

WARD McALLISTER'S PICNIC.

A tall, thin man, with a red nose, grey side whiskers and a melancholy expression, drifted into the office of a chaste family newspaper last week and asked in a subdued voice if there was a member of the staff at liberty just then.

"Because," said the stranger, "a very peculiar thing happened on our way—I live out by Shantytown—this morning that I think you might work up into a slashing good article, somehow."

"What sort of thing?" said the managing editor, winking at the fighting reporter to get his club ready in case the sad man pulled out a poem or other dangerous contrivance.

"Well, in the first place," said the stranger, abstractedly, "do you happen to know the effect of beer on animals?" "Can't say I do."

"It's exactly the reverse of what it is on men. Instead of soothing 'em, it excites their nervous organization to the highest pitch, actually makes 'em insane."

"Does, eh?" "Yes, sir; and this morning, as it was rather sultry, I sent my youngest boy for a gallon of beer. He stopped on the way back and put the can down to play marbles. McFinty's old black Billy goat came along and drank up the beer—every drop of it."

"Great Caesar!" exclaimed the boss artist, regretfully. "He drank every drop, and nearly choked to death trying to swallow the can. He roared staggered round for a little while; then he started for a street car with all sails set, and hit the horse square amidships."

"It was fondered, of course?" said the pun editor. "Precisely. The goat then glanced off, broke the driver's leg and telescoped the car. I was sitting at my window about this time, and my attention was attracted by Ward McAllister prancing down the street, hedges bent for election."

"Ward McAllister?" gasped the society editor, turning pale. "That's the goat's name. You see McFinty's goat is the biggest of the four hundred and odd out our way, so they call him after McAllister."

"Is this goat story in one act?" asked the fighting editor, blowing into his deringer. "In one scene and four tableaux," said the stranger, solemnly. "On the next block Wardie—we call him Wardie, for short—came across a Dutch picnic headed by a brass band. The Teutons were tootin' Listen to the Mocking Bird, just beautifully, and pretty soon the band changed to 'Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming.'"

"Did the goat come?" "You bet he did. He didn't fancy the new tune, somehow, and the first thing the drum major knew Ward took him square in the stomach—most broke him clean in two; went through the rest of the band with the brass drum round his neck, and so on clear down to the end of the picnic, which was four squares long. I think there were twenty-one killed and ninety-six wounded. Pretty good for McAllister when you consider the entire driving power was only one gallon of cheap beer. Now, it occurred—"

"Hold on!" said the editor, signaling for the staff to roll up their sleeves; "allow me to explain what occurred to you. You concluded to catch the goat when he got sobered up and bring him down here for our benefit. You have him now tied to a fire plug around the corner, and if we will only chip in 50 cents for beer you will get the animal started up and we can watch the fun, eh?"

"Precisely!" said the stranger, warmly; "exactly. I will now take up a col—"

That afternoon delinquent subscribers, as they trailed up into the business office of the Traveler, wondered at the number of fresh blood-stains on the stairs.—Drake's Magazine.

Telephone Ear.

You may have a telephone ear. You may not know it, but you have all the same. It is the left ear, for it is on record that only a very small percentage of men or women use the right ear at the telephone. As a matter of fact, the telephone has suddenly come into prominence as a medical proposition, and unless the scientists are mistaken the bulk of men and women who use the telephone within a few years may expect to find themselves rather hard of hearing in the left ear. This is because when using the telephone every muscle and nerve of the ear is strained to catch the faintest sound of the person speaking at the other end. Dr. Oliver W. Moore, the eminent eye and ear specialist, was asked the other day if he had heard of any of the cases of deafness from the telephone.

"It is rather difficult to state exactly," he replied. "I have seen where the repeated sound of an instrument or the repetition of any sound has caused deafness. Telegraph operators are in danger of injuring their sense of hearing. Boiler-makers often suffer from deafness. In the construction of boilers it is necessary for one man to be inside the boiler and the other outside, and the incessant noise caused by the riveting of the boiler always causes either deafness or an affection of the ear. As to the telephone, it no doubt has the same effect. It is natural and reasonable to suppose that a person listening for a sound, and not knowing the moment when it will come, may injure the membrane of the ear, and in time this might affect the hearing power."

