The Great Artist's Home and Studio in

A two-story house, a very severe, somber style of brick and stone trimmings, situated in one of the small side streets leading into the Boulevard Montparnasse, that classical artery where so many artists of every kind move and have their being, was built some years ago by M. Barthoidi, the sculptor of the statue of Liberty, and has been his home and studio ever since. From the exterior it looks gloomy and prison-like, and in the interior the aspect does not change until you reach a small back garden, which, with its flowers, plants, and statuettes, present a cheerful appearance in the rear of the house. On crossing the court door, one is at once struck with what seems to have been for years the predominating thought and occupation of the inmate, for there on one side lies the index of the immense right band of the statue of Liberty, and a small model of the whole statue on the other. Passing the porter's lodge, which, like all other parts of the house, is built in the mediaval style of carved wood balconies and inside staircases, one enters into a quaint vestibule of stained glass, Pompeiian mural paintings, and wide glass door looking out into the small garden. The chief quaint attraction here is an immense stuffed stork, like Poe's raven, perched over the door, just as you see them at twilight settle down for the night on the domes of the cathedral at Strasburg. It is, of course, known to all that Bartholdi is an Alsatian. This vestibule leads to the sculptor's reception-room, which also, from all sides reminds one of his colossal work, for besides a large library, artistic cabinets on which rest terra-cotta reproductions of his earlier works, the busts of Mr. William B. Evarts and Mr. Richard Butler, the place is filled with models of the great statue in various sizes and states of completion. On one side of the room, near the garden, stands a large glass case, which I was asked to look into. There appears the statue and bay in the foreground, in the background a panorama of New York, the suspension bridge and Brooklyn so faithfully represented in their local aspect and details that a New Yorker or Brooklynite would grow homesick to look at it. From there one passes into the studio. A sculptor's studio is always more severe and especially less dainty than a painter's. At best, sculpturing is dirty work and its severity does not admit of the thousand and one knick knacks that may look graceful and in place in a painter's den. As Clarette aptly calls sculpture, it is the male of painting. All around on small, carved, wood galleries are copies of Bartholdi's works, on a pedestal stands a fine one of the Belfast Lion, which ranks next to the statue of Liberty in importance. Beyond this studio is what might be called the sculptor's kitchen, for it contains all the tools and implements of work, clay, plaster, and water to mold the artist's conceptions into life. It is in this house that the great statue of Liberty was conceived, where it found shape, and where its first rays light over the world .- Paris Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

which are always bare. red band, which passes in a loop over each shoulder and crosses at the back, where it is ornamented with little red tassels, keeps the dress closer to the fig- home that night he had the biggest ure. When the arms are raised the loose drapery hanging through the loops has much the appearance of the full sleeve of the Italian peasant. Shoulder-pins are very much worn and are made of silver, often enriched with coral and enamels, resembling an Irish prooch. These pins are sometimes connected with a chain, to the center of which is suspended a little metal box, enameled and containing scent. On the head is worn a little peaked bonnet, like the French cap of liberty. It is made by doubling in half, lengthwise, a broad silk band, and sewing up one side. It is kept in its place by a second kerchief, bound round and knotted behind. Many women allow their hair to wave free, or confine it simply with a fillet. A frequent ornament is a round silver brooch with an opening in the center crossed by a pin. Bosses of coral, as well as knobs of silver, which latter have a pearl-like effect, are dotted about They are effective pieces of jewelry, and with the sun shining on them glisten like moons. They are not adopted till a woman becomes a mother. On the birth of a girl, the brooch is worn between the breasts; on the birth of a boy. it is raised, and gleams above the forehead. When a wife is disobedient, and is beaten by her husband, the brooch is often undone by the woman and dashed to the ground at his feet. There is another head ornament, handsomer than this. It consists of a central silver brooch over the forehead, and side brooches above the temples, enriched in the same style, and with rows of silver gleaming semispheres completely encircling the head, and forms a glittering tiara fit for a princess. Necklaces are made of beads and coral, and also of cloves and sweet-smelling paste.-Brooklyn Magazine.

"I Have a Wife and Home."

Mr. Thoebe, the workingman who so nearly captured Speaker Carlisle's seat in Congress in Kentucky, is not tinct-nred with the Socialistic vagaries. When asked by a reporter what he thought of the Anarchists and Socialists he replied, simply but effectively: "I have a wife and home. Any man who owns properly can have no patience with such doctrines. Every American citizen should discountenance anything which tends to disrupt his government and institutions."

