's heart was in Edinburgh, whither she wanted to go to rejoin her lover. She was, however, compelled to stay and look after the infant at Sandy Knowe. The girl regarded her charge as an obstacle to be removed, and afterward confessed that she carried young Scott up to the Craigs (under a strong temptation of the devil, as she expressed it), fully intending to cut his throat with her scissors and bury him under the moss.

## FOR SUNDAY READING

### THE GOSPEL OF GRACE IS HERE EXPOUNDED.

**Forceful Lesson from an Army Experience—God Cares for Each Life—There Is No Gain in an Attitude of Grimness.**

**Tomtit.**  
EN. O. O. HOWARD relates that while he and his command lay in camp opposite Fairfax Seminary, "across the Potomac," in the earlier weeks of the civil war, some soldiers one day brought to his tent a queer-looking negro boy, half naked, who said his name was "Tommy." He had followed them, the men said, from Alexandria, unnoticed at first; and when they found him in camp they did not know what to do with him.

General Howard looked the little fellow over, questioned him without getting much information, and concluded that he had a name "Topsy" on his hands. He called Henry Johnson, the officers' black cook, and told him to take the youngster, wash him, and see what he could make of him. "To-morrow," he said, "I'll have a suit of clothes for him."

The little runaway soon became well known about headquarters and throughout the camp. He was very small, and everybody called him "Tomtit," except when some unlucky individual or tentmate suffered from his pranks. Then he was "that little imp." And certainly a more impish young negro never lived.

Pulling out tent-pins and tickling sleepers' noses were only mild forms of his sly fun. His new suit of clothes had pockets, and anything he saw that would go into them he would steal. Perfect monkey in mischief, he had to all appearance no more than a monkey's moral sense.

Irrepressible as he was, there were times when Tomtit would on no account play any of his antics; and those were the times when the black cook's eyes were on him.

The wild little wail, who had no respect for anyone else, was under Henry Johnson's control. He listened to him when he talked, and he helped him obediently about his work. Johnson had served in the "first families of Virginia," and was a man not only of courtly manners and some education, but of sterling character. The officers did not scruple to call him "a Christian gentleman."

From him Tomtit received probably his first instruction in morals and in real religion, for Johnson was a praying man. The boy learned that he must not interfere with other people's rights and duties, and must give back everything that he had pilfered.

When the army began its marches, Tomtit disappeared, and his adventures for the next eleven years remain untold. Returned to Washington from service in the West, long after the close of the war, Howard was one day accosted by a handsome young colored man, who gave his name as Thomas M.

He was the "Tomtit" of the old Potomac camp; now a bright, promising young man, fairly well educated, and enjoying a good situation. In the brief interview with him the General—learned that the faithfulness of Henry Johnson, the negro cook, had taught the neglecting by the elements of virtue and manliness; and he had never forgotten his teacher.

How much more effective is moral instruction, to children of any color, when it is backed by the example of a teacher who is always "a Christian gentleman."—Youth's Companion.

**Each Life a Plan of God.**  
"In every age men have cherished the thought that God cares for each life. So momentous those mementoes called a betrothal, a marriage, the death of a babe or mother or statesman, that men would fain associate these events with an infinite God. Finding that no grain of sand, no particle of flower dust escapes nature's notice, man is unable to support the thought that there is no place for him in God's tender regard. As King Lear going forth into darkness and the driving storm suffered a broken heart, not because he was uncrowned, but because he was uncared for, so life holds no greatness, no honor and no gifts that suffice for staying the tears of him who feels that he has drifted beyond the reach of the divine care and oversight. With all reflective minds let us consider that if man is buffeted about by fate and chance; if matter and force use the soul for a long life game of battledore and shuttlecock, then the brightness of day is darkness, all music is a dirge, all colors are black, and life's every joy must at last pass under perpetual eclipse. The thought that 'God cares for me' has armed man against many emergencies and been a panoply against a thousand ills. The heroes who have stained the battlefields with blood and won victories for liberty and religion have survived their disasters through the faith that God's plan is a golden cord binding each life to an eternal throne. Standing under the midnight sky looking into the realm where stars twinkled and suns blazed the seer found it easy to believe that man moved forward under the embrace and convoy of an infinite God. For the heavens will not allow man to forget for a single minute that there are no wandering stars, no runaway suns, no planets dashing wildly

through space. Nature's threads are all intermeshed. Her web and texture is all unbroken. Because the star wheels do not slip their cogs, because all the systems revolve about one cosmic center, there are no collisions of planets, no clashing of suns. From the thought that millions of orbs making up the community of the sky move forward under divine convoy, the sage passed easily to the thought that God is carrying all men and nations upward toward a sublime culmination. When the drama of this life, with its conflicts, its disasters and defeats, shall give place to the amazing victories and disclosures of love in another life, all who have lived and loved shall enter that far-off dim event toward which the whole creation moves."—N. D. Hillis, D. D.

**Lost Opportunities.**  
Many young people fail to realize what golden opportunities come to them in their school days. Too often they make little of the privileges they then enjoy. Sometimes they waste in idleness the hours they ought to spend in diligent study and helpful reading. The days are allowed to pass with their opportunities unimproved. Then by and by the school-door is shut and the young people must push out into life to meet its responsibilities, though unready for them. Then all through the years they move with halting step, with stunted life, with powers untrained, unable to accept the higher places that might have been theirs if they had been prepared to fill them; failing often in duties and responsibilities—all because in youth they wasted their school days and missed the opportunities which then came to them. Napoleon, addressing a boys' school, said, "Boys, remember that every hour wasted at school means a chance of misfortune in future life." These are wise words. One lesson missed leaves a flaw in the work of education. One hour lost, its particular lesson not mastered, may mean a serious failure some time in days to come.

**Gain of Seeming as One Is.**  
Years and experience make their marks and show their traces, in face and form as well as in speech and writing, and in habits of thought and judgment. Gray hairs, and furrows and wrinkles, and measured steps, and a bowed form, tell their story in their own way, as surely as do words of maturity in wisdom, or of indulged vice and folly. And, when fairly gained, these signs are a possession to be grateful for. A sensible man or a sensible woman would not willingly part with such evidences of progress. It is only an evidence of advance in years without an advance in true maturity that prompts a man to want the lines of character to be touched out of his photograph, or a woman to consent to color her cheeks, or dye her eyebrows, or to deck herself in the garb of younger years. Such a person lacks the best qualities of both youth and maturity. He who is not willing to seem himself is not likely to be successful in trying to seem anybody else. If we have years, let us be willing to show the signs of them.—Sunday School Times.

**Be Cheerful.**  
Why should a person make himself a nuisance? What gain is there in grimness, and sourness, and unsociability? Few people care to listen to whining and complaint. On the whole, the world uses us as well as we deserve. It is very hard for the defeated to admit this, but it is a fact, nevertheless, and, if only admitted, one of the chief reasons for defeat is removed. A cheerful philosophy is an important element of success. He who is perpetually suspecting others of ill-treating him and keeping him down is not a welcome companion. Every man is of less importance to the world around him than he likes to think. But he can easily test it by asking how much he himself dwells upon the condition of others. By as much as his grievances do not particularly concern him, by so much his own are matters of indifference to them. So let him be pleasant, bury his sorrows, pocket his affronts, make himself agreeable, trust to Providence and thankfully take what comes.

**Fame.**  
When Mme. Albani was at the Norwich musical festival she received a bill from a tradesman with whom she dealt, addressed Mrs. L. Barney. Mistaken in artists' names are, however, by no means uncommon. The veteran conductor Arditi—the story is not in his Reminiscences—once received a letter addressed "Signor R. Ditty." And only last season a gentleman in the stalls at Covent Garden gravely informed a lady: "The De Reszkes are a remarkable clever family. There is Jean de Reszke, and Edouard de Reszke, and Paderewski."—Household Words.

**Things to Think About.**  
Love with contentment makes service easy.

As love makes a frugal meal sweet so it makes a pure life happy.

You cannot cheat justice when God is both judge and executive.

The surest way to have something and to keep it is to earn it.

It is just as wrong to cheat one's self as it is to cheat one's neighbor.

An ardent lover may become an ardent hater; extremes are unsafe.

Christ has a just, true estimate of himself. What other man ever had?

No man's life is a dead level; it is upward or downward, just as he makes it.

There is no surer nor shorter road to nowhere and to nothing than to go it blind.

Bad food makes bad blood; so bad company, books or people make bad morals.—Standard.

A man who allows himself to be 60 years old instead of 60 years young is either lazy or going to seed.

## LASSOED A MOUNTAIN LION.

**The Daring Exploit of Two Intrepid Californians.**

Two men living in Green Valley, in the mountains east of San Diego, had a lively experience with a mountain lion recently. They were on their way to the Griffin ranch on horseback, and Mrs. Hobbs, mother of one of them, was with them. Young Hobbs was riding ahead, with Griffin behind him, when a sudden turn in the creek bed through which they were passing took Hobbs out of sight for a second. In that brief space there was an unearthly howling and screeching, followed instantly by the rearing and plunging of the horses. Mrs. Hobbs shrieked in fright and there was a general hubbub.

A mountain lion had jumped out upon young Hobbs, uttering ferocious cries as it leaped on the horse's shoulders, and used its hind claws with great rapidity. Hobbs' leg, fortunately was encased in long boots of heavy leather, which resisted the lion's onslaught. The horse in plunging dislodged the screaming brute, which darted back under the shadow of a cactus thicket. Hobbs reached for his gun to prepare for another attack. Griffin had his hands full in looking after Mrs. Hobbs, whose horse had become unmanageable.

Placing her at a safe distance in the rear, he returned and hastily put up a scheme with Hobbs to take the big brute alive. Hobbs was to draw it from the thicket, while Griffin, with a lariar ready, was to rope it. Griffin retreated a few steps, making his lariar ready, while Hobbs, with a warwhoop, dashed toward the clump. The lion, crouching in the shadow, screamed with rage and jumped out toward him, frothing at the mouth and spitting. The horse trembled with fear.

At that moment Griffin spurred forward, threw the lariar with steady aim, and in another second had the lion struggling in the dust with a tight rope around its body. It clawed and screeched, making a frightful uproar, but Griffin, sinking the spurs in deep, dashed down the road, dragging his feline captive over rocks and cacti. Hobbs ran back, got his mother, and returned, bringing up the rear. Griffin kept up a lively dog trot in order to keep the line taut, while the lion wasted its energy clawing at the rope, occasionally making a sally toward the horse in front of him.

Hobbs, by attacking it from the rear,



HE LASSOED THE LION AND CAPTURED IT ALIVE

distracted its attention, so that before long the ranch house was reached. There another lariar was secured, and the lion was conquered and placed in a cage. It was a fearful spectacle, covered with dust and blood and uttering fierce growls as it turned its great yellow eyes upon its captors. It was very lean, and hunger had evidently impelled its luckless onslaught.

### WAIFF FROM WOUNDED KNEE.

**Little Lost Bird Was Found on the Famous Sioux Battlefield.**

The battle of Wounded Knee Creek, which took place six years ago between the Sioux Indians and the grizzled veterans who had fought under the gallant Custer, is still fresh in the minds of our readers.

The Sioux uprising, as it will be recalled, had its inception in the Ghost Dance. Orders had been issued for the disbanding of Big Foot's band. The order aroused hostility among the Sioux, and without hesitation the "medicine" man threw a handful of earth into the air. This was a signal for the Indians to fire. The United States troops, Custer's old regiment, under command of Col. Forsythe, charged



THE WOUNDED KNEE WAIFF.

back, and after the battle was over "nothing that wore a blanket was alive." The slaughter of the Indians was terrific. The next day a terrible blizzard set in, and for four days the dead were left alone in the ravine where the battle had waged.

On the fourth day a babe was found on the battlefield. A bullet had killed the squaw, but as she fell she had gathered her blanket closely about the child. This, with the heavy covering of snow, had kept the baby warm. It

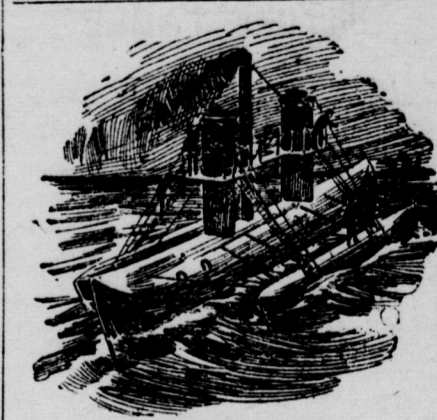
was almost perished from hunger, but soon rallied when placed in the care of some Indian women. As the women crooned over it, and slowly nursed it back to life they constantly wailed, "Zintka Lanuni," meaning "poor lost bird." Col. Colby, who was in command of the United States troops, and wife, were touched by the incident, and as the parents of the babe, both full-blooded Sioux, had perished in the battle, negotiations were made for the purchase of the little one. This was accomplished, and for six years little Zintka has been cared for with devotion by her foster parents.

Little Lost Bird has grown to be a very bright child and will receive a thorough education under the direction of the foster mother, who is a well-known woman suffragist. Her home is in Beatrice, Neb.