A Big Fossil.

While the proprietor of flour-mill at St. James, Neb., was digging to make repairs to his dam last week he unearthed the remains of a monster that probably roamed the prairies some thousands of years ago. About thirty-six feet of the spinal column and ribs, with one shoulder-blade and part of the forelegs, have thus far been brought to light. Sections of the backbone measured six inches across. Some are in a fair state of preservation, while others crumble when exposed to the air. It is estimated that the monster must have stood fifteen feet high.

OUR WOMEN IN FICTION.

NAMES THAT ARE FAMILIAR IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD IN AMERICA.

The Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Heads the List, of Course—Mrs. Whitney, Who Wrote "We Girls" and Others.

A few years ago a woman novelist was regarded as something of a curiosity, not to say a monstrosity. But the fact is now proved, and easily, that a woman can earn her living with her pen and still preserve her womanliness. So says a writer in Democrat.

Mrs. Stowe was born at Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1812, and is, therefore, now in her 78th year. She came of the best and most vigorous Puritan ancestry, her father being the famous divine, Dr. Lyman Beecher, who was the father also of Henry Ward Beecher. She taught school in Hartford for several years, and at the age of 20 married Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, then of Cincinnati. Her first literary venture—which was not successful—was "The Mayflower." Two years after she began "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She has since published a good many novels and sketches, among the most famous of which are "Oldtown Folks" and "Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories." She is now much enfeebled by age and infirmities, and is calmly awaiting the end of a long and useful life at her charming home in Hartford, Conn. The picture accompanying this article represents Mrs. Stowe as she appeared at the time "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written.

Among our older story-writers is Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, author of "Faith Gately's Girlhood," "We Girls," and "The Other Girls," so dear to thousands of young American women. Adeline D. Train was the daughter of Enoch Train, an old and well-known shipowner of Boston in the days when shipping interests were a profitable source of income. She was educated in the best Boston schools and society, and is a highly cultivated as well as an earnest and beneficent woman. She married Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney of Milton, Mass., and has lived in that pleasant old town (ten miles from Boston) most of the time since her marriage. Her writings are marked by a rare spiritual element and purity of purpose, and it is impossible for a young girl to read her stories of other natural and womanly girls without imbibing therewith new and elevating impulses, or to close her charming books without high-minded resolves to lead better and worthier lives.

Augusta C. Evans, the author of "Benlah" and other works, made a fine reputation and quite a fortune from them. Near the outbreak of the war she published "Macaria," a novel of excellent literary merits, but too strongly imbued with Southern principles and sympathies to become at all popular in the Northern States. Sentimental feeling, however, has died away in a great measure; and when she published a new novel about a year ago, the old friends and admirers of Miss Evans welcomed it with cordial approval. All of us who read "Benlah" and "St. Elmo" accord their author her full credit of appreciation, both on account of her literary style and skill and her thorough scholarship and culture.

Mrs. Evans Wilson has lived for many years in Mobile, Ala. She was born near Columbus, Ga., in 1836. During her childhood her parents moved to Texas, and from there removed to Mobile. She married L. M. Wilson in 1868. Mrs. Sarah Orme Jewett, more than most authors, knows how to deal with the common place and prosaic in such a way as to teach us their underlying interest and charms, and the truth and sincerity of the simple country hearts.

Miss Jewett was born at South Berwick, Me., Sept. 3, 1849, and still lives at the old homestead during the summer months of every year. Her winters are passed in Boston with Mrs. James T. Fields, the widow of the famous Boston publisher.

Miss Jewett's grandfather was an old sea captain who afterwards became a shipowner at Berwick, and it is easy to see where she got "material" for her inimitable sketches of the older seafaring men. Her father was a physician, and so was her mother's father. Her best known novels are "A Marsh Island," "A Country Doctor" and "Doephaven."