There spoke the true American workingman as distinguished from the alien visionaries who seek to transplant some form of Communism into the United States. There are in this country 10,-000,000 men who, like Mr. Thoebe, "own a home." There are over 3,000,-000 depositors in savings banks, representing accumulations to the amount of over \$1,000,000,000. And there are millions more whose honestly-earned savings are invested in some occupation whereby they earn a comfortable living and increase their property. No country in the world affords such opportunities as does this for poor men to secure homes and property. And with the interest of these men in their wives, home, children, and property there need be no fear that Communistic or Socialistic ideas will gain headway here, however vigorously the masses may protest against the interference of the money power in government

He (at the beginning of the third act) How spicy the play is getting! She delphia is said to be Augustus Jessup, (who sat alone between the acts)—I twenty-four years old, with an income should say sol-Life.

PASTURE FOR BEES.

A Yankee's Device for Getting American Honey on the Queen's Table.

"The quality of California honey does not excel, even if it equals, the honey made right up here in Cherry Valley, said a resident of Cobleskill, N. Y., to a correspondent of the New York Times. "Capt. Hetherington's apiaries turn out over 100,000 pounds of house every year, and the hum of his 2,500 swarms of bees-equal to 10,000,000 busy little servants-is heard all along Cherry Valley creek, from the time the first blossom opens in the spring until the last one tumbles to the frost in the fall. Two steam saw-mills are kept busy five weeks in every year manufacturing the lumber for the boxes in which the honey made by his bees is stored. Almost one hundred and fifty thousand panes of glass, six inches square, are used in these boxes. Capt. Hetherington hasn't enough clover, buckwheat, basswood trees, etc., of his own to supply his bees, and so he pays a rent to every farmer in the vicinity for the privilege of his bees working on their premises. He won't have his bees running loose on his neighbors any more than he would have his cows, and so he hires pasture for them, and they go on and pile up so much honey for him that some years he gets no less than \$52,000 for it. "And then there's the way our same

New York state honey worked its way on to Queen Victoria's table. Did you ever hear how that was done? No? That was a stroke of Yankee genius that was never beaten. You know, of course, because everybody knows that, that there was positively no market in England for American honey up to 1879. Oh, yes! They wouldn't have American honey at all, the dealers wouldn't, and the trade papers kept crying it down. The home article was so much inferior to ours that those interested in the former knew the introduction of ours on the market would kill the demand for theirs at once. A big wholesale grocery house in New York city was very auxious to get New York state honey on sale in London, and it sent an agent over there to see what he could do. His name was Hoge, but after he had worked London on the honey question for a month or so he made up his mind his name was Dennis, and he was on the point of coming home in disgust, when one day the landlord of the hotel where he was

stopping said to him: What you want to do, Hoge,' said he, 'is to get some of your honey on the queen's table. After you've done that you're made. Everybody'll buy American honey then.'

" 'That so?' said Hoge, opening his 'How'll I do that?' 'Dunno,' replied the landlord, and

walked away. "But Hoge was smart, and by the way the landlord walked off he knew that the landlord did know how he get American honey on the queen's table if it was only made worth his while. You've got to make it worth everybody's while in England, as of course you know. So Hoge made it worth the landlord's while.

" Tve got a triend,' said the landbegan to radiate in hope of shedding its lord, who used to be the lord steward to the queen. He quit lord stewarding some time ago and is now in pickles Ornaments of Algerian Women.

The dress of the Algerian woman of the present lord steward. The lord hangs very loosely about the arms, steward, by the bye, has charge of the Sometimes a things that go on the queen's table, and I'll introduce you to my friend,'

said the landlord, which he did. "When the ex-lord steward went order for pickles he had ever received, and the Yankee salesman had a letter to the lord steward. In a few days the latter sent Hoge a letter, by order of the queen, praising the American honey that she had sampled, and an order for ten cases. That settled the American honey question. Hoge wasn't a great while making the fact of the royal pleasure with his goods known in Lon-don, and when he returned to New York he had orders for more than 500,-000 pounds of American honey.

TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR. Peculiar Phases of Insanity Among Jeal-

It is an astonishing fact that those who have positively not the slightest reason for doubting their husbands are

the most jealous. A lady and her husband went out to dinner, and opposite to where the gentleman sat was a young lady. Well, would you believe that the dreadful man actually committed the offense of raising his eyes off his plate and looking straight in front of him? Presently a startling change came over his de lightful partner. She got first red and then white, pursed her amiable mouth up and tossed her dainty head about, and when the couple returned home she burst into tears of jealousy and rage, reproaching her husband in no measured tones. "I saw you staring at that creature," she sobbed, "and there she was making eyes at you, the hussy,"

"I am going to discharge my gover-ness," remarked Mrs. Phule to her "Why?" asks the friend. "She seems such a nice, quiet, modest girl, and ap-pears to be much devoted to the chil-

"Artful creature" remarked Mrs. Phule. "She is actually setting her cap at my husband. She looks at him, and only Sunday when she dined with us, he asked her twice to have duck, and actually opened the door for her when she left the room. So it is high time

she left. There was a crime! Poor Phule behaved with the common politeness of a gentleman to a girl whose position in ais house appealed to his honor and

If a man should inadvertently tell his wife that there is rather a nice-looking girl at the tobacconist's he frequents he must look out for squalls; the domestic barometer will be suddenly lowered, and for a time his will be a bed of roses with the attendant thorns largely predominating. Should he be dull, his good lady will inform him, as her private opinion, "that he can be lively enough when he is talking to his beauty in the cigar-shop." Should he be silent, of course the wretched man is thinking of her. If he writes, he is carrying on a correspondence with her. The outraged lady hurls scathing remarks at his head; she designates the unsuspecting girl as an artful hussy, or any other choice epithet which may come to her tongue. She indulges in hysteries, and finally gathers up her astonished offspring and rushes out of

The richest young man in Philaof over \$60,000.

the room like a whiriwind .- Cincinnati

Enquirer.

SELFISHNESS.

Various Forms of It as Displayed in Vari-

Greed is not entirely confined to animals of the porcine breed. There are various breeds of human hogs which, in point of selfishness, are far ahead of ose unfortunate creatures that are mentioned in the New Testament as aving run violently down a steep place nto the sea and perished in the billows. Greed, or avarice, strictly speaking, is not a penal offense. Byron temarks evnically: "For a good old gentlemanly vice I think 1'il take up with avarice." And yet there is very little fun in hoarding up money. It is almost impossible to take any of it with us when we die and go to heaven. "Shrouds," to use the impressive words of some preacher, whose name we have forgotten— Shrouds have no pockets." This is a fact, we presume, although we have never critically examined many shrouds to see if they had pockets or not. It would hardly be in good form for a person who is invited to a funeral to sway?—Life. monkey around the remains searching for a pocket in the shroud merely to gratify idie curiosity. Such a person would not be invited a second time to a

funeral. Now that we come to think we fail to per cive why a shroud should have a pocket. But we have drifted away from our text, which was avarice or greed.

There is such a thing as mistaken avarice, where a man, in an effort to save a dime, loses a dollar. An illustration of this is to be found in the case of

the negro during slave times, who, having bought a hat, put it under his coat to prevent it being rained on. When asked why he did not keep his hat on his head, he replied: "De hat's mine; bought it wid my own money. ongs to massa; let him take keer of his own property."

of neuralgia in great agony, he regret- grounds of infidelity, av coorse." ted his narrow-minded selfish policy. The man who occupies several seats

n a crowded railroad-car comes under the head of dressed pork. Another form of seltishness from Vermont: A couple put off applying for a divorce one term of court so they could

profit by their tin wedding.

Boys are supposed to be selfish, but occasionally a boy shows symptoms of three whole water-melons, pointed triumpnantly to the seeds as proof that he

didn't eat whole ones. He had left the seeds .- Texas Siftings. A Brilliantly Beautiful Ball-Room. Out of the depths of this superb apartment the favored guest is ushered into a room 40x60, which is even bright- customer had evidently forgorten.