### LIFEBOAT OF NEW DESIGN.

**Cylindrical Life-Saving Boat Which May Be Propelled Sidewise.**

The old-fashioned lifeboat, which too often upsets and drowns gallant fellows bent on saving the lives of others, may soon have to give way to a curious-looking



LIFE-SAVING BOAT.

craft which has been built. The new life-boat consists of three iron cylinders strongly knit together. The largest one in the center is divided into five air-tight compartments, and holds the boiler and machinery. The two smaller ones on either side are intended to give it stability. There is neither paddle-wheel nor screw; not even a rudder, all of which things are apt to be injured in bad weather. Instead there is a large central pump, which forces jets of water through certain orifices. In this way, by closing one set of openings and uncovering another, the boat can



HE LASSOED THE LION AND CAPTURED IT ALIVE

be made to travel either forward or backward or sideways, as desired. Two turrets, fitted inside with ladders leading to air-tight doors, support a platform, from which are long rope ladders leading to the water. In this fashion the boat can withstand the heaviest seas. The method of propulsion is somewhat expensive in its waste of steam power, but that is a secondary matter, when the main consideration is the prompt rescue of shipwrecked sailors without risking the lives of the rescuers. The odd-looking craft is now on view in one of the Atlantic cities.

### Samuel Lover's Happy Nature.

Mrs. Fanny Schmid, daughter of Samuel Lover, contributes a paper of reminiscences of "The Author of 'Rory O'More'" to the Century. The article is fully illustrated with autographs and miniatures painted by Lover. Mrs. Schmid says: "Sam Lover," or "little Lover," as his friends sometimes irreverently called him, was a great favorite in London society. Possessing an inexhaustible fund of high spirits, good humor, and sparkling wit, no one could be better company. Nor was he one of those who, as the Irish neatly express it, "hang up their fiddles behind the door" when they come home. On the contrary, he was never more happy, delightful and entertaining than when he was at home with only his wife and daughters about him. His truly lovable character was not only shown in gaiety; he was also deeply humane and kind, with the keenest sense of honor and the warmest heart in the world. His song, "The Four-leaved Shamrock," truly expresses his aspirations.

Oh! thus I'd play th' enchanter part,  
Thus scatter bliss around,  
And not a tear nor aching heart  
Should in the world be found!

He would have liked to see the whole world happy. Nevertheless, he was "a good hater" (such as Dr. Johnson would have loved) when he knew any one to be a contemptible character.

### Pleas for Fair Consideration.

Cholly—What do you think, dear boy? That a beastly tailor sent me a bill to-day, and it is a week yet before the first.

"I expect he was sending early to avoid the rush."—Pearson's Weekly.

Most young married couples begin housekeeping with hope, and misfit wedding presents.

**HORSE POWER.**

The horse has wonderful muscular power, but will suffer a great deal at times with nervous attacks if not properly groomed and stabled. This illustrates that a great deal of neuralgia is caused by impudence and results from shock from cold to the nervous organism in parts most exposed to the cold. Hence, neuralgia is so often an affliction of the head, face and neck, as they are frequently badly protected against intense cold. The use of warmth as an antidote is apparent, and the warmth to the afflicted part imparted by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, together with the soothing and strengthening influence of the remedy, fill the pain and quickly restore a good healthful condition of the nerves, curing even the worst cases.



**Gladness Comes**

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

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

**Leibold Harness Co.**, 116 McAllister St., San Francisco. Buy your harness at wholesale from the manufacturer. Send for catalogue.

**Pacific Academy** Commercial & English training. VIRGINIA PATCHETT and HELEN M. CURTIS.

**THE WONDER NOVELTIES** in Millinery. Large Stock—Low Prices. 1026 Market St., San Francisco.

**KODAK AGENCY** H. B. Hooper, carries a full line of Kodak cameras, photographic goods. Developing, printing a specialty. 528 Market St., S. F.

**HAY PRESSES** MAKE MONEY. Pressing and baling hay. Write for catalogue. San Francisco, Cal., for particulars.

**TYPEWRITERS** and Mimeograph Supplies for all machines. Send for catalogue. United Typewriter & Supply Co., 609 Market St., S. F.

**EVERYTHING** you want, almost at a bargain. **Smith's Cash Store**, 614-616 Front St., San Francisco. "Home Circle" free.

**BAILEY, PORTER & CO.** Miners and Assayers. Dealers in Mining Supplies. 215-217 Front St., San Francisco. Room 2, S. F., Cal.

**Oakland Business College** OAKLAND, CAL. Send for the College Journal.

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**RUPTURE and PILES** cured; no pay if not cured; send for book. **DR. MANSFIELD & PORTERFIELD**, 538 Market St., San Francisco.

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**Make Your Own Gas**, FOR HEATING, LIGHTING AND COOKING. The most economical and reliable method known to the world. Cheaper than coal oil. Gas plants of all sizes from 20 lights to thousands, for residences, stores, hotels or public buildings. Address for full information and descriptive catalogue, **Madison Bros.** Manufacturers of the Peerless Gas Machine, 212 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

**NATHAN CHICKENS** by **HAY, FREE** Catalogue and Price List of the **IMPROVED STOCKING INCUBATORS**, Brood-machines, Hatching-machines, Thoroughbred Poultry, Pigeons and Belgian Crows, W. H. Young, 709 E. Main St., Stockton, Cal.

**MEDICAL.**

**ALPEAU'S** French Pills: a boon to ladies troubled with irregularities; no danger; safe; sure; \$2.00 express, C. O. D.; don't delay until too late. **OSGOOD BROTHERS**, Oakland.

**OPIMUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS** Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay if Cured. **DR. J. L. STEPHENS, L. E. BANON, OPHIUM**

**MEXICAN REGULATOR TEA.** A natural combination of Tropical Roots and Herbs, compounded by formula of Dr. A. BALZAMO of city of Mexico, a guaranteed cure for indigestion, kidney disease, sick headache and all troubles of a disordered liver. No cure no pay. Also, a Malaria Cure that contains NO Quinine or Mercury. Nature's positive cure. **M. G. BRANDT CO.**, 1155 Howard St., San Francisco, Cal.

**A SAFE CURE.** **Monilio Antiseptic Tonic and Absorbent.** A Remedy that Cures Female Weaknesses. An Invigorant that Restores Lost Vitality. Satisfaction Guaranteed when the Remedy is properly applied. For particulars, address, **MENILINE MEDICINE CO.**, 1151 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

**FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK** or "Just Don't Feel Well," **DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS** are the One Thing to Use. Only One Dose. Sold by druggists at 25c, a box sample free. See by Catalogue, the **Dr. Bosanko Med. Co., Phila. Pa.**

**PISO'S CURE FOR** GIBBS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists. **Dr. Bosanko Med. Co., Phila. Pa.**

**CONSUMPTION**

**A Second Experience.**

There Will Be No Doubt as to What Physicians Will Be Called in Future by Mrs. Hurlbert.

From the Republican, Fresno, Cal.

An interesting case comes from Kingsburg, in Fresno County, California. Mrs. Mattie Hurlbert tells her own story, and as she is a lady who is well and favorably known and well worthy of credence, it will be found interesting:

"While I was living in Fresno City in 1893," Mrs. Hurlbert said, "shortly after the birth of what was then my youngest child, I began to lose all strength and vitality, and was in a very serious condition. Dr. Hayden of Fresno, had been attending me, but his efforts to help me proved unavailing, and I was gradually growing worse, though I tried all the doctors and remedies within reach. One day I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I also read an advertisement about these pills in a newspaper, and made up my mind to give them a trial as a dernier resort. I at once procured a supply, and took them according to rule until I had used four boxes. By that time I was so much improved in every way that I could do my own housework and was in exuberant spirits at my returned health. I felt splendidly until one year and a half ago when another baby was born, and I was taken just as before, and brought very low again. The attending physician feared that my illness this time would result seriously, but he was not able to help me, so I again turned to Dr. Williams' remedy, and after taking two boxes was up and about my work again. I shall always keep Pink Pills in my house from this time on, and shall turn to them alone for medical comfort in the time of illness.

(Signed) "Mattie Hurlbert."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give a new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk), at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

**HOME PRODUCTS OF PURE FOOD.**

All Eastern Syrup, so-called, usually, very light colored and of heavy body, is made from glucose. "Tea Garden Dips" is made from pure cane and is strictly pure. It is for sale by first-class grocers, in cans only. Manufactured by the PACIFIC COAST SYRUP CO. All genuine "Tea Garden Dips" have the manufacturer's name lithographed on every can.

**A THERMOMETER FREE.**

WARNER'S SAFE CURE CO. of Rochester, N. Y., are sending out a limited number of accurate spirit thermometers graduated from 20 degrees below zero to 120 degrees above and mounted on heavy 4 x 6 inch card board, in red and green, by mail, free to any address on receipt of 5 cents in stamps to pay postage. To be sure, this free distribution is intended to advertise the celebrated Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure (see advertisement column) but nevertheless the thermometer will be found to be a useful as well as ornamental article for the home or office and well worth the little trouble and expense of sending for it.

**HOW'S THIS?**

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKLING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the mucous and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills, in the box.

When your skin looks yellow, and you rise in the morning with a bad taste in your mouth, take Lash's Kidney and Liver Bitters.

My doctor said I would die, but PISO'S Cure for Consumption cured me.—Amos Kehler, Cherry Valley, Ills., Nov. 13, '95.

Lash's Kidney and Liver Bitters is a remedy especially designed for the treatment of all kidney, liver, stomach and bowel troubles.

Mr. Grocer: we can't get along without you. Here are thousands of people who want good tea, and tons of **Schilling's Best** for them.

Will you say to your customers for us: "Here is a tea that I am sure of. I'll give your money back if you don't like it!"

A Schilling & Company San Francisco

**FERRY'S SEEDS**

There has never been a time when growers should guard against failure with more care. There has never been a time when **Ferry's Seeds** were more essential. They are always the best. For sale by leading dealers everywhere. Insist on having them.

**FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL** is full of information for gardeners and planters. There will never be a better time than now to send for the 1907 edition. Free. **D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich.**

**EVERY HEN** Hatched in **Petaluma** incubators has inherited rights and is better prepared to give profitable returns because these machines exclusively embody the features which produce the greatest number of vigorous Chickens. Incubators from \$10.00.

We pay for **Illustrated Catalogue** Free. **Petaluma Incubator Co., Petaluma, Cal.**

**JOHN W. MACKAY.**

The "Bonanza King" as a Financier on Wall Street.

John W. Mackay, known far and wide as a "bonanza king," has suddenly flashed on Wall street as one of the ablest financiers afloat on the business sea. His clever management of the Commercial Cable and Postal Telegraph concerns has carried those two



JOHN W. MACKAY.

securities upward until now they are prime property in the markets. When the cable stock was first listed in New York in 1880 American investors shrank from it. It was taken to Montreal and so thrived there that that city is now the leading market for this security, as well as for the Postal stock. Mr. Mackay worked quietly at his cable property until now its common stock sells for 168 1/2, while Postal, on a 4 per cent. basis, is snapped up at 97 and 98. Mr. Mackay has made a success out of these two companies by managing them with concern to the interests of the shareholders. His policy was one of conservation, not to say contraction, of capital, instead of inflation—the commoner policy. The two companies at the close of 1895 had a joint capital of \$25,000,000 and assets of \$33,475,000, with a surplus of \$8,475,000 of earnings outside the amount paid for dividends. The recent consolidation of the two companies has done much to further the desirability of these stocks abroad. The British investor understands submarine stock as well as he does railway stocks and invests as confidently in them. The results have been very comforting to the two companies. Eastern cables sell in London at 175 on a 6 1/2 per cent. basis and 4 per cent. debentures at 130. It is always worthy of note when new ability "crops out," to use a mining phrase, in one already able, and the bonanza king must now take his place as a success among the big financiers of the world. A career from a mine laborer to an expert manager is not often observed in the history of industry.



**REFLECTIONS**

The more there is to a woman the easier she is to understand.

A girl may be as pretty as a picture and yet be hung in a bad light.

Love isn't what it's cracked up to be, but loving is 'way beyond it.

Most women don't know enough to be egotists.

Married men reflect just as much as bachelors do, only they don't dare do it out loud.

When a girl begins to study elocution, she is never happy till she learns to recite a dialect poem.

A woman's idea of an indulgent husband is one who never asks her what becomes of the change.

Where a man would say "I could have kicked myself," I wonder what a woman would say.

It's a good sign when you hear a girl argue that a woman can be just as happy in a state of celibacy.

When a woman wakes up cross and out of sorts, she has generally heard her husband talking in his sleep and couldn't make any sense out of it.

After two women have discovered that they both tried to raise plants in the house but the gas killed them, they always kiss each other when they meet.

**A Wandering Lake.**

The Swedish explorer of Central Asia, Sven Hedin, gives the latest information concerning the "wandering" of Lake Nor in the Gobi Desert, a phenomenon about which contradictory views have been entertained. He says that the Tarim River, entering the lake from the west, brings down, during the period of high water late in summer, a great quantity of silt, which has the effect of driving the lake, lying on the level floor of the desert, toward the southeast. But the summer wind drifting the surface sand and darkening the heavens with dust, blows generally from the north-east, and it, too, tends to drive the lake before it. The combined effect of the urging by the wind and the river is to force the lake southward. Yet, Sven Hedin thinks, the migration of the lake is not constant in direction, but it shifts back and forth intermittently, according as the circumstances change.

**NOT EASILY MOVED.**

True Story of What Was Needed to Get a Move on Mr. Blank.

