

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

chestra in the Aberdeen rink. Strawberries with musical accompaniment is something we are not often treated with in the excellent style they purport doing, so a charming success is expected.

DIGBY.

[Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.] June 30th.—Miss Clara Robinson is home from Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Williams returned from their honeymoon last week and spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Goucher.

Miss Mina Bishop has returned from Truro where she has been attending school.

Miss May Handford spent a few days of last week in St. John.

Miss Edith Nichols is visiting in St. John.

Mrs. Bonnell gave an "at home" Saturday evening. With such a gracious and charming hostess it is needless to say the occasion was an extremely pleasant one.

Mrs. Bowers of Ottawa and child are guests at the "Waverly."

Mrs. Walker is visiting her mother Mrs. Fenwick.

Mrs. Coombs of St. John, who has been visiting her daughter Mrs. Wightman is quite ill.

Mr. McGregor of Boston found Digby such an ideal vacation resort last season that he has repeated his visit, bringing with him a party of friends who will remain in the summer.

Rev. Mr. Thomas preached an eloquent sermon to the Foresters Sunday evening last. Miss Lottie Haines and Capt. Rop of Clements, were married at the residence of the bride's parents, Boston, on the afternoon of 28th. The happy couple left the same day for New York in the Prince Rupert.

Mrs. Chaloner has returned from a pleasant visit in St. John.

Mr. Dunbar of Weymouth is spending a few months with her son Capt. Allen.

Mr. Fred Jones of Ottawa, Inspector of Customs is in town.

Rev. J. D. Rogers of Annapolis has been spending a few days in Digby.

Mrs. McIver of St. John is at Lower Lodge for some weeks.

ANAGANCE.

June 30.—Mrs. George Davidson spent the week of Jubilee in St. John, returning home on Wednesday accompanied by Miss Ida Davidson who will be her guest for a week.

Mrs. Byard McLeod is confined to her home with a severe cold.

Mrs. Davidson entertained a few friends to tea on Saturday in honor of her guest Miss Davidson.

Rev. A. C. Bell of Charlottetown spent Monday and Tuesday in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Chris. Smith.

Miss Davidson of "Apple Hill" spent Sunday in Pettitville with her friend Miss Webster.

Miss Susan of Penobscot and Mr. Beverly McNaughton of Annapolis spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McNaughton.

Mrs. Lester Sturges and two children are visiting Mrs. Nelson at Pettitville this week.

Mr. Gilbert Davidson of St. John is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Davidson at the depot.

SORRY SHE WON.

Because she won at cards she cursed her ill luck.

"You've all read of women who took the place of men and filled the bill," said the veteran who had lived through all the border ruffian wars of Kansas and kept his health. "I know of one case that convinced me that the two sexes have much in common."

"Where I first settled in the southwest there was a woman that ran a gambling joint. She had a good business head, was a fine physical specimen of her sex, conducted a wonderful quiet place for those times and never made a promise that she did not fulfill."

"One day a young six-footer from Kentucky came into her den looking for a game. It happened that the boys were all at a horse race and shooting match, so she volunteered to entertain him at poker till they returned. She was famed for luck but that day chance played her false. The handsome Kentuckian was a reckless gamster and soon he had all the thousands that she had saved. When the boys gathered about the table he was playing what he had won against the ownership of the place. There were some ominous threats but he gave no sign of noticing them and in one deal of the cards he was proprietor of the whole outfit. The woman was palid and her eyes flamed but not a protest did she utter."

"I'll stake myself and make it all or nothing," she said with a smile that would have frozen the god of mirth.

"I should give you odds," was the gallant response to the challenge, and the Kentuckian threw a roll of bills upon the table.

"Face up the cards were dealt and the woman won. Her opponent arose with a bow, declared it the heaviest loss he had ever sustained, and walked out. She cursed her luck and was the maddest woman I ever saw."—Detroit Free Press.

Sales Talk

With Hood's Sarsaparilla, "Sales Talk," and show that this medicine has enjoyed public confidence and patronage to a greater extent than accorded any other proprietary medicine. This is simply because it possesses greater merit and produces greater cures than any other. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. All advertisements of Hood's Sarsaparilla, like Hood's Sarsaparilla itself, are honest. We have never deceived the public, and this with its superlative medicinal merit, is why the people have abiding confidence in it, and buy

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COSTLY FOOD FOR 49ERS.

High Prices that Prevailed in the California Restaurants in those Days.