er in white enamel and gilt. There is say, Damiey," whispered Featherly, everything to invite mirth, dancing and "have you got it yet?"—New York Sun. music in this sprightly ball-room. The architecture is the famous Adams style, so much affected in Boston, and which longed to a widow in Antwood, and was very popular in England a century when the young man returned it she reago. A distinguishing feature is the warded nim by marrying nim the next carry out his plans. And the man in carved frieze, in relief, with gilt outinto the ceiling, so that the delicate and men. beautiful tracery of flowers and vines in He (who thinks he ought to say somerelief on a pure white ground, have a remarkably light and graceful appearance. On the ceiling are small figure panels, painted by Alexander Sandiers, which are fanciful representations of "No." He—"Haw, you ought to, and dancing, all of which are faithfully mirrored in the highly polished light parquet floor. Six windows furnished with opalescent transoms, showing the light pink, green, and blue, of a tire opal, hung with cherry-colored brocade damask, admit a softened light, while the upholstered chairs, di- Stage-struck lady - "Yes." cade add the required color. Crystal pe yust like you in apout d'ree veeks.' chandeliers, and a Steinway concert grand piano, for which the decorators ouilt a case to conform with the style of Conarder that runs to the Hub. "And the room, completes the furnishing. what is that shining so?" she asked. The perspective obtained by standing "That is the dome of the State-house. in the reception-room, and looking I was born right in its shadow." "You through the curtained doors of the don't say? And this is really America, drawing-room into the music hall be then?" "O, dear no, this is Boston." yond, is a vista of glittering chandellers and spacious apartments easier imagand spacious apartments easier imagined in its bewildering loveliness than described. -J. C. Flood's California Mansion, described in Good House-

An Aerial Cat Fight.

In front of my cabin at Marble gap, on a high mountain side of the Cheoah range, are some tall trees with thick clusters of under-growth, in which an old brindle cat makes her habitation, and where she has raised a family of kittens. Yesterday three large hawks were seen flying over the trees, evidently looking for prey. Presently one was seen to dash suddenly to the ground, seize a kitten, and make haste for her nest in the top of a tall poplar. The crying of the kitten in its aerial flight was distressing and pitiful, and the mother, now frantic with grief, watched the hawk with a vigilance that only an angry cat could command. When the hawk went to its nest with a feast Critic. for her young, the cat immediately ran up the tree, which was fully forty feet to the first limb, and in her desperate rage sprang at the hawk, when a fearful ensued, during which the cat, hawk, kitten, and young hawks were precipitated to the ground, lighting and squalling as they fell. The sudden contact with the earth caused each to break its hold, when the hawk flew up, only to be shot down by a guard on post near by, the old cat being mistress of the situation, with a badly lacerated and broken-legged kitten and the young hawks on which to feast her little family .- Raleigh News and Observer.

Doc Johnson, of Littlefield, Idaho, is professional gambler of the John Oakhurst type, dresses faultlessly, is particularly polite, and very popular. He won money of another gambler known as French Joe, and a quarrel followed. Joe, who was a big man, weighing 195 pounds, slapped Doc, who is slight. Doe asked him to stop, and when Joe didn't stop drew a pistol and shot him dead. This was in Doc's gambling house, which was crowded. After the shooting Doc treated the crowd, and after drinking walked to the dead man, who lay where he fell, and said: "Well, Joe, you have been looking for this for the last five days. I tried to avoid it. May God bless you and forgive you for taking advantage He then gave \$100 toward of me. the funeral expenses. The coroner's jury exonerated Doc from all blame.

First railroad official - "Don't you think it's about time to inspect the road again?" Second railroad official-"That's not a bad idea. Shall we take the la-dies along?" "O, no; we'd better not. They—ah—well, only practical railroad-ers should make such a trip, you know." 'What preparations are necessary for the trip?" "O, just leave that to the porter.

He knows where to get the liquor and cigars."—Philadelphia Herald.

It, boss, cause I can't keep it. You better knows where to get the liquor and cigars."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

It, boss, cause I can't keep it. You better keep it. Git some shoes and some blankets bime by for de old woman and de children."—Bill Arp.

WIT AND HUMOR.

We regret to say that the new maga-zine guns are not for the purpose of shooting writers of war reminiscences, -Pittsburg Chronicle.

After all Adam was a fortunate man. Eve never observed to him: "O, I forgot to tell you, mother's coming to pay us a visit next week."—New Haven

In the country: "And is the air healthy in this village?" "Excellent, monsieur, excellent. One can become a centenarian here in a little while."-

Lady-I can give you a little more of that clam chowder if you want it. Tramp-Thank you, I've had all I want, an' besides you'll need what's left to wash the dishes with.—Life.

Youthful Bostonian-Mamma, aren't Mr. Holmes and Mr. Lowell both absent from the city? Mamma—I believe they are, dear. Y. B.—Well, can't I call my

There is not so very much difference between a New York Alderman and a tramp. One walks the street wondering where he will find bail, and the other where he can get something to eat -Charleston News.