A pretty girl living near New York is affected with a large number of would be beaus, but has no use for any of them. For one, in particular, she had less than no use.

He showed up one evening in a bicycle suit, and while he sat in the parlor with the pretty girl the pretty girl's little brother sowed the bicycle cap firmly down to the corner of the hall table and then dumped all the oil from the caller's bicycle lamp. But Mr. Blank never murmured while he picked the stitches from his cap as he said good night and walked the 2 1/2 miles home without a complaint.

Of course the pretty girl thought that Mr. Blank would never show up again and gave little brother half a dozen bear hugs as a reward for bouncing him. But ten days later Mr. Blank appeared again as if nothing had happened, this time in evening dress with a silk hat. It was an awful hot night, but little brother was on deck just the same, and a thin slice of limburger cheese went under the lining of that hat before the evening was over.

Mr. Blank did not depart until 11:30 that evening, but nothing was ever heard of the cheese. This time the pretty girl and little brother made bets that Mr. Blank would never call again, but Mr. Blank did call again and with a smile on his innocent, round face. At about 9:30 little brother strolled into the parlor and walking up to the clock pushed the hands around a couple of hours ahead and strolled out again silently. Mr. Blank went early that evening and has not been back since.—New York Sun.

**Crabs and Lobsters.**

In selecting crustaceans the inexperienced housekeeper may be guided by a few easily remembered points. Lobsters that have not been long taken will respond to a pressure of the finger on their eyes with a strong motion of the claws. The heaviest are the best. The cock lobster, though generally smaller, has the higher flavor, the flesh is firmer, and its color, when boiled, is of a deeper red than that of similar characteristics in the hen. The male may be known by his narrow, rather tapering tail, and also from the condition of the two uppermost fins which compose it. These in his case are hard and stiff, while those of the hen are soft, and the tail fan is much broader.

The heaviest crabs are the best, and those of a medium size sweetest. If light, they are watery. When in perfect condition, the joints of the legs are stiff, and the body has an agreeable smell. The eyes, too, should look bright and firmly set. When they have a dead appearance and seem loose, the crab is stale.—New York Post.

**Reserve Buds.**

Every one has noticed how, when a large branch of a tree is cut off, small branches will shoot out around the stump. These branches are from the reserve buds, of which all trees have a great number at every portion of their surface. Under ordinary circumstances these never come to maturity, but when the tree is wounded or cut off or loses some of its branches the reserve buds at once come into play and renew the foliage.

According to an estimate in a work on building, three plasterers, with one helper, will put on 450 yards of two coat work in a day.

**DON'T GIVE WAY TO DESPAIR.**

Al though you have suffered for a long time from malaria, dyspepsia, kidney trouble, nervousness or biliousness. Know that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has cured worse cases than yours, and is potent to help you as it has helped those of others. But always remember that trite saying, "Delays are dangerous." Male bills grow to be mountains in consequence of disregarding it. Check disease at the outset with this incomparable defensive medicine.

Colby—I see stovepipe hats first came into use just 100 years ago. Bewlap—Ah, Colby—what are you starting at my little sister?

**Malaria and Grip** positively cured, also all other Malarial and San gical cases guaranteed a cure or no charge. REASONABLE terms; call or write; confidential. **DR. CRAIG & CO.**, Medical Institute, 1316 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

Lash's Kidney and Liver Bitters is the best family medicine, is purely vegetable and contains no ingredients that are in any way injurious.

**Suffering Women.**

Alas! women do suffer. Why, we often cannot tell, but we know there is one great cause, and that is weakness.

The headaches, the depressed feelings, the pains, the discouragements, indeed, almost all the misery has a common cause—weakness. At such times a woman always needs a friend that can be relied upon, and such a friend, for more than twenty years, has been that greatest of all remedies,

**WOMAN'S SAFE CURE**

By its purity and its power it furnishes a prompt relief for women in their hours of need, and if the grateful expressions which come up from the homes of the land about what **SAFE CURE** has done were printed, they would fill volumes. If you, reader, are a sufferer, can you not take hope from this suggestion?

Large bottle, or new style, smaller one, at your druggist.

**SURE CURE FOR PILES**

Itching and Bleeding, Straining or Protruding Piles yield at once to **DR. SAN-CO'S PILE REMEDY**. Stops itching, absorbs inflammation. A positive cure. Circulars sent free. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. **DR. BOSANKO, Phila., Pa.**

**S. F. N. U. No. 760** New Series No. 12.

**ITS MARVELOUS POWER.**

Paine's Celery Compound Better Than Years of Doctoring.



There was never a remedy so eminently successful, so far above and beyond all competition, as Paine's celery compound.

Paine's celery compound effects marvelous cures.

Where other remedies miserably fail, and where doctors do not succeed, there Paine's celery compound is found curing disease, making people well and happy.

Here is the case of Mrs. Hall, who lives at 140 Summer Ave., Newark, N. J., and whose portrait is printed here.

"My doctor," she says, "called my disease liver complaint, stomach trouble, nervous dyspepsia, and almost every other name you could think of. When I was in Portland, Ore., I had enlargement of the liver, and the doctor thought all the troubles came from that severe spell of illness. That was 12 years ago, and I have done nothing but doctor ever since. I have had the best physicians examine me, and see if they could do anything for me. For months at a time my stomach and liver have been so sore that I could lie in bed only in misery, and with such severe pain in my back, and so weak that I could hardly talk.

"After I had a bad night I would send for the doctor, and he would leave me a small box of powders and one or two other medicines, and it would cost me \$1 every time I had one of these spells. I believe I have taken more medicine than any other living woman.

"Last March I had a call from a lady friend of mine, who asked me, 'What is the matter with you?' I replied by saying, 'How well you look!' 'Yes,' she said, 'I never felt so well in my life.' She is a

woman of 43. 'And now,' she said, 'I want to give you a little advice. I have been almost at death's door with liver trouble. After the doctor had done all that he could for me I told him not to come again. I showed him a bottle of Paine's celery compound and told him I was going to give that a fair trial. As a result I am strong and well.'

"I sent right over to the drug store and got a bottle of Paine's celery compound, and when I had taken two bottles the soreness had left my stomach, and my side felt much better. After I had taken four bottles my side was much stronger, and I was in better spirits and felt as though I might live and not be in such misery. Working people nowadays work the vitality all out every week, and all I ask is to be able to earn the money I have to every week.

"Paine's celery compound has enabled me to do this, and has done me more good than all the doctors put together.

"Why, my nervous system is so entirely strengthened that I feel like a new being, and what is more, I look the good the medicine has done me, right in my face and eyes. Just tell all poor women for me that for a medicine to build one up, give Paine's celery compound a fair trial, and if it does not do it, then they might as well die. I have recommended it to several and it has helped in every case. I have a great deal to worry me, and a dose of the compound gives me quiet sleep and then I can work. If any one wishes to write me they can do so."

Why should a sick person do anything else but try a bottle of Paine's celery compound.

**REASONS FOR USING**

**Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa.**

1. Because it is absolutely pure.

2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch Process in which chemicals are used.

3. Because beans of the finest quality are used.

4. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and odor of the beans.

5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

Be sure that you get the genuine article made by **WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.**, Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780.

**WOMAN**

The very remarkable and certain relief given woman by **MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY** has given

it the name of **Woman's Friend**. It is uniformly successful in relieving the backaches, headaches, aches and pains, and women testify for it. It will give health and strength and make life a pleasure. For sale by all druggists.

**BLUMAUEER-FRANK DRUG CO., PORTLAND, Agents.**

**CHEAP POWER**

FOR MINING, PUMPING, HOISTING, IRRIGATING, FROM 1 TO 200 HORSE POWER.

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**S. F. N. U. No. 760** New Series No. 12.

# THE ENTERPRISE.

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

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SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1897.

## SHALL WE HAVE GOOD ROADS.

The bill to establish a Bureau of Highways and to inaugurate a system of State highways has passed both Houses. It contemplates the construction of a system of roads that will connect every county seat in the State by good macadamized roads, and it is supposed that the system will be about twenty-five years in its completion. There is a provision that any county may go ahead and have her State road laid out, with the consent of the State Commission, and proceed to its completion. It also provides that the county thus building the road shall be paid back the cost—without interest—when the State system connects on to it. Now that State road should commence in Colusa county at the south end at the railroad and follow it up to Williams; thence in an air line to Maxwell, and thence along the railroad to the county line. The Supervisors ought to see what such a road would cost, and to that end consult the commission, and then see if the people of this county would not be willing to go ahead with that road now. With such a road laid thirty or forty feet wide with Folsom stone, with permanent bridges, would give permanent means of travel to most of the county. The county could then build other roads to connect with that one. Who says go ahead? Who says wallow through the mud?—Colusa Sun.

## THIS FITS SAN MATEO COUNTY.

The suggestions contained in the foregoing article from the Colusa Sun fit San Mateo county exactly. We trust the Supervisors of this county will give this matter immediate and careful consideration, and should the bill referred to be approved by the Governor and become a law, that they will take action without delay. In this county the State broad should commence at the county line between the city and county of San Francisco and the county of San Mateo, and extend through this county, along the route of the old San Jose Mission road to the line of Santa Clara county, covering a total distance of some 26 miles. If the Supervisors of San Mateo county will take this matter up at once in connection with the construction of the proposed San Francisco boulevard, and as an extension thereof, not only through this county but on to San Jose, they will be reasonably sure of the co-operation of the people of both cities, assuring the consent and aid of the State Highway Commission under the new law.

This fifty miles of road from San Francisco to San Jose will be the most important, and should be made the most perfect highway in the State.

It will traverse this beautiful peninsula, passing on its way the towns of Colma, South San Francisco, Millbrae, Burlingame, San Mateo, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood City, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mayfield, Mountain View, Santa Clara and terminating at San Jose, the capital of the far-famed Santa Clara Valley.

It will have the metropolis of the State as its initial point, with the rich and beautiful city of San Jose as its terminus; and a score of charming towns along its way, strung like pearls between the great jewels.

When built, it should be made perfect and complete in every respect. It should have the best grades possible, with a roadbed well drained, solid, durable and smooth.

It should be of generous width, sufficient for future as well as present requirements, with ample room for great dairy trucks and vegetable vans, for farm wagons and carts, for coaches, carriages, carryalls and vehicles of every kind and description, including the latest of all, the modern bicycle.

Under the new law the city of San Francisco, like all other incorporated cities and towns, will be taxed for State highway purposes, and will pay a large sum annually into the State highway fund, and for this reason this great highway, leading directly out of and into the city, should be the first to receive aid from the State. To the people of this county such a highway and thoroughfare is of the very first importance. The cities of Oakland and Alameda are simply residence suburbs of San Francisco. The

homes of the business men and capitalists of the metropolis will be made in this county instead of across the bay, when the proper inducements are offered to buy them here. The future of the towns along the Bay Shore of this peninsula depend absolutely upon their ability to accomplish this desirable purpose. Quick transit by rail is a prime factor in the problem, which the construction of the Bay Shore line of Southern Pacific Railway in the near future will provide. Let this advantage be supplemented by magnificent roadways, suitable for either business or pleasure, and the conditions will be well nigh perfect.

Aside from these considerations this road should be built as a matter of economy and good business judgment for the use and benefit of the taxpayers of this county, who, for forty years, have traveled in pain and tribulation over the wretched affairs, misnamed county roads, during which time they have paid into the road fund money enough to construct and complete the good, broad highway in question twice over.

## A FAMOUS HORSEMAN "BROKE."

A few years ago the name of Monroe Salisbury was one of the best known on the American trotting and pacing horse turf. He at that time owned some of the fastest horses in the world, among which were Alex., holding the world's trotting record; Directum, holding stallion pacing record; Flying Jib, the fastest pacer in harness; Direct, and many other fast ones. He has almost dropped out of the public mind. The following in the last issue of the Pleasanton Times concerning him will be of interest:

"Monroe Salisbury, the once owner of the Pleasanton Stock Farm, has disappeared from his home and customary haunts, so say his creditors who are now seeking to have him declared an insolvent debtor. The disappearance, they claim, is intentional on his part, and wholly for the purpose of avoiding the citations which they desire to serve on him. The creditors first learned that Salisbury was in Placerville, but the Sheriff there was unable to locate him and then came a search of San Francisco. No less than ten times, says an affidavit filed in court by the creditors, officers called at the Salisbury home at 1414 California street, but Mrs. Salisbury, or the servant who answered the bell, always replied that the whereabouts of the head of the house was unknown. Inquiries among friends threw no light on the search.

"The affidavit concludes with the assertion that the creditors believe Salisbury is concealing himself to avoid service of summons. Upon this showing Judge Hall ordered the summons served by publication."—Santa Clara Journal.

Long before Morroe Salisbury achieved fame upon the turf, his name was a familiar one throughout the mining states and territories as a star route mail contractor and member of the Gilmer & Salisbury Stage Company, also as owner of a large interest in the great Deadwood gold mine in the Black Hills of Dakota Territory, and in other valuable mining properties. He was regarded as a shrewd business man and financial operator and his failure will be a surprise to thousands who knew him in the old stage and mining days.

## A GOOD YEAR.

The year of 1897 gives prolific promise of profit and prosperity to the producers of this State. The copious rains of the past winter assure abundant crops and the outlook for the stockman, the farmer and orchardist are all that could be asked or desired.

Cattle and sheepmen are at present realizing fair prices for live stock, with no ground of fear in this regard for the immediate future.