If life was not all 'cakes and ale' among the 49ers; if among the vast majority the daily menu was limited to 'slap-jacks,' 'hard tack,' 'coffee and beans,' occasionally diversified by an unfortunate jack rabbit or quail, whose misplaced confidence in mankind brought them too early to the pot of the hardy miner, neither was it entirely devoid of luxuries in living for those whose appetites were on a par with their financial ability to gratify them.

In San Francisco the luxuriously inclined were wont to seek habitation whether for legitimate or illegitimate reasons; we need not now stop to inquire. Opportunity for self-indulgence of appetite was not wanting from the very beginning of things, provided, as already hinted at, that good digestion while waiting on appetite, was supplemented by a sufficient supply of 'shekels' to give practical rein to its indulgence. Where the gambler flourished in all his glory, and the glint and glitter of gold passing from hand to hand on all sides was too common to excite observation or comment, it need not be wondered at that no limit of prices put upon the 'good things of life' would prevent men enjoying them.

Even among the adventurous and hardy 'gold hunters' yearning for the fleshpots, which they left behind them, did not pass unassuaged when opportunity offered, no matter though the rate to be paid therefore was one far beyond the bounds of what they had been reared to believe was more than the 'height of extravagance.'

Recalling a scene in illustration of this fact, the writer may mention an incident of the month of July, 1849. Encamped with his companions upon the banks of the Sacramento where Sacramento City was just beginning to take on the semblance of a town in the stages of embryonic form he witnessed the arrival of a daring speculator who had come all the way from the mission of San Jose with a wagon load of potatoes and onions for sale. In less than thirty minutes every onion and potato had found a purchaser at the upset price of \$1 per pound, while the venturesome speculator started back a richer but probably no wiser man than when he conceived the profitable venture.

But it is of the hotels and hostleries of San Francisco in 1849 and the early '50s that this paper is intended to recall, in the belief that the wide contrast between the cheap luxurious living of to-day and the prices of that early period may not be devoid of general public interest. Perhaps in no other aspect nor from any other point of view was the composite and cosmopolitan character of the population of San Francisco at that time more strikingly exemplified than through the national nomenclature of the restaurants of that day, as well as the national personality of their enterprising proprietors.

If there was this wide variety of nationality of hotels and restaurants with their concomitants of varied national characteristics in cookery, there was a singular sameness in prices, no matter whence he came or what the nationality of the host. Theirs was a tariff for revenue only, 'which home industries had to pay for, and against which there was no protection.'

Notwithstanding the fact that there were cattle in countless herds upon a thousand hills in those days though game was in abundance and the water teemed with fish, yet all these common needs were not yet brought to market in sufficient quantity to make them other than luxuries. Of vegetables there were practically none. To put it as a writer in the 'Annals of San Francisco' sentimentally stated it, 'in 1849 the announcement of a real cabbage for dinner would have set half of the population frantic with strangely stirred appetites.' The justification of this seemingly exaggerated remark will be found in the perusal of some of the hotel bills of fare of that day, where the potato figures of hardly less value, than 'a golden apple of Hesperides,' and a plate of cabbage costs 50 cents. In one sense, at least, 'cabbage heads' were far less common in those days than they are now, saying nothing about the other slang sense of the expression—since a nickel will buy a whole one sold at retail big enough

to feed a whole modern boarding house if fairly supplemented by its legitimate ally, the toothsome corned beef.

The old adobe 'City Hall,' which stood on the southwest corner of Kearney and Clay streets, was the first hotel of pretensions proportions and character erected in San Francisco. It was built in 1846. In the days of its greatest glory—in 1849—its bill of fare embraced ducks and quail at from \$2 to \$5 each, salads \$1 to \$2, and eggs from 75 cents to \$1 each.

The Parker House, which stood on Kearny street, where the new Hall of Justice is about being erected, was built in 1848-49 by Robert A. Parker. It was a two-and-a-half story wooden building, the lumber in its construction costing \$600 per 1,000 feet. It went down in the first great fire of Dec. 24, 1849, while under rental mainly to gamblers at \$15,000 a month. Rebuilt in the spring of 1850, it went down once again, and finally, on May 4, 1850, in the second great conflagration, that being the very day upon which it was completed.

While the name was literally legion of the Italian osterias, German wirthschaffs, French cabarets, Spanish fridas, Chinese chow chows, American, English, and other restaurants, at every one of which prices were charged that would stagger the rich and well kept habitues of the palace of today, the so-called first-top hotels were neither conspicuous in dimensions nor numerous. 'Top high-water' mark was supposed to have been reached when the Ward House