Probably not since George Eliot's time has there been so much feminine ability hidden behind masculine names as there has been in the writing of Charles Egbert Craddock. When her strong, characteristic sketches of Tennessee mountain life began to appear in the Atlantic Monthly, about ten years ago, there was not a doubt in the public mind of the writer's being a man, and one of a strong masculine individuality. Even her handwriting carried out the deception, and the editor of the Atlantic never mistrusted that his new contributor was a woman. Finally one pleasant winter morning a card was brought into his editorial sanctum with "Charles Egbert Craddock" inscribed thereon. When the new author was ushered into his presence he was so taken aback that for a moment he could not speak. He re-

venge himself, however, schoolboy fashion, by "playing a trick on some other fellow," and invited three prominent Boston literary men to meet "Charles Egbert Craddock" that evening at a dinner, and by seeing all three struck speechless with surprise. One of them actually could not for a moment acknowledge the introduction.

All the world now knows, however, that the real name of the writer is Mary Noailles Murfree, and that she is a descendant of the old and well known Murfree family of North Carolina and Tennessee. Her birthplace was the battlefield of Murfreesboro. Her home is in St. Louis.

A literary critic wrote a few years ago: "We have a Gaborian (we were almost tempted to say a greater than Gaborian) in our own tongue." This was just after the appearance of "The Leavenworth Case"; and public opinion, agreeing with the critic for once, still estimates at that standard the powers of Anna Katharine Green. "The Leavenworth Case" is universally considered to be one of the best detective stories ever written. The technical knowledge of law and its intricacies displayed therein is pronounced by our best lawyers something wonderful; and the most remarkable fact of all is that the book was written by a woman, unassisted by any man.

Among the many previous lives sacrificed in the War of the Rebellion was one which at a time darkened the whole future and nearly ended the life of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. But by the strength of her own nature she was compelled to rise from her seeming defeat, and, taking up her pen again, wrote her conceptions of the world whose gates had been left ajar for her, and her idea of her lover's possible condition. Her book lay two years in the publisher's hands, but was finally brought out in 1868. It was pronounced morbid, unhealthy, unorthodox, and even "heathenish," by carping critics. But, nevertheless, it has reached a sale of over 100,000 copies, and has been translated into German, French, Dutch and Italian; and it has brought comfort to many a lonely, bereaved heart, to whom the old crude and meager idea of Heaven seemed unsatisfying. There is no doubt that it touched the sympathies of humanity at large, and is one of the books which will live for many decades to come. Afterward Miss Phelps wrote "Beyond the Gates" and "The Gates Between," both of which were well received and ran through numerous editions. Her other best works are "Men, Women, and Ghosts," "The Story of Avis," "Hedged In," "The Old Maid's Paradise," and "Burglars in Paradise." Her first story was written when she was 13 years old. "Gates Ajar" is what brought her first to notice. She was born in Massachusetts in 1844.

What young girl has not read and delighted in "Nelly Kinnard's Kingdom," "Seven Daughters," "Syndic Adriance," "Stephen Dame," and "Hope Mills"? The author of these pure and helpful books is Miss Amanda M. Douglas, of Newark, N. J. Miss Douglas was born in New York City, and, with the exception of a few years passed on a farm a few miles above Newark, she spent her childhood and school days in New York. She came of the best old Scotch and French Huguenot blood.

One of the oldest and certainly the most voluminous of woman writers is Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Probably no one else now engaged in the pursuit of literature has written so many novels. She has published forty-four in book form and twenty-three as serials, making sixty-seven in all. Mrs. Southworth derives a handsome income from the products of her pen, the sum being estimated as high as \$10,000 per annum. "Ismael" is her own favorite among her books, although there is no doubt that "The Hidden Hand" had the greatest "run" during its publication. The latter has recently been published in book form and is meeting with a good sale.

Of Miss Rives (Mrs. Chandler) there need be little said now. She is a recent light in the literary sky, and has been recently discussed and pruned about.

"Will you kindly allow me to stand?" asked a gentleman as he got into a railway carriage, which carriage already contained the specified number. "Certainly not, sir," exclaimed a passenger occupying a corner seat near the door. "The way these trains are overcrowded is shameful."

"As you appear to be the only person who objects to my presence," replied the gentleman, "I shall remain where I am."

"Then I shall call the guard and have you removed, sir."