There is a shortage of wheat in the world's markets sufficient to maintain prices at present figures with a probability of a further advance.

With a certainty of reasonable tariff protection to California wines, raisins, oranges, nuts, etc., the orchardist and vineyardist can count upon a good market for their products. The producers of the State should be able to put money in their pockets this year of grace 1897.

Congress will meet in extra session next Monday, and at once undertake the work of framing and passing a tariff act which will provide revenue sufficient for the necessity of the Government and afford protection to American industries.

There is no question as to the success of such a measure in the lower house, and taking into account the regular Republican members of the Senate, together with those of Republican or protective antecedents, the prospects are that such a bill will have a majority in the latter body.

The verdict of the people in November was given in favor of the Republican policy, which is for protection as well as for international bimetallism. The silver Republicans will make a

serious mistake if they offer opposition or obstruction to either of these paramount issues.

The Trans-Mississippi Exposition will open at Omaha next year and promises to become the great American event for the year 1898.

Liberal appropriations have been made by most of the trans-Mississippi States, and the products as well as the people of the west and northwest, will be largely in evidence upon the occasion in question at Omaha.

California cannot well afford to become conspicuous by reason of her absence. A moderate appropriation by the State for the purpose of a California exhibit would be good economy and money well invested.

## OULITS.

Old Asa Fisk, the money-lender, who prayed all day Sunday and sued his neighbor on Monday, is dead, but the usurious interest on his loans still goes on.

Drop a silver half dollar into the mushrooms to tell whether or not they are poisonous—But where are we to get the half dollar?

That gag about Corbett not being able to wear the championship belt because it Fitz-simmons is a chestnut. How to tell a mushroom from a toadstool—If you die it's a toadstool.—Owl, Salinas.

## Remedy Found.

The question of protecting fruit trees from being gnawed by rabbits is a troublesome one with many orchardists. If the experience of A. M. Daniels, of Peach Valley, Delta county, Colo., as related in the Denver Field and Farm, is reliable, and there is nothing to indicate that it is not, then the question is simplified and a cheap remedy is at the command of every one interested. That gentleman says:

I often see in print new methods of protecting fruit trees from being gnawed by the rabbit, quite a number of which I have used, some to advantage, while others proved greasy to my disadvantage. By using screens made of veneered wood, wire, lath, paper, etc., the body or trunk of the tree only is protected, while with our low-headed trees the limbs are left to be cut off by the jack which he delights in doing for deviltry if for nothing else. I have practiced for the last two or three years the plan of rubbing the body and lower limbs with blood about twice a year. Cut a beef liver in chunks about the size of a man's fist. With this in hand a man can go over the trunks and lower limbs of a thousand trees in a day and one liver will do it. We have just gone over eight thousand trees that have been set out one, two and three years. We didn't find a single tree that had been injured by the rabbits that had been blooded, while in the adjoining orchard more than half that were not protected were badly damaged. Now, why use paint, grease, tar, etc., that often prove destructive to the tree? Blood is as harmless as salt and water, and nothing can be applied more cheaply.

## Wheat Growing.

One year has brought about a marked change in the prospects of the wheat grower, says the Oroville Mercury. At the beginning of 1896 his future looked extremely dark, and his noble vocation seemed to have passed into history as another one of the victims of overproduction.

We took occasion in our last report to review the markets for the past thirty years, and so remarkable was the fall in prices during that period that we could not help writing disparagingly of the future of wheat growing. But the unexpected has happened, and America is again called upon to furnish the staple food product to foreign countries, that but a short time ago promised annihilation by reason of their increased productive qualities of our leading agricultural industry. It is now more fully demonstrated than ever that the safety of the soil worker lies in his adherence to the production of staple food articles. These form the basis of agriculture, and as prices are regulated by supply and demand, his returns will be equalized accordingly. Recent reports show that the wheat crop of Australia for the next harvest—ending in April—will fall so short as to change her position: as an exporter to an importer, and that she will need at least 5,000,000 bushels to supply her own consumers. Heretofore she has exported upward of 12,000,000 bushels. This condition of affairs will benefit California, as we will be called upon to supply a larger portion of the 17,000,000 bushels covering her demand and deficit export. Then again, the shipments of breadstuffs from San Francisco during the last six months of 1896 were the largest since 1891. This fact shows clearly the rapid absorption of our stock, which will require several years with favorable crops to accumulate any great surplus, and with the exhaustion of soils that have been devoted exclusively to wheat it is quite apparent that the growing of wheat for the next few years will be a profitable venture.

Los Angeles bank clearances for the week ended February 27th, aggregated \$884,759.76 compared with \$1,115,308.12 for the corresponding period of 1896.

House bills have been passed to prevent trespassing and for the protection of national parks.

## WM. NEFF, Billiard

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

## 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.

**HARNESS 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.  
H. J. VANDENBOS.

## FRANK MINER, Contractor

Grading and Teaming-work

:: :: :: :: OF ALL KINDS.

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

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

## VENUS OIL CO.

DEALS 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.**

## 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,

# ...REAL ESTATE...

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Corner - Grand - and - Linden - Avenue,  
SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

**LOCAL NOTES.**

**A moist March.**  
Send in your items of local interest.

This is a good time to do your gardening.

Go to Kneese's for groceries at reasonable prices.

Find a way or make it to the end you have in view.

Mrs. R. Ashburner has been ill the past week with la grippe.

Wm. Pringle, attorney-at-law of San Francisco, was in town on Wednesday.

A big stock of goods at the People's Store, where you can buy at city prices.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kelley have taken rooms in the Hausbrough Block.

J. P. Newman has added a stable to the conveniences of his new cottage home.

A. Sorenson has put a neat fence around his residence lot on Miller avenue.

Mrs. G. E. Daniel has been ill the past week suffering from an attack of measles.

The S. P. Company is selling tickets to the Carson prize fight at \$16.40 for the round trip.

Born.—In this town, Wednesday, March 10th, to the wife of A. McLennan, a son.

W. T. Neff lost a valuable cow on Monday night, presumably from eating too much clover.

We are informed that a change in train schedule in the S. P. Coast Division line will be made soon.

Read your home paper and pay the printer and you will always be posted and have a clear conscience.

For fire and life insurance, apply to E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice, agent for old and reliable companies.

Rev. George Wallace will hold services at Grace Church tomorrow (Sunday) at 11 a. m. Sunday-school as usual, at 3:15 p. m.

Mrs. J. M. Thomas, of Alameda, arrived on Saturday last with her baby daughter to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Coombes.

If you are afoot and want a horse, don't go about shouting: "My kingdom for a horse," but just waltz up to Batchelor's, as we did last Saturday, and win one in a raffle.

We have stores—dry goods, groceries and notions; shops—bakery, blacksmith, barber, boot and shoe. There is a good opening for a laundry. Who will step in and fill the gap?

Why send money away from home to San Francisco for goods, when you can buy goods of like quality at city prices of Julius Eikerenkotter at his store, corner of Grand and San Bruno avenues.

G. F. Swift, president of the Western Meat, and Land and Improvement Companies arrived in San Francisco on Tuesday and paid a visit to the abattoir and stock yards at this place on Wednesday.

R. Williamson will give a free entertainment this evening upon the occasion of the opening of his Point Boarding House. Every one is invited to be present and partake of his hospitality. Music, dancing and supper.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Western Meat Company and of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, for the election of officers and directors for the ensuing year, will be held on Monday next, the 15th inst.

On Tuesday a prominent member of the Baden Gun Club tried the experiment of alighting at the R. R. Station from the 6 p. m. S. P. flyer, with the result that the experimenter presents the appearance of a man who has been run through an old-fashioned threshing machine.

The sudden death of Mrs. Peter Gillogley, of San Pedro Valley, wife of Peter Gillogley, which occurred on Tuesday, the 9th inst., at her home at Tobin, from heart disease, will be painful news to many of our readers, who will sympathize with the afflicted husband in his sore bereavement.

How can the people of this or any other town expect their home merchants to carry full stocks and sell at the lowest prices when one-half the population purchase their supplies in the city regularly and never patronize the home dealer, unless it may be in an emergency for some trifle they may chance to need instantly?

Tom Riley returned to this place from Chicago on Sunday after an absence of nearly three years. Mr. Riley, in leaving and returning to our town has changed location only, but not employment. At Chicago he was in the employ of Swift & Co., and Monday morning he stepped back into a position in the packing-house at this place and resumed the business of killing and dressing big bullocks as if he had only been away a half hour for lunch at his boarding-house.

At the Gun Club shoot on Sunday John F. Nelson scored 31 and Dan Daly 22, out of possible 50. It is claimed, however, that O. M. Howard carried off first honors with Champion Wm. Rehberg a close second, their scores being withheld by request; incidentally it may be remarked that the usual rule was reversed in counting the scores of Messrs. Howard and Rehberg. Much interest was manifested and all the expert trap shooters are requested to be on hand at the regular event next Sunday.

Miss Florence Dakin, of San Mateo, will open classes in dancing at Hausbrough Hall, on Monday, the 15th inst. Children's afternoon classes from 3:30 to 5:30; tuition charges, \$1.50 per month. Adult class, Monday evening of each week, at 8 o'clock. Four nightly tickets, \$2. All persons desiring to join either of said classes, are

invited to be present next Monday evening. Owing to the short time for making arrangements, and on account of the unfavorable weather of the past week, Miss Dakin has not been able to see as many of our townspeople as she has desired to do.

This is the situation in this town just as it exists today. About two-thirds of all supplies used by boarding-house and hotel proprietors, and a considerable portion of those required by private families, are purchased in the city of San Francisco, and the money paid therefor is taken out of circulation here. This is a bad state of affairs, and the evil seems to be increasing rather than decreasing. We state the fact without undertaking to give the cause or to locate the blame. One thing is very certain, and that is that this town cannot prosper or improve under these conditions. Every dollar received by hotels, boarding-houses and private families comes either directly or indirectly from the Western Meat Company. The stockholders of this company are identical with those of the Land and Improvement Company, and therefore interested in the growth and prosperity of this town; and, yet, there are those here who, while receiving the money of the company and spending it in San Francisco, are in the habit of going about saying: "Why don't the company do something to build up the town?"

**PRESS NOTES.**

**THIS IS AN ERROR.**

The mining bill, appropriating \$250,000 for building dams to restrain debris, introduced into the Senate by Senator W. F. Prisk of Nevada, passed by a vote of 35, there being not a vote against it. Judge Soward and Senator Prisk have done good work in the interest of the miners, which their constituency should not fail to remember.—Sierra Enterprise.

The bill introduced by Senator Prisk here referred to was a simple amendment and did not appropriate money nor did it provide for building dams to restrain debris. The law was passed four years ago and the \$250,000 referred to was appropriated then and the money has been lying idle in the State Treasury awaiting, first, the appropriation of \$250,000 by Congress, and second, an amendment to the law making it available. One year ago Congress made an appropriation of \$250,000 to be used in constructing restraining barriers in the Yuba river under direction of the U. S. Debris Commission. In July last the Commissioners applied to the State Controller to have the \$250,000 appropriated by the State placed in their charge to be expended, as provided by the law of four years ago, by them in constructing restraining barriers. The Controller refused to draw his warrant on the Treasurer for the money he considered the law defective indefinitely specifying how the money should be expended. The matter rested in this way until the Legislature convened, when the necessary amendments were offered in each House and passed without opposition. Senator Prisk and Assemblyman Soward are entitled to credit in the matter of passing the amendments, but not more so than the members representing the valley counties, as all of them voted to amend the law as stated.—Marysville Democrat.

**THE DAM OVERFLOWS.**

The water in the big dam commenced overflowing this week, and at the present time a stream thirty feet wide and six inches deep is falling a distance of 120. During the week a large number of sight-seers visited the scene. The overflow will continue probably for a week or ten days longer.—Leader, San Mateo.

**Extracts From the Peking Gazette.**

Imperial orders, when printed in the Peking Gazette, are peremptory; there is no ambiguity about them. An article in Longman's Magazine presents certain extracts from the Peking Gazette, and one shows how rife is superstition in China:

The governor X reports, a number of incompetents; the prefect A, is an opium sot and too fond of actors; the magistrate B, is a fellow of low and mercenary spirit. Let each be reduced one grade. The prefect C, is no fool, but he is getting old and feeble. Let him retire on his present rank. The magistrate D, is simply an idiot. Let him take charge of the local education department instead. The viceroy of Hukong reports the descent to the earth from the clouds of a green lizard and the consequent sudden stoppage of the floods in nine districts. We are infinitely touched by this gracious evidence of the gods' intervention. The academy has been ordered to compose a suitable aphorism for engraving on a gorgeous tablet. The viceroy will proceed in full uniform, followed by the whole official body, to hang this tablet in the Moth's Eyebrows hall in order to prove to the local deity that we are not indisposed to requite his services. When the eclipse of the moon takes place tomorrow, let the proper authorities set up the usual howls and save the moon in due legal form.

**A Cyclist's Wants.**

Customer—I see that you advertise to supply cyclists with necessary parts to replace those lost or damaged by accident.

Cycle Dealer—Yes, sir.

Customer (taking out his list)—Well, please give me two fingers and a thumb for a gentleman of 50, a decent sort of a nose for a girl of 19, a left leg for my mother-in-law, two right and three left ribs for myself, and please just send a man up and measure my wife for a broken neck. She hasn't got it yet, but she's getting there.—Pearson's Weekly.