"I notice that you call your fiancee 'Mag.' Jogging. Is her name Margaret?" "No, that is a contraction for Magnet, Fangle." "Is that her name?" "Not at all. I call her that because she is so attractive."-N. Y. Mail. When the rumble of the explosion at

Bayside reached the ears of a Westchester lady, she exclaimed: "John's been tryin' ter pass that bad quarter again down ter Purdy's. He hit the road hard that time."—Puck.

must either weave men's fortunes an embroider them, or feed upon and brin them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. Riley-"Shpakin' of religun, me wife, Mary Ann, is an infidel." Rafferty-

This logic was very good, so far as it went, but when the selfish negro caught cold in his head from exposure and died grounds, Rafferty?"

Shure an' that's too bad. Why don't fluence, we lay down this proposition, vez git a divorce?"

Rafferty—"On phat of conducting business affairs is a ne-Kamb er. A young widow in mourning for her

faithless spouse who died some weeks before: "I am very u happy, she sighed, when her friends came to console with her. "But then one consola-tion remains. I know where he passes his nights."-Freuch Fun.

Jawkin-That was a rather sudden occasionally a boy shows symptoms of liberality. A Texas boy, after eating matter with him? Hawkins—Economy. The two undertakers are running each other, and funerals are away down in price. Old Skinflint never missed a bargain it his life. - Lowett Litizen.

"Some men are very careless," re-marked Dumley. "I went into a cigar store this morning and on the showcase lay change for a \$5 bill, which some

ines, which by an effective device run such a discourager to honesty in young

" He-"Haw, you ought to she plays it so beaunfully."-trarper's Stage-struck lady (auxiously) -"Isn't

Lithothe expression a little sad?" graphic artist-"You vos going to daig dot M gado on der road, ain't it? rans, and cushions of the same bro- graphic arust - Veli, dot pordraid viil - Tral-Buts. They were standing on the deck of a

> to go for a dwive with you, old chap; but I eahn't do it; I have to pwactice. Adolphus-Gwacious! You are not

studying anything, are you? Algernon -No, deah boy; but I pwactice an hour a day twying to learn to keep my eyeglass in my eye. - Rambier. First fisherman-What's the matter, man, did you forget the lines and Second tisherman - Confound You remembered the cards and flask,

it's to be hoped. Second fisherman-

Yes. First fisherman-O, well. I guess we can manage somehow .- Tid-Bits. First dude-Aw, Charlie, have you two hawves for a one, don't you know? Second dude (taking out his portemonnaie)-Awy cawse, Fwed. First dude -Aw, I'm deuced glawd, don't you I'm the one, Charlie, awnd I'll be beholden to you faw the loan awv them, don't you know .- Washington

"Mr. Featherly," said Bobby, ignoring his mother's signal to keep still, "did you ever hear pa whistle?" "No. Bobby," laughed Featherly, "I never have had that pleasure." "Well, you will," went on Bobby. "He told ma that he lent you \$5 last night and that he expected to whistle for it."-New York Sun

"Yes," said the father of the boy. "I want my son to learn the butcher business, and if you will give him a job we won't say anything about wages for six months." "Do you think he is fitted for the business?" asked the butcher. "Fitted for the business? Why, just look at those hands. They don't weigh less than two pounds a piece.—N. Y.

"No, George," she said, "I cannot education.—Mrs. Elle Good Housekeeping. as a triend, but I cannot be your wife." George hesitated. "Clara," brokenly, "will you grant me one favor before I go away forever?" "Yes, George," she replied, kindly. "Wnat "Please put your refusal down on paper. I'll feel safer."-Harper's

Artless little thing (proud of her linguistic acquirements): "I do hope you didn't catch what I was saying just now to Mrs. Simpson, Sig. Gavaeti. We were talking scandal—in Italian. I had no idea you were so close. Could Sig. Gavanti: "Yes, I hear?" could 'ere; but it is all a-right. I did not know you were speakin' my lang-

successful." Friend—"There is no doubt about it. What is his business,

What the friend of the family says: "It is, indeed, a lovely child, Mrs. Yungkuple." Who does it look like?"

"Well, its eyes resemble yours; but its mouth reminds me more of," etc., etc. What he means: "Great Cæsar! What a pug-nosed, flat-faced little beast! It looks more like one of the monkeys in the park than anything else I can think

of. -Puck. Tramp—Are you the proprietor of this hotel, sir? Proprietor—Yes, sir. Tramp—Will you please punch me un-der the ribs as hard as you can? Proprietor—Certainly—there, how's that? Tramp—That'll do. Now, what I'm gettin' at is, don't you wan'ter hire me fer a perambulatin' dinner-gong? That holler sound would fetch people down from the tenth story .- Tid-Bits.