Sauntering the action to the word the aggrieved passenger rose and, putting his head out of the window, vociferously summoned the guard. The newcomer saw his opportunity and quietly slipped into the corner seat.

"Wh' s' up?" inquired the guard as he opened the carriage door. "One over the number," replied the newcomer, coolly.

"You must come out, sir; the train's going on," and without waiting for further explanation the guard pulled out the aggrieved passenger, who was left wildly gesticulating on the platform.—London Court Journal.

EXTREMES IN TEMPERATURE.

From 130 Above in San Francisco to 90 Degrees Below in Russia.

Capt. R. E. Kerkam, signal officer at this station is something of an enthusiast in his profession, and from the voluminous data in his office is able to answer almost any sort of a commandment a visitor may care to propound, so long as it relates to meteorological records, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"You have heard no doubt," said Capt. Kerkam the other day to one of his visitors "that the climate of Louisiana is one of its weak points. Now, if you look up the records you will see that the range of temperature here is one of the narrowest to be found anywhere on this continent. Here are the extremes that have been recorded here, and though the range between them is not wide, it is wider than that recorded again for thirty years. On Jan. 9, 1886, the mercury fell to 15 degrees above zero, and on June 22, 1881, it rose as high as 97 degrees, giving a range between extremes of 82 degrees, but, as every Louisiana knows, the former figure is one to which the mercury is not likely to fall once in thirty years.

"Now, if you compare this range—82 degrees—with those in other portions of the United States you will not find any less, except it might be at some of the sea-coast stations in middle and southern latitudes on the Pacific.

"But when you come to look for wide ranges between the minimum and maximum temperatures go into northern Dakota and Montana. What do you think of 169 degrees?"

"I was in that country from 1878 to 1881, and on Dec. 29, 1880, saw the temperature 59 degrees below zero, and in July of 1881 saw it at 110 degrees. These temperatures are from standard instruments used by the signal service, and to prove that the record is correct the stations at Fort Benton, Mont., and Pembina, Dak., recorded the same minimum temperature on the same day, making it appear as though there were a belt of country about 600 miles long and about 150 miles wide along the forty-ninth parallel that has a temperature lower than that recorded elsewhere in the extreme northwest.

"In conversation with any southerner regarding low temperature Bismarck, Dak., appears to be the zero of his calculations. If Bismarck has a temperature below zero, he is 10, 15 or 20 degrees below, the cry is 'look out for a cold wave.' Now, in that stretch of country north and northwest of Bismarck, where the minimum occurs, the temperature is invariably 10 to 45 degrees lower than at the latter place.

"The summer temperature also appears to be somewhat higher along the forty-ninth parallel. At the time the maximum was 110 degrees where I was located in July, 1881, Bismarck had but 102 degrees as a maximum for the same date.

"These are the extreme occurrences of heat and cold in the northwest, but the average range is probably fully 150 degrees, and an additional range of 19 degrees would not make much difference.

"The Pacific coast is not usually a hot place, but exceedingly high temperatures have occurred in California on several occasions. On June 17, 1869, the temperature at San Francisco registered 133 degrees, rising suddenly from 77 degrees; a burning northwest desert wind prevailed for several hours, and at 7 p. m. of the same date, the temperature had again fallen to 77 degrees. At Santa Barbara, on the same afternoon, a strong burning desert wind blew for a few hours, destroying all fruit, and animal life exposed to the hot wind died from the effect. The temperature at Santa Barbara is also said to have registered 133 degrees. On the same day the temperature was 102 degrees at San Diego and 117 degrees at Fort Yuma, Cal.

"In June, 1887, from the 8th to the 12th, excessively high temperatures occurred in California, ranging from 93 degrees at San Diego to 111 degrees at Yuma and 122 degrees at Spring Valley. It is an interesting fact that ice formed within 600 miles of this temperature, at Cheyenne, Wyo., on the same dates. During this heated spell the daily maximum temperature at Fort Yuma did not fall below 103 degrees and the mean for the month was 110 degrees, the highest day temperatures ranging from 103 degrees to 118 degrees, with minimums at night never below 77 degrees.