**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:**

OMICAL enough have been some of February's fancy dress dances, for their promoters have taken the recent much exploited dance as their model, and failed ludicrously in their copying. That event caused a burst of like affairs, for, reasoned the socially ambitious, every one that is anyone is going to give one also, just to show they are as good as any one who is some one. The result is easy to guess, though the most healthy imagination could hardly have prepared its owner for the arrays of costumes that resulted. The decree was set for historical get-ups, and there was a rush for old prints and paintings. Then there was another rush to the dressmakers, and therein was the mistake. To do the thing correctly, a customer is the one who should supervise, for the usual dressmaker simply will not duplicate a historical gown; she will adapt. That means she will modernize it and take all the character out of the gown.

A favorite period for these ambitious attempts was the early part of the eighteenth century, and good Queen Anne was often the model. She seemed especially attractive to the aspirants because of the beautiful dressing of her hair. The good Queen comes down to us in her favorite portrait with lovely ringlets all about her shoulders, and the hair above in a beautiful fall of shorter

ringlets, at the top of which rests the little round crown. That gave a chance to wear a tiara, and the cloak sweeping from the shoulders and forming a train lent dignity and height. But these women went to their dressmakers with their minds fully made up as to what historical personage they were to represent, and advice whenever offered was seldom of use. Consequently a host of plump lassies essayed Queen Anne, and these queenly dumplings were a comical lot. When the lines were not drawn closely the dancers did not harmonize at all one with another, so that even were individual mistakes absent the results were not very attractive. But individual blunders were plentiful enough and when it wasn't a dressmaker's modernized rig it was, perhaps, a failure to make coiffure and gown harmonize. Altogether such a motley lot of Britomartes, Unas, Fairy Queens. The women that did not lose their heads to this craze for fancy dress parties and who steered clear of alleged historical costumes in the dances they organized, are to be congratulated on their good sense. Of course, those dancers who were correct and tasteful in their reproductions are deserving of much praise for escaping all the blunders that might so easily have been made, and it is true, also, that they are deserving of sympathy for



**CAREFULLY PLANNED SIMPLICITY.**

some new ball gown of modern pattern, and two of these are shown here that are sure to meet the requirements of a dressy ball. The first was white satin, its very wide skirt trimmed with a tablier effect of figured net bordered with strings of apple blossoms and foliage. Similar net entirely covered the bodice, which also had beautiful apple blossom trimming, bands of this garniture giving double straps over the shoulders. Draped pink velvet furnished the girdle, and pink taffeta silk lined the dress throughout.

The other pictured dancing dress is for a younger wearer than the first, and in it that look of simplicity that comes from the most carefully planned elaborateness is most successfully attained. Its yellow satin skirt was trimmed with three doubled gathered ruffles of tulle in the same shade as the satin, and gathered tulle covered the bodice and supplied the fluffy rose ruching that edged the cut-out and made the shoulder straps. Pink and mauve mirror velvet gave the belt, and the only



**A RICH RECEPTION COSTUME.**

other ornamentation that the costume permitted, aside from the bird of gay plumage that towered fashionably above the hair, was a bunch of violets worn at one side of the bodice.

This ruffling does not apply to the newest silks, which are held in as high esteem as new goods always are. One of this favored class is *moire velours*, which is much used for evening and reception dresses, and its richness and considerable cost should keep it from the bargain counters for all time. It was of this fine fabric that the reception gown of the third illustration was made, the front being in two parts.

In the concluding two pictures are contrasted house dresses, both in good taste, but crepon was the chief material of the first, and brocaded satin was employed in the other. In the first one the color was pale blue. Its yoke and wide revers were silk covered with gauze and trimmed with sable. Blue satin ribbon furnished the belt and sash ends. In copying this model it will be just as well to do without the fur trimming, but the fact that a woman who would employ such trimming on a house dress made in February also made a woolen crepon the main material, shows the favor that such stuffs are now having. They would not serve, however, for such a model as the second one, and women who like richness of coloring would much prefer its Nile-green satin, brocaded in dark green and white. It had

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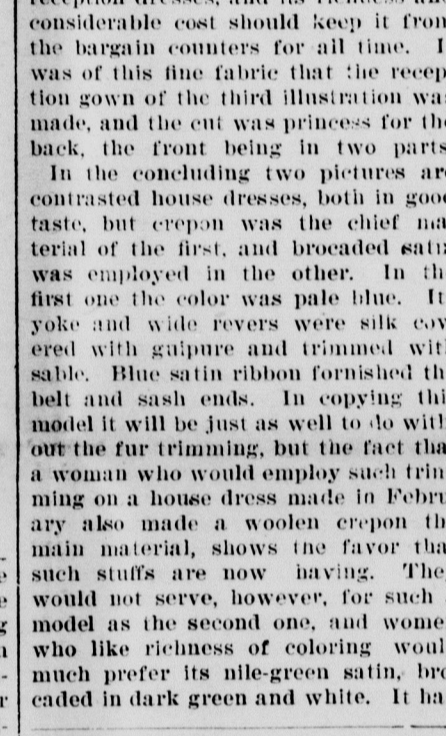


**A HOUSE DRESS OF CREPON.**

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**ANOTHER OF BROCADED SATIN.**

a wide girdle of emerald green velvet, the sleeves were of the same velvet, their puffs slit to show the satin, and lace in epaulettes and long scarfs furnished a very pretty trimming.

It will soon be time to contrive with shirt waists to get some wear out of our extra skirts, and silk waists are already under consideration. Those made according to the pattern of a wash shirt waist, and worn with linen collars and cuffs, are all out. They were far too common last season to be revived. Those who have them may perhaps wear them, but if you purchased late last season you should suffer for the bad judgment. But silk waists worn with high girdle belts will almost take their place. With your winter, tailor-made skirt you may for the early spring, before a shirt waist is possible and before you want to invest in a spring cloth dress, wear a silk bodice under a wide bodice belt of the same material as the skirt, or of velvet to match. These belts are cut short on the hips, point down a little at back and front, rise into a long point at the center of the back, scallop down and rise again to a point under the arms, scallop again and rise to the center point in front or else from the side points slope sharply to the tip of the front point. The silk of the bodice worn beneath is pulled loosely out between the points and over the edge of the belt.

**THE RETIRED BURGLAR.**

**His Most Unexpected Recovery of a Long Lost Dog.**

"Speaking of watchdogs," said the retired burglar, "I never owned a watchdog, but I did once own a jolly little mongrel dog that we called sometimes Nibs, but mostly Nibsy, a lively, sensitive little fellow, but no watchdog. You might have played a brass band outside, and he'd never hear it, but let anybody that he knew walk across the floor, and he'd wag his tail in his sleep.

"Well, after we'd had Nibsy a number of years we lost him. He just disappeared one day and didn't come back, and we didn't know whether he'd been run over by a train of cars or strayed away and got lost, or whether somebody had picked him up and carried him off, or what was the matter, but he didn't come back, and we missed him very much because we all liked Nibsy.

"Now, maybe you can guess what happened. One morning early, about 3 or half past 2, some months after that, as I was moving slowly in the dark across a room on the second floor of a house that I had called at some 50 miles from where I lived, I felt the legs of a small dog thrown against mine. I couldn't see the dog at all, but it was standing on its hind legs and resting its fore legs against me, and I could tell by the movement of them that he was wagging his tail violently. It was Nibsy, of course. He'd known my tread, soft as it was, and woke up to receive me.

"Well, you know, glad as I was to find Nibsy, I'd rather not have found him right there, because he was almost certain to make trouble for me. He began to whine with joy the first thing, and then he gave a little yelp. That was just what I was afraid of. He didn't want to make any trouble for me, but that one yelp was enough. A man in the bed sits up and pulls a string and turns on a light and says:

"'Now, what's the matter?'"

"And I puts up a great polar bluff and says, 'You swiped my dog, and I've come to get him.'

"'Swiped nothing,' he says. 'I'll swipe you in a minute,' and he wasn't slow in getting at it either. He was getting out of bed and coming for me all the time he was talking, and a good healthy, powerful looking man he was too. But Nibsy was bright. Nibsy made just one dive at the man's feet, but that was enough to stop him until I'd get turned and started, and a minute later I was going down the road, with Nibsy coming on behind."—New York Sun.

**Came Near It.**

A certain teacher of a class in a mission Sunday school has a difficult task imparting scraps of religious instruction to her young charges, and often amusing answers are unconsciously returned to questions which she asks. On one occasion she asked her pupils:

"What do the high priests do?"

She received this reply:

"They burned insects before the people."—London Figaro.

**Natural Mistake.**

"My good man, you shouldn't be sleeping outdoors like this," said the belated citizen.

"None of your clutter now, or I'll take you in!"

"Beg your pardon! I had no idea that you were a policeman."—Detroit Free Press.

**One Day at a Time.**

It seems as if life might all be so simple and so beautiful, so good to live, so good to look at, if we could only think of it as one long journey, where every day's march had its own separate sort of beauty to travel through.—Phillips Brooks.

**MARKET REPORT.**

**CATTLE**—Market is steady and in demand, with offerings equal to the demand.

**SHEEP**—Sheep are not very plentiful, but desirable sheep are selling at easier prices, and are in good demand and meeting with ready sale.

**HOGS**—Hogs are in demand at strong prices.

Provisions are in good demand at stronger prices.

**LIVESTOCK**—The quoted prices are \$7 lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

Cattle—No. 1 Steers, \$7.00; 2nd quality, 6.00; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 5.50; second quality, 5.00.

Hogs—Hard, grain fed, 250 lbs and under, 4.25; over 250 lbs 3.75.

Sheep—Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 3.00; Ewes, 2.75.

Spring Lambs—3.75; gross, weighed alive.

Calves—Under 150 lbs, alive, gross weight, 3.75; over 150 lbs 3.25.

**FRESH MEAT**—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:

Beef—First quality steers, 5.75; second quality, 5.25; First quality cows and heifers, 5.00; second quality, 4.50; Veal—Large, 5.75; small, 6.00.

Mutton—Wethers, 6.00; ewes, 5.75.

Lambs, 6.75; Sucking lambs, 8.10.

Dressed Hogs—6.00.

**PROVISIONS**—Hams, 9.75; picnic hams, 5.75; Atlanta ham, 5.75; New York shoulder, 5.75.

Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 11c; light S. C. bacon, 11c; med. bacon, clear, 6.75; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 7c; clear light, 8c; Beef—Extra Family, lb, \$1.00; do. lb, \$1.05; Extra Mess, lb, \$1.00; do. lb, \$1.05.

Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 6c; do. light, 6.5c; do. Bellies, 6.25; Extra Clear, lb, \$1.00; lb-bbls, \$1.25; Soused Pig's Feet, lb-bbls, \$1.35; do. kits, \$1.45.

Lard—Prices are \$7 lb:

Tes. 1/2-obs. 50s. 20s. 10s. 5s.

Compound 4 1/2 4 3/4 4 1/2 4 1/4 3 3/4

Cal. pure 5 1/2 5 1/4 5 1/4 5 1/4 5 1/4

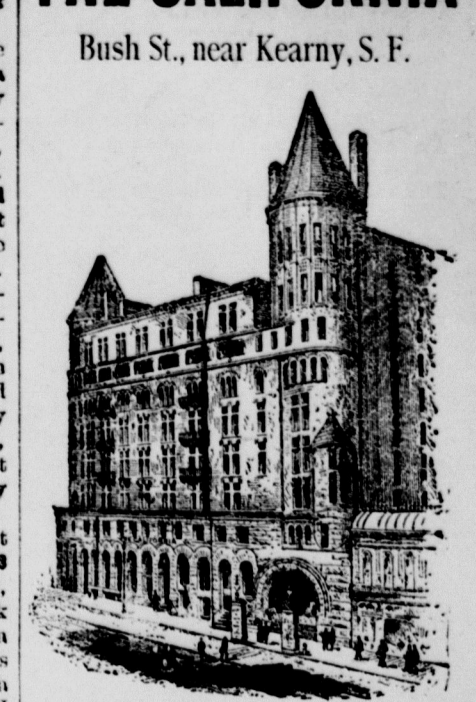
In 3-lb tins the price on each is 1/2c higher than on 5-lb tins.

**Canned Meats**—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s. \$1.85; lb \$1.05; Roast Beef, 2s \$1.85; lb, \$1.05.

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

**F. A. HORNBLLOWER,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
OFFICE—Odd Fellows' Building,  
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**THE CALIFORNIA**



**THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL**

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is unsurpassed in the magnificence of its appointments and style of service by any hotel in the United States.

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**Reasonable Rates**

Centrally located, near all the principal places of amusement.

**THE CALIFORNIA'S TABLE D'NOTE.**

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

THE BEST CUISINE IN THE METROPOLIS.

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**BREWERIES**

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**ARMOUR HOTEL**

Table and Accommodations  
The Best in the City.

**Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.**

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden in connection with the Hotel.

**HENRY MICHELFELDER, Proprietor**

LOVE AWHEEL.

Some four score years or more ago, In puritanic age, Priscilla's greatest treasure was Her wheel, then all the rage, And many a "spin" on it she too...

Small wonder John came courting, and with Love quite lost his head; So swiftly did the noiseless wheel Obey the stately tread.

And yet, methinks, times have not changed So greatly after all; As tribute, just as many hearts, To our own maiden fall.