A brakeman in the employ of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Company is a very obliging person, and thoughtful withal. An excursion party which in cluded many young men and women recently made a trip from Albany to Lake George, and as the train would near a tunnel, of which there are a good many on the line, he would call out in stentorian tones, "Gents, choose your partners for the tunnel."-Life.

A WOMAN'S BANK ACCOUNT.

We attach a meaning to words, and often are attracted by some powerful definition. Thus, for instance, Ruskin says, "What do you think the beautiful word wife came from? The great value of Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means weaver. You must either be housewives or house moths! Remember that, in the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring comes, home is always around her.' And in order to make this home all it Mary Ann, is an infidel." Rafferty— should be for all brought within its in-"Shure an' that's too bad. Why don't fluence, we lay down this proposition. cessity to the complete usefulness of woman in the home life. In that grand future when housekeeping is to become so easy; when woman shall have all the leisure they now clamor for in order that they may become more cultivated; when women will vote, -not so much because it is the law of the land, as that we believe Americans should rule America, and also to preserve American laws and liberty as endangered by the influx of foreign votes. In that coming time, I say, we shall find that women need a knowledge of business principles. By a business education for women, please do not understand me to advocate an exact and thorough knowledge of all mathematics, bookkeeping, etc., as taught in schools. Not at all. But it should be the duty, as also the pleasure, of every woman to acquaint herself, practically, with the necessary details of the business by which the father, brother, or husband gains the means for her support. If, by any misfortune, he be laid aside for a time, or taken away from her altogether, the woman is not without sufficient knowledge to pleasure to give this information, else it is like the imperfect co-partnership in business life, and consequently causes unhappiness to say the least. A woman's innate convictions are often more correct than her husband's.

Many a man is proud to confess how much of material success he owes to the fact of considering his wife equal partner in his business affairs. sneer at this idea of confiding the affairs of business to the wife. enough for her to bring up the children and keep the house," they say. Granted. -not only enough, but oftentimes too much, but are not these the men who usually wonder "where all the money goes to," and deal it out grudgingly if not sparingly? It is just because the woman does bring up the children and does keep the house that I would urge her positive knowledge of the income of the home and the proper management of it. This will not necessitate her going to the counting-house, office or store to carry out business details there. The wife no more desires to do that, than that the busband shall dictate in her kitchen, but, if she be a true "weaver," she would know of the amount of material in hand in order that she may fashion the garments accordingly. Suppose a widow is left with a certain amount of money represented by various bonds, stocks, mortgages or notes of hand from which she is to derive her income. If she has been the confithe dividends accrue, can collect them ure investments. On the other hand, if she be altogether ignorant of business and is thus obliged to entrust her interests to others, her income is very lia-ble to be swallowed up in lawyer's cipal, and interest, too, in some pet scheme into which some kind friend has induced her to enter; or, in full faith in a friend she is made to endorse a note (or some other equally hazardous proceeding), warch comes back upon her for payment, whereas a knowledge of business matters would have caused her to let that alone. Very few women are ever taught the risk of endorsements; very few, also, know how to draw a check, or keep a bank account properly. That is a pretty good illustration of the subject, which is a true story, of the woman whose hu-band provided her for a long absence from home by leaving her a certain amount in bank with a check-book. After a time she was notified that her bank account was overdrawn-finally was called upon by one of the officers of the bank, when she innocently replied, "Why, I haven't used up all my checks yet." All of this, we claim, should be a part of female education. -Mrs. Ellen Bliss Hooker, in

The Happy Colored Man.

He is the happiest darky I ever saw. He is content with anything. He don't know any more how his account stands than the man in the moon, and he don't care. He don't know when he begun nor when he is going to quit. I pay him \$10 a month, but he gets it in dribs—a dollar or so at a time, or a little flour or meal or a pig, and I sold him a cow for \$15. I scolded him about his old shoes, and he said he "was jes a-waitin' untwell I owed him enough to get a par of boots for de winter—a par of three-dollar boots."
"Why, John," said I, "I owe you nearly twenty dollars now," and he looked Professor-"That man across the amazed. He said: "Twenty dollars, ing person. I should say he would be money dan I ever hearn of comin' to successful."

Friend—"There is no Line and the successful." bowed low to the ground, but he

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