"On July 17, 1879, in Onargia, Algeria, the thermometer registered 127.4 degrees. At Werchojansk, Siberia, Jan. 15, 1885, the minimum temperature was 90.4 degrees below zero."

An Ideal Home. My idea of good housekeeping is where a woman keeps her home sweet and orderly; provides simple, well-cooked food; makes her home so restful and cheerful that all who come into it shall be better for breathing the atmosphere of kindness and cheerfulness that pervades the place; and where the household machinery always runs smoothly because of the constant thoughtfulness of the mistress of the home. A place like this is truly a home, and the woman who makes such a home deserves the respect and admiration of everybody. I have seen such homes among the rich and among the poor, for neither wealth nor poverty prevents the right person from filling with the atmosphere of comfort and happiness the house of which she is the mistress.—Good Housekeeping.

Baldness Cured by the Johnstown Flood. At least one good effect of the Johnstown flood has been noted. It caused hair to grow for a man who has been bald for many years. His name is Marburg, and he battled with the rushing waters for seven hours before being rescued. Two days afterwards he noticed a downy substance all over his head. As time passed the down became hair, which grew rapidly, and is now an inch long.

Smokeless Powder. In consequence of the success of the smokeless powder, the Italian government has suspended the manufacture of all kinds of gunpowder.

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IN NEW HAVEN. She Lost Her Last Haven and Suffered an Awful Reduction.

He turned sternly from the slight- quivering figure, convulsed with sobs, and, leaning his elbows on the mantelpiece, gazed darkly into the empty grate.

"Then it is true?" he said as the frown deepened on his brow. "Forgive me!" she sobbed, rocking to and fro in her grief and abasement. "But you told me you had never loved before—that no man had ever stirred your heart."

"Not as I have loved you!" she cried, wildly. "And yet you admit that you were engaged to Ferguson of the class of '87?"

"Yes," she murmured. "And that before that you had an understanding with Williamson of '86?" "Yes."

"And with Graham of '85?" "No, no," she cried, "not with him—with both his brothers in the Sheffield scientific—but not with him."

"But you were engaged to Sandiman of '85?" he went on, referring to a letter in his hand. "Can you not forgive me?" she pleaded. "I could, Clara," he said after a pause—"I believe I could bring myself to it if that were all. But you were also engaged to McHally of '84?"

"Ah!" she cried, feebly, "do not spurn me from you!" "What have you to say for yourself?" he demanded, hoarsely. "Speak, woman!"

She rose to her full height and looked at him with a pathetic dignity in her glance. "Ah, George," she said, "you little know the exigencies of a young girl's life in a college town."

For an instant he hesitated, as if his better nature moved him, and then he turned toward the door. "Farwell!" he said, and walked rapidly away. In another second the street door clashed behind him. With one heart-breaking cry the girl flung herself on her knees and buried her face in the cushions of the parlor sofa.

"All is over!" she cried, brokenly. "He was my last hold. Henceforth I am reduced to freshmen!"—Pack.

The Silkworm's Job Gone. If Moussa Effendi Khouri is right, the value of silkworms will soon be very much depreciated. This gentleman is a Syrian and a native of Beyrount. For years he has been trying to manufacture silk without the aid of silkworms, and now he claims that he has succeeded. He has patented his invention in the east and in all the countries of Europe. In this country he has also filed an application for a patent.

After studying for a long time the manner in which silkworms do their work Moussa Effendi Khouri came to the conclusion that quite as fine a silk could be made out of the twigs and bark of the mulberry tree as is made at present from the leaves. He therefore experimented with the bark and twigs, discarding the services of the worms altogether, and after years of labor he succeeded in producing a silk which has been pronounced by European experts to be no whit inferior to the article manufactured by silkworms.

In appreciation of Moussa Effendi Khouri's devotion to science the Turkish government has granted him certain rights over all the mulberry trees in the Sultan's dominions. "So long as I have enough mulberry trees," says Khouri, "I can produce silk at less than half what it costs when produced by the silkworms.—New York Herald.

The Lost Euclids Found Again. An interesting discovery is said to have been made in India. This is nothing less than the lost books of Euclid, of which a Sanskrit translation is said to have been found at Jeyvora.

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