His little belt is hung with hearts, Gay cyclers, have a care; Lest "scorching" past, a roving dart Should catch you unaware.

WHO CARRIED THE KING'S DISPATCH?

Ere I could step across the kitchen to unbar the door the knock came again, sharp and hard, as though the man without were in no mood for delay.

"In the king's name," he says, with one foot across the threshold. "And welcome," says I, and made way for him.

He stopped, glancing over his shoulder at the horse. "Nay," says I, "have him in, too. There is naught to spoil," I says, looking around me, "but if there were, he would be welcome. We are for the king," says I, willing to make him comfortable on the main point.

"Tis the most cursed luck," says he. "Sure, I have been followed by ill fortune—" He broke off and looked suspiciously at the door and window. "You are well protected, master," he says, turning his eyes to mine.

"We can stand a tilt," says I. "Rest easy on that score." "A quart of old ale made hot and poured down his throat," says I, as much to myself as to him, "will do it no harm, and may do it much good."

Standing by the pan and keeping my fingers in the draft that I had mixed, so that I could tell when the right heat was attained, I took a careful look at the man at my side. He was of my own size and build—a tall, square fellow, with a deep chest and square shoulders, straight as a pikestaff, and having a certain stern look about his mouth and eyes.

"There's naught to hope for in him to-night," says he, gloomily. "'Tis my usual ill fortune—" He gave me a quick, curious stare. "So you are for the king, farmer?" he says. "Sdeath, 'tis a piece of the rarest luck that I chanced to knock at your door! I am at the most desperate pass, but you are for the king, eh?" says he, with emphasis.

"I said so and mean so," says I. "'Tis necessary to be sure of things in these times," says he, with a sigh of relief, "and I have that to tell you which I would not wittingly tell to the king's lightest enemy. Here I am," he says, lowering his voice, "carrying a dispatch of the strictest importance to Rupert and Newcastle at York—hark you, farmer, 'tis the king's own signature that foots it—and I find myself stopped"—his eyes wandered to the horse—"and followed"—they turned uneasily to the door.

"Followed!" said I. "As I said," said he, coolly enough. "They have been at my heels for the last ten miles; three of them there are, and all well mounted, plague take them!"

"They are without, then?" says I. "They were within 200 yards of me when I turned in at your gate," says he. "But where they are now, the Lord knows."

I opened the shutter of the hatch and got out into the little garth between the great ash and the hedgerow, taking good heed not to crack even a dry twig. When I became aware of three troopers, they were out on the road, and each man sat his horse in such a strict quietness that you might have sworn horse and man were of bronze or marble.

"That he turned in here," says one, "is certain. Why he turned aside is not so certain. But if he carries dispatches for Rupert at York 'tis certain that he must go northward along this road. And so the question is where to stay him in his progress."

"I know this country, every inch of it," says the third man. "Leave it to me. Two miles ahead lies Marshford common—there's no likelier spot 'twixt here and York—as desolate a waste it is as you could wish."

Then they talked again and the end of it was that they backed their horses into the coppice and waited for his coming forth.

The man sat on the edge of the table, just as I had left him. "They are without," I says, turning toward the fire; "they will wait your going forth and then follow you to Marshford common, where they propose to take you in the rear."

"Do they so?" says he. "But come, master farmer, are we to be outwitted by three crop-eared roundheads?" "'Tis the king's dispatch?" says I. His eyes fixed themselves on mine and I saw the white teeth shut slowly down on his lip.

"There is some plan in your head," says he. I sat down on the settle. He looked at me for a moment, and then put his hand within his doublet and drew out a thin packet of blue silk, and there was writing on each side of the knot. His finger pointed to a word in the corner. "Come," says he, "your plan, farmer," and he put back the packet.

"I am not without horses," says I. I glanced him up and down. "We are much of a build," I says. "If I were on one horse and in your uniform and you were on another in my clothes," I says, "and if I took the road across the common and you followed one that I can tell you of—do you see what I mean?" says I.

"By heavens!" says he. "An' we come through with it the king shall reward you fittingly. But 'tis more like to end in your death," he says, and shakes his head.

"I'll take my chance of that," says I. "Come, is it settled between us?" "Are you a married man?" says he. "Have you wife and children?" "Neither the one nor the other," says I.

"A mother, then?" says he. "In the churchyard, two miles away," says I. He nodded and once more looked me up and down, ending with a long stare into my face.

"I take your offer, friend," says he, and he held out his hand. "My name is Eustace Blunt."

"Mine is Stephen Mann," says I, with my hand in his. "No better man in England!" says he, with a laugh at his own wit. "Come, I am in your hands, Stephen. What do we do first?"

"First, I shall set out, leading my horse across the paddock to the front gate, thence to ride along the high road. Give me a good ten minutes' start ere you set forth yourself. When your time is up follow the high road for half a mile, and then turn to your right. You will find yourself in a grass lane. You will follow it for a good three mile ere you come to a sign post, but when you come to that you are on the straight road to York again. And so farewell," says I.

Before I had ridden a quarter of a mile along the road I heard the steady pounding of their horses' feet behind me. I turned in the saddle and looked back—they came over a slight rise in the road, riding abreast. There was that in the steadiness of their pace that gave me a notion of their resolution in the matter.

I might have been half way between the end of the lane where Blunt was to turn off, according to my directions, and the first stretch of the common when a sudden thought caused me to clap my hand to the pocket of my coat. The surprise that came to me as my fingers closed on the dispatch that should have been in Blunt's care and not in mine made me pull up the horse. There I was in possession of his majesty's dispatch, a thing of the strictest importance, and behind me rode three round-head troopers that were anxious enough to lay fingers on it. As for Blunt, that should have had it in keeping, he was by that time riding in the narrow lane a mile in the rear.

The common suddenly widened out before me. I saw Dick Pritt's grannary roof shine white in the moonlight, for all that we were a good mile and a half from it.

The three of them, still riding close together, were within 200 yards of me. The moonlight struck the polished steel of their breast pieces.

There were four square miles of common and 'twas as tricky a bit of land as a man might find in a day's march. There was a ditch here and a marsh there, and both well hidden by the long, rank grass that grew thick all over the place. A man that did not know the lay of the ground and rode his horse across it with a loose rein was more likely to come to grief than not; nay, if he came within measurable distance of Butter-Bum hole he was like to leave horse, saddle and bridle in its black depths, and think himself lucky if he escaped with his own life.

Ere I had ridden twenty yards into the rank grass the three men gave a sudden shout and dashed across the common to intercept me. I could have laughed with glee—they had not gone a dozen strides before the foremost horse went knee-deep in a ditch and flung its rider over its head. I was in hopes the horse had broken a leg, poor beast, but in a trice the trooper had picked himself up and remounted.

Butter-Bum hole was in front. I must rid myself of one if not two of them in its black depths. If all three would but ride into it and sink fifty fathoms deep there would be less need for all the bother that I foresaw ere his majesty's dispatch left my hands.

When I had suffered them to come within thirty yards of me the moon suddenly disappeared behind a bank of clouds. But she suddenly peeps out through a little rift, and on the instant I heard a sharp report and caught the whistle of a bullet as it flew past my head.

I went on slowly, holding my horse back, and at the same time calling loudly on him to hasten.

There was not a yard between them as they came to the hole, and each rode at a rattling pace. You would have

thought they were clearing the whole thing, but the man on the left seemed suddenly to drop to the earth, and over him rolled the fellow in the middle. The man on the right, following the path that I had taken, pulled up his beast, with a jerk that threw it on its haunches and I saw him turn to gaze at the men and horses rolling and wallowing in the mud.

"Farewell, my masters!" said I, and laughed long and loud as I cantered off. But I was reckoning a bit too soon, for he sent another bullet whistling after me that took off my hat.

Looking over my shoulder I saw that the man who had escaped the marsh was following me with determination. He had evidently seized the situation and made up his mind to follow my plans. So in and out we wound, over a ditch here and through a cluster of gorse bushes there, and he made no such foolish mistake as to try to cut me off or to take a shorter route, but held on to my heels.

The horse tucked his big thighs under him and tossed his head—faith, I believe he loved the spirit of the thing as dearly as his rider! And so we went straight across what bit of common there was left, and skimming Dick Pritt's new fence like a swallow, lauded in the lush grass of the Home garth.

There were yet three meadows between me and the sign post, and it was good going over all of them. The air rushed around my hatless head, the stars seemed to dance all across the heavens. The hedgerows shot up in front like ghosts, but we were over and through them and settled into our stride again before I had time to count one.

I saw the sign post, a black, two-armed thing, outlined against the sky, at the corner of the last field. We were close on the hedgerow then, and as I settled down for the leap I heard Blunt's horse clattering by the narrow lane to my right. The moon sailed out of the cloudbank; we stared at each other.

"Ah!" says he, "the troopers—" "Two of 'em in Butter Bum hole," says I. "The third—"

But the third must have ridden a rare horse, for at that instant he dropped over the hedge with a force that made the ground shake. We had drawn rein in the middle of the high road, and he caught sight of us and came forward. But within a dozen paces his beast swayed and fell, tumbling him off into the dust. In spite of all his round-headedness he rapped out a roaring curse.

"'Twas the rarest adventure," I says, "I wouldn't ha' missed it for the world." "Why, faith," says he, "you make me envious. The lane was tame enough—a mere matter of straight-ahead work."

He said naught of the dispatch. But at the corner of Dead Man's copse I drew rein and held out my hand. "I'll go home," said I. "You have no further need of me. We will exchange horses and clothes as you return."

"Let me keep my thanks till then," says he, giving me his hand. "To-morrow or the next day we shall meet again, Master Stephen."

But ere he broke into a canter I pulled him up and wheeled about again. "Hah!" said I, "I almost forgot to give you the dispatch," and I handed it over. "The dispatch?" said he. "The dispatch? But surely—"

"So you did not know that I had it?" says I. "Faith, but it lay very near my heart!" and without more ado I turned about and cantered off, leaving him there in the moonlight, staring open-mouthed at the packet in his hand.—Pearson's Weekly.

Mind and Body. In many forms of illness of lasting, but not necessarily severe character, the continued low condition of the system tends to bring on an uneasy, watchful, "nervous" state of mind.

This mental condition often outlasts the physical weakness, and is liable to become chronic. The sufferer's family, and even the physician, are sometimes at their wits' end to effect a cure; for until the patient is roused to the necessity of forcing his body into activity and of forgetting himself, the task is almost hopeless.

He must be urged to give up keeping a watch of his heart-beats and a tally of his pains. He must be shown, gently but firmly, that his recovery is dependent upon the exercise of his own strength of character and power of will, which must direct his thoughts away from his physical condition.

Fright alone may go far to retard or prevent recovery. The terror occasioned by the bite of a serpent or of a dog is sometimes so marked as greatly to increase the vital depression caused by the absorption of the poisonous contents of the wound.

On the other hand, calmness and hopefulness render one less liable to suffer in the face of serious conditions. A phlegmatic patient was recently treated for a fall in which both legs had been broken at the thighs. The patient was calm, doing what he was told, but no more. He regarded his accident philosophically. Contrary to the rule in such serious injuries, no symptoms of shock were present, no rise of temperature took place at any time, and the recovery was rapid and uneventful.

Even in acute illnesses not especially involving the nervous system, a quiet mind, determined to get well is possible, and doing everything to attain that end, is one of the attending physician's best allies.

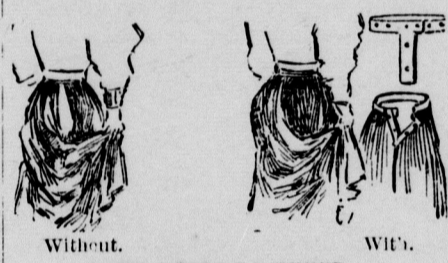
While well a man should care for his health, not nervously and harriedly, but with the calmness with which he prosecutes his daily business, observing the laws of health as he knows them, avoiding excesses, and taking the precautions which experience and example have shown him to be necessary. Here one's thought of self should stop. Meticulous examinations of one's physical state should be conscientiously avoided.—Mouth's Companion.



ELIMINATES THE "AWFUL GAP."

At least nine out of every ten women seen on the street—and it would be no exaggeration to say ninety-nine out of every hundred—have gaping holes in their skirts. This fact is equally irritating to the wearer and to the observer. Every-thing has been done and contrived by the wearers of skirts and by the dress-makers as well to stop that awful gap. Some of the patent hooks have claimed to overcome the difficulty, but hooks will come unhooked or they will come off and leave a display of linings and lingerie that is extremely embarrassing. Another "awful gap" is often displayed between the skirt band and the waist. Between the two, or with a combination of them both, we have had a most distressing display for some years past.

A benefactor of the sex has arisen—and a man at that—and he has applied for a patent to the combination of a perfectly closing placket device, together with a hook to secure the skirt band to the waist; also fastening the belt of the skirt so securely



THE DRESS FASTENER.

that it cannot possibly come apart. Having such a triplicate combination, it is certainly a great saving, a simple and compact arrangement, taking up less room than any of the devices used formerly to accomplish the three purposes. It is detachable and can be applied to any skirt, new or old. It fastens the belt, also the placket, with durable spring fasteners, or buttons, like those on the street gloves, and gives no trouble to fasten or unfasten. One hears the snap and knows that one is perfectly dressed, even in the dark.

Three of these patent hooks are riveted to the belt parts of the "T," also two spring buttons to fasten the belt securely. Then there are two more spring buttons, closing the placket, all riveted securely to the drilling "T," which is sewed firmly into the belt and placket seams.

Mrs. Sherman. As the wife of the Secretary of State in the McKinley administration, Mrs. John Sherman will not be new to official life in the capital. Indeed, that good lady has spent most of her days under the shadow of the big dome.

Mrs. Sherman is the only daughter of the late Judge James Stewart, of Ohio, who was one of the ablest jurists of the State in the early part of this century. The family lived at Mansfield, and young John Sherman no sooner saw his way clear in life than he attached himself to the interesting daughter of the Judge. The marriage was a pure love match. Lawyer Sherman was in no way financially advantaged by it, for on Judge Stewart's death it was found that he had left his property very much embarrassed. This embarrassment was cleared by Mr. Sherman, and the old Judge's property still remains in the family. It is said that, being the daughter and the wife of a lawyer, Mrs. Sherman could not avoid absorbing something of the law. And she did. The story goes that she can draw up almost any kind of a legal document, with all the necessary and confusing technique, quite

Draped Bedstead. Among the silliest of women is she who wears tight gloves in the hope that her hands will thereby be made to look small. The opposite effect is sure to follow if the senseless practice be indulged in for any length of time, for tight gloves, like shoes, always make the hand swell and increase in size by years of such injudicious treatment. Tight gloves are always responsible for redness of the hands and for wrinkles. Women who care to preserve the whiteness and beauty of their hands and arms always wear loose gloves.

Reason for Regret. Miss Gushington (to young widow whose husband has left a large fortune)—"That is the fourteenth mourning costume I have seen you wear in three days, and each lovelier and more becoming than the other." Young widow—"Oh, my dear, I have forty! But such a bother they were to have made! At one time I almost wished that poor, dear George hadn't died."—Spare Moments.

Just Terrible! First Lady (with big hat)—"My! I'm so glad that man behind us has gone out! He made me so nervous I hardly realized what I was seeing on the stage." Second Lady (with big hat)—"Wasn't he terrible? The way he wriggled and twisted in his seat! I shouldn't think they'd allow such people in the theater to annoy folks."—Detroit Free Press.

Striped and other wide fancy ribbons are being used instead of materials by dressmakers to trim bodices—laid on in berthas, frillings and folds. Ribbon is the principal component of the dressy blouses.

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A COUNTRY OF CHECKS.

Hardships of Englishmen with the American Baggage System.

The American Constitution has been called a system of checks. So is American life, says the London Mail. When you want to travel you give your baggage to the porter of your hotel and he gives you a check in return. At the station you reclaim it with the check, and pass it in at a counter and receive another check. As you approach your destination another functionary comes along the train, takes your check and gives you another in its place. He fishes out your baggage and conveys it to your hotel—for a consideration. You have left your third and last check at the office of the hotel when you enter it, and thence it is delivered up on receipt of the baggage.

At first you bless this arrangement as the salvation of the traveler. After a few weeks of it the tyranny of the check becomes so galling that you begin to long for the fine old English method of dumping down your goods in front of the porter and leaving them to find the way themselves. You would even hail it as a personal triumph if some of your baggage would get lost. But it never does. Sometimes it arrives late, but it always arrives.

Yet it seldom arrives in the shape in which it started, if that is any consolation. They who have to do with baggage see to that. You very soon discover why Americans carry their goods in iron-clad trunks, and why it is madness for anybody to do anything else. I started out, like an idiot, with a new leather portmanteau. They ripped the stout brass lock off in the first week—not for plunder apparently, but simply because it is the tradition of the service. They punched it and kicked and danced on it. In softer hours, when literary inspirations came, they wrote on it. My portmanteau today is an epitome of the political sentiment of the United States from New York to San Francisco. As a historical document it is beyond price, and I am contemplating the gift of it to the Library of Congress at Washington. As a portmanteau it has both feet in the grave.

The system of checks is not confined to travelers' luggage. The conductor of the train passes carelessly to and fro asking for your tickets, and giving you a check in return, or asking for your check and returning your ticket. If you hand your stick to a boy in a hotel while you write your name in the register he dashes off to stow it away in some secret place and returns triumphant with a check.

But the apotheosis of the check is at Niagara. When you go down to the Cave of the Winds you strip off all your clothes and leave them, as well as your valuables, in a tin box with the attendant. Then you go down to battle with the cataract attired only in a suit of pajamas, a suit of oilskins and a check lashed around your neck, and rising and falling with the beating of your heart. No wonder the American speaks of death as handling in his checks. It is only by death that he can check himself of them.

The Greatest Violinist. Paganini was the most remarkable genius with the violin that the world ever knew. His technique was something wonderful, but mere technique would never have accomplished the results he obtained, nor would it have thrown the musical world into spasms of admiration as he did. The accounts of his playing seem almost incredible. With the first note the audience was spellbound, and remained so to the last. From the violin he drew tones which were unsuspected to exist and invented and played passages believed to be impossible. Moore said: "Paganini can play divinely, and does so for a minute or two; then comes his tricks and surprises, his bow in convulsions, his enharmonics like the mewling of an expiring cat." The main technical features of Paganini's playing were his unfeeling intonations, his wonderful rapidity, and a command never equaled of harmonies and double harmonics. He was wonderfully tricky, however, and often accomplished effects not understood even by experts, by tuning his violin in a different manner from that usually employed. A certain trick passage, running up two octaves while holding B flat, seems to be impossible to the ordinary violinist, but, it is said, by tuning a semi-tone higher the passage presents no unusual difficulty. He never allowed anyone to hear him tune his violin, and when professional people attempted to solve the problem of his playing by requesting him to play in private, he invariably contrived in some way or other to disappoint their expectations. The secret of his execution died with him, and he has never been equaled as a violinist.

Why He Suffered. "I understand you were punished in school to-day, Thomas," said Mr. Bacon to his 12-year-old boy. "Yes, sir," promptly replied the juvenile. "For what?" "For telling the truth, sir." "Your teacher said it was for some reflection you made upon her age." "That's the way she took it, father. You see, she drew a picture of a basket of eggs on the blackboard, and while she was out of the room I just wrote under them: 'The hen that made those eggs isn't any chicken.'—Yonkers Statesman.

An Inducement. In an advertisement for a young gentleman who left his parents it was stated that "if Master Jacky will return to his disconsolate parents he shall be allowed to sweeten his tea."—Tit-Bits.

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# The Ladies of the White House.

MRS. M'KINLEY will be the nineteenth wife of a President to occupy the proud position of mistress of the White House during the administration at Washington. The establishment over which the nation's first Chief Executive presided was in Market street, Philadelphia, and it was not till near the end of President Adams' first term that the executive mansion was ready for occupancy. Mrs. Adams was a woman of great energy and strong will, and to these her husband owed much of his success in life. They were tenants of the White House only four months, and as the succeeding tenant, Jefferson, was a widower and a bohemian at heart, little formality and pomp attended his receptions. All his daughters were married, and he loved to have actors, artists and singers through his house. Mrs. Madison, the next mistress of the White House, was noted for her beauty, and, like Mrs. Cleveland, she had a remarkable memory for faces and names, which added largely to her popularity. While Mr. Madison was President the executive mansion was burned by the British, and he was obliged to rent a house to take its place. Here pretty Dolly Madison held her receptions for the thirteen remaining months of her husband's administration. The house is said to be haunted now, and nobody will live in it. Mrs. Monroe was tall and graceful, with winning manners. The great act of her life was performed before she entered the White House as its mistress. When Mr. Monroe was minister

to France she personally interceded for a respite of the government sentence of death against Madame Lafayette, and secured the release of that lady. Mrs. John Quincy Adams was an extremely delicate woman, and could not undergo the fatigue of a public reception. She was possessed of great refinement and literary tastes, and wrote very pretty poetry. She used to serve cake and wine at her receptions. Mrs. Andrew Jackson did not live to become the nation's hostess, dying before her husband was inaugurated, and Mrs. Harrison lived just one month after her husband took the oath of office. She was very beautiful in youth, and fond of quietness. John Tyler had two wives while in the White House. His first spouse was very beautiful, but as she was partially paralyzed her daughters did the honors of the time. His second wife was the first bride ever brought to the executive mansion. Although his term lasted only eight months after her marriage, she made a brilliant reputation as a hostess. Mrs. James K. Polk was a strict Presbyterian, did not approve of dancing, and this has ever since been discontinued at White House entertainments. Mrs. Zachary Taylor and Mrs. Fillmore were both admirable hostesses, and Mrs. Pierce made many warm friends during her husband's incumbency. During the Buchanan administration Miss Harriet Lane, a niece, did the honors for the bachelor President. Mrs. Lincoln was fond of display, restless and eccentric, and was little understood. Mrs. Andrew Johnson was an invalid at the time of her husband's election. Mrs. Grant was a typical woman of the age, and created a happy at-

mosphere about the executive mansion. Mrs. Hayes dispensed with wine, and dressed in a plain silk robe at the time of her husband's inauguration. Mrs. Garfield was destined to rule the executive mansion for only six months before her husband died. President Arthur was a widower, and gave some magnificent banquets. Mrs. Harrison was a practical, thoroughly good woman, who brought many real home ideas to the White House. Mrs. Cleveland is probably the most popular Chief Executive's wife this country has ever known. The great secret of her success lies in her charming manners and wonderful memory of faces. If Mrs. McKinley, with all her goodness and gentleness, can take the place in the hearts of the people now occupied by Mrs. Cleveland, she will indeed be fortunate. The merry prattle of the three little Cleveland children will be sadly missed during the next administration, as the McKinleys are childless. Mrs. McKinley is a very sweet-looking woman, with large, handsome eyes and soft gray hair. She has a passion for flowers, and will find a great source of pleasure in the large conservatories belonging to the executive mansion. Mrs. McKinley is an invalid, and so it is feared that she will not be able to endure the strain incident to the receptions usually held at the White House. It is hoped she will set the fashion for future President's wives of sitting at her receptions, and giving up the custom of handshaking. She has a most



LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

match lighting the wick, but actually the front is closed during the operation, or with a high wind will be obvious to a practical cyclist) the match would have but a poor chance.

## City of Pekin.

The city of Pekin is one of the oldest in the world, but it was not made a capital until Kublai Khan, somewhere about 1282, fixed his court there. Under the Mongols the name of Pekin was Khanpalk, or City of the Khan, and this title was easily converted into Cambaluc, by which name it is known in the accounts of those times. Pekin is now divided into two parts; the northern portion is the Tartar City, and contains about twelve square miles; in this are the palaces, government buildings, troops, and military barracks. The southern part is the Chinese city, and is more populous than the Tartar, less of its space being taken up by gardens and public buildings. The population is estimated at different figures, but 2,000,000 appears to be a fair estimate.

A wall separates the Tartar from the Chinese city, and a wall of varying height surrounds the whole, that of the Tartar section being about fifty feet high, and that around the Chinese section some thirty feet high. These walls are of brick and stone filled in with earth and paved on the top with slabs of stone, affording a promenade twelve feet wide. There are sixteen gates in all, and each gateway is fortified with towers of stone, and other towers are fixed at intervals of about sixty yards all around the walls. These towers project fifty feet from the outer side of the walls, and those at the gateways have in front of them a fortification of semi-circular shape, so that the gate must be entered from the side and not from the front.

The Tartar city is divided into three enclosures, each being surrounded with its own wall, and each inside of another. The innermost of these is the Pro-

## FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

### A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

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

**An Amusing Candle Trick.**  
One person holds a lighted candle, another has an unlighted one. The task is for the one with the unlighted candle to light his candle from the lighted one, both persons hopping on one foot all the time. Bedroom candlesticks should be used, to prevent the grease from the candles falling about. It will be found a difficult and exceedingly laughable diversion.

**A Child's Thought.**  
The Washington Post records a pathetic saying of a child:

A Washington lady was passing one of the orphan asylums of the city, and as is her praiseworthy custom, nodded across the fence to a couple of forlorn little waifs playing in the yard. Before she was out of hearing one of the little girls said to the other:

"Isn't she just lovely?"  
And the other, with a wistful sign, answered: "Yes, and p'raps my mother is just like her; just think!"

**Game of Three Things.**  
Three Things is a game played by any number of persons sitting in a row or circle. The one who begins gives to his left-hand neighbor the name of three things beginning with the same letter, which the latter must then connect in some way, and then give three other things to the next in line. When anyone is unable to connect the names he receives he must pay a forfeit, and the names are passed along to the next player. Thus, the player gives out: "Hen, ham and heaviness." The second says: "The hen tried to eat the ham, and found that heaviness in the crop resulted. I give you, dinner and duty." The third says: "I opened the door to go in to dinner, when I had to go back to fulfill a forgotten duty," and so on.

**It Was a Good-Bad Dog.**  
The Indian certainly showed a fine sense of propriety when he named the bull-dog "a good-bad dog." The name fits very well.

Major Peter Ronan, agent of the Flathead Indians in western Montana, purchased a fine blooded and ugly faced bull-dog, relates the Helena Independent, not to guard his pleasant quarters at the Flathead agency, but to give his Indian wards a new subject for study in the animal kingdom. The appearance of this strange quadruped caused as much excitement among those untutored sons of the forest as a belated appearance of the paleozoic age would arouse by a sudden appearance on Main street. The chiefs held a long consultation over the characteristics of the animal, and finally decided to call him "a good-bad dog." The first adjective is doubtless caused by a certain Indian sense of diplomacy to be exercised in addressing the animal, while the latter is evidence of the red man's regard for truth at all times. At all events, the name is worth studying.

**Animals that Do Not Get Thirsty.**  
How long would you be contented without a drop of water to drink? There are many different kinds of animals in the world that never in their lives sip so much as a drop of water. Among these are the llamas of Patagonia and the gazelles of the far East. A parrot lived for fifty-two years in the "Zoo," at London, England, without drinking a drop of water, and many naturalists believe that the only moisture imbibed by wild rabbits is derived from green herbage laden with dew. Many reptiles—serpents, lizards and certain batrachians—live and thrive in places entirely devoid of water, and sloths are also said never to drink. An arid district in France has produced a race of non-drinking cows and sheep, and from the milk of the former Roquefort cheese is made. There is a species of mouse which has established itself on the waterless plains of Western America, and which flourishes, notwithstanding the absence of moisture.

**A Turkey's Odd Appetite.**  
We have often heard of ostriches who eat tennipny nails or goats who eat tin cans. A turkey is not usually credited with such an abnormal appetite. But there is a turkey who ate a little girl's tea set.

The magnificent possibilities of a young turkey cock's crop reached a climax in the discovery made by Mrs. Cornelia Choate. Mrs. Choate purchased a fine fat young gobbler in Fulton market, which she ordered sent home undressed. In preparing the fowl for dinner it was noticed that it possessed an unusually large and heavy crop. Investigation followed.

First there was found a nice little china teapot. Then the lid was found, which fitted it to perfection. Next came a little sugar bowl and a top to fit it. Next a little cream pot. These appeared to be all, but a further search revealed the presence of a miniature teaspoon about an inch and a half long.

The dishes were of the kind used by little misses who give tea parties to their dollies. Mrs. Choate's little girls have the trophies in their possession, but are willing to surrender them to any miss who has mysteriously lost pieces from her doll's house. The teapot and sugar bowl are almost an inch in height, and it must have taxed the young turkey's swallowing capacity to the utmost to bolt his meal.—Chicago Record.

**Buried in a Snow-Bank.**  
All of our boys and girls do not have the opportunity to go every day to a

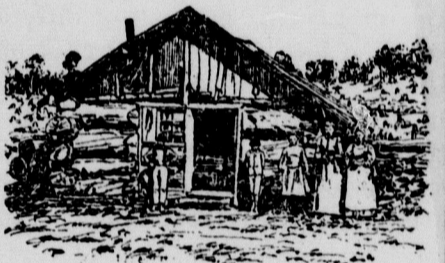
comfortably warmed, well-lighted and beautifully decorated schoolhouse, says the Chicago Record.

Away up in Northern Michigan, where much of the land is still uncultivated, there stands a little, low log building in the center of a clearing, where the huge oak and maple stumps still stand to tell of the forest that once covered the land. This schoolhouse has a funny little door, hardly high enough to admit a tall man, and two or three small windows, the size of a single sash. The spaces between the logs are plastered up with moss and mud, and the gable ends are made of boards covered with tar-paper, which seeps up the room inside. A long, low stove, with a door big enough to receive a whole cord-wood stick, stands in the center of the room, and the stove-pipe runs right out through the roof, without bothering about a brick chimney.

And the pupils? There are just four of them, with sometimes two or three more in winter, when the snow is deep and the farmers' work is light. In the picture, which is from a photograph, you will see all the pupils standing outside of the little door with their teacher. The scholars belong to two families—there are only three families in the whole district—and two of them are compelled to walk nearly four miles to school every morning. In summer time this is great fun, but in winter, when the roads are drifted full of snow and the mercury is down to zero, it isn't so pleasant.

Two years ago the little school had a most exciting experience. There were five scholars then, and some of them, owing to the depth of the snow, didn't reach the schoolhouse until after 10 o'clock. Of course, they didn't hear the bell, because there wasn't any bell to ring. About noon the wind began to jar the loose boards on the roof, and then it began to snow. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon it was so dark that the pupils could hardly see their books.

When the teacher went to the door to see what the matter was in came a great gust of wind, followed by a heap of snow. It took two of the boys to shut out the blizzard again. By this time the little building was creaking and cracking as if in distress. Snow scuttled through the cracks, and the pupils hovered close around the stove to keep warm. One of the older boys made an attempt to get out and start



A SCHOOLHOUSE ON THE FRONTIER.

home, but he was driven back half-frozen and nearly suffocated with snow. Darker and darker it grew, and then the wind seemed to die down.

"The schoolhouse is buried up!" whimpered one of the pupils. "How'll we ever get away?"

The teacher did her best to keep up their courage, but even she was frightened. They had no candles nor lamps, and as the afternoon advanced the only light came from the glowing hearth of the stove. Supper time came, and there was no supper to eat. Every crumb of the lunch brought from home in the morning had disappeared at noon. Later in the evening the wood ran out and the pupils became chilled with the creeping cold. When the last stick had been fed into the red mouth of the stove, two of the large boys, encouraged by the teacher, ventured to open the door. It was walled to the top outside with snow. But like the plucky boys they were, they burrowed head first into the drifts to the wood-pile and managed to pull out several sticks of wood and drag them into the schoolhouse. Before the work was done they were nearly frozen with the cold. Two of the younger pupils cried themselves to sleep on one of the benches near the stove, but the others kept watch all night long in the dark.

"They'll surely come and dig us out in the morning," said the teacher, hopefully, but breakfast time came and then dinner time, and there was no relief.

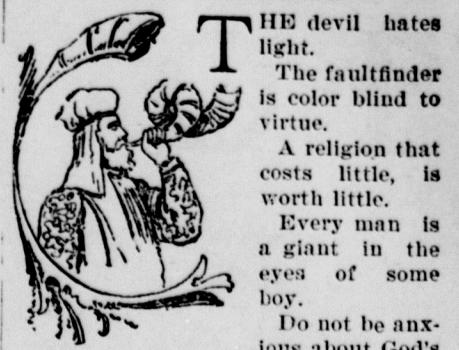
By this time they were all very hungry, indeed. They had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours. The two big boys, wrapping themselves well in coats and mittens, again burrowed outside, and after a hard struggle, succeeded in reaching the roof of the schoolhouse. Once out of the great drift, they found that the snow had ceased falling and that the sun was shining, although it was still dark in the schoolhouse. But they looked in every direction and there was nothing but snow, snow, snow, and not a sign of relief. So they went back, carrying the sad tidings to the other pupils. They were all certain now that they would starve to death before help could reach them. But hardly had they made up their minds to this fearful fact when there came a thumping on the roof above them, and then voices. The boys shouted an answer, and then ran outside. Immediately a man came tumbling and rolling down into the schoolhouse door. He had on his back a bag of lunch, and the hungry children went at it eagerly. Two men had succeeded in crossing the snow-bound country on ski, or snow shoes, and thus the school was rescued, although some of the pupils could not be taken home until the following day, when a road was broken.

How would you like being a pupil in such a school?

Oliver Branch—Say, pa, why does Jimmy Eastside call money "dough?" Pater Familias—I don't know, my son, unless it is because he needs it for his daily bread.—Judge.

## TRUMPET CALLS.

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



THE devil hates light.

The faultfinder is color blind to virtue. A religion that costs little, is worth little. Every man is a giant in the eyes of some boy.

Do not be anxious about God's part of your work.

The yoke of Christ will not fit any but the willing neck.

Adamant is like wax in comparison with a miser's heart.

God will help us to do whatever the Bible says we must do.

What does it profit a man to be wise, if he marries like a fool?

No man knows his true character who is a stranger to God.

Have a constant expectation that God is going to do the right thing.

The poorest man may give as much as the richest, if he will give all he can.

A wooden bread plate will be remembered longer than a souvenir teacup.

The man most in need of mercy is the one who will have no mercy on himself.

If you would know what it means to be rich, find out that it is blessed to give.

If we could see the stars as God sees them, nobody would ever want to sleep.

Who knows but that every life may be a book God prepares for angels to read.

Nothing but faith in Christ can give a peace that the world cannot take away.

When the heartstrings are rightly touched, divine music will be the sure result.

We are most in danger of being ensnared by the devil when he is well dressed.

In their sermon preparation, too many preachers never prepare a stopping place.

If your situation is bad, you can better it by helping some one less fortunate than yourself.

Too many people are singing "Scatter sunshine," and waiting for somebody else to do it.

Many claim to be praying for the conversion of the world who are not doing anything else.

The devil has an iron collar on every man who thinks more of the saloon than he does of his home.

A blind man's opinion of the sun is based on what he has learned from the earth with his cane.

"The Master has come, and is calling for thee," whenever you hear of a needy one who needs help.

Did you ever know a dying man to find any comfort in thinking that there were hypocrites in church?

One reason why Solomon wrote so many proverbs was to give every young man some of the wisdom God had given him.

The devil has a halter around the neck of every man who is trying to get money in an easier way than by honestly earning it.

**The Iron Duke Reasons.**

It is told of the Duke of Wellington that he was once out fox hunting, when the hounds on reaching the bank of a small river lost the scent. The master of the hounds apologized to the Duke. "I'm afraid, your Grace, our fun is over. The dog's can't pick up the scent."

"Ten to one," replied the Duke, "the fox has crossed to the other side."

"Not very likely, my Lord. A fox hates water."

"Aye, aye," urged the Duke, "but he may have crossed over by some bridge."

"I don't believe there is a bridge," answered the master of the hounds.

"Well," continued the Duke, "unless you know to the contrary, though I was never here before, I will wager a trifle you will find one within a mile."

The two men, followed by the hunt, pushed on and less than a mile-off came upon a rudely constructed bridge. The dogs crossed it, again took up the scent and killed the fox. Asked for his reason for asserting that there was a bridge near, he answered: "I saw three or four cottages clustered together on each bank of the river, and I thought the people living in them would be tempted by their social feelings to contrive a means of visiting each other. That same inference of mine gained me one of my battles."—London Telegraph.

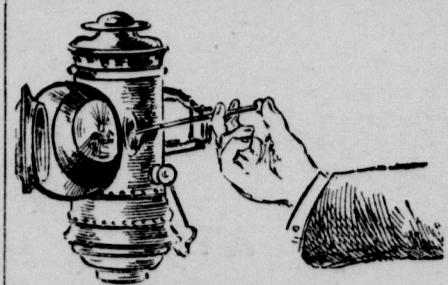
**The Most Valuable Spots on Earth.**

Probably the most valuable spots on the face of the earth (as the burial-sites in Westminster Abbey cannot be bought with gold) are the four corners where Wall street touches Broadway, and the two where it meets Broadway. I cannot guess how large a price any one of these might bring in the market now; but a million dollars and half a million more were recently paid for five lots on Broadway opposite Bowling Green. This was the value of the land alone, as the old buildings it bore were at once to be torn down; yet, says Philip Hone, a lot in just this place sold in 1829 for only \$19,500. As late as 1840 lots on Cortlandt street could be had for \$1,000, or even for \$700. But a year or two ago the corner of Liberty street and Nassau, measuring seventy-nine feet along the one, 112 along the other, and about 100 feet in depth, brought \$1,250,000, and this, again, for the sake of the land alone.—Century.

## EASY TO STRIKE A LIGHT.

### Match Gun for Lighting Lamps on Bicycles

A novelty for the use of cyclists that will save them much trouble and irritation is a match gun for lighting cycle lamps, which has recently been brought out. It consists of a tube having a spring piston at one end and a groove at the other, terminating in a pair of clip spring jaws. It is neatly gotten up, easily manipulated, and only occupies about the same space as a pocket pen-



CYCLER'S MATCH GUN.

cil. The method of using it is shown in the accompanying cut. To put the instrument into action and light the lamp it is simply necessary to place in the channelled groove an ordinary match, insert the point through the shutter hole, press the button at the end and the lighting is effected, the chemical compound at the end of the match being ignited by friction in its passage between the clip jaws. In the cut the front of the lamp is open to show the

hibited City and contains the imperial palaces and offices. Its circumference is nearly two miles; the wall is covered with imperial yellow tiles, which look brilliant when seen from a distance. The enclosure next outside of this is occupied by the government offices and by the army appointed to keep guard over the Emperor and his family. The next outside of this is the outermost of all, and consists of dwelling houses and shops.

**Test for Seascickness.**  
Many people have a genuine curiosity to know if they would be seasick in case they should take an ocean voyage. An easy way to put the matter to a test is to stand before the ordinary mirror that turns in its frame, and let someone move it slowly and slightly at first, and gradually growing faster while you look fixedly at your own reflection. If you feel no effect whatever from it the chances are that you can stand an ordinary sea voyage without any qualm.

**Retort Courteous.**  
Fat Old Gentleman—Little boy, why don't you get up and let one of those ladies sit down?

Little Boy—Why don't you get up yourself and let both of them sit down?—Judy.

Every woman should be smart enough to correctly pronounce the names of all the diseases she has had.

A box 5x5 feet holds 5.92 barrels, a 6-foot box 8.53 barrels.

A box 22 inches by 12 1/4 and 8 inches deep will hold a bushel.

# TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

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

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

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

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

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

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

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

**SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.**

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

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

202 SANSOME STREET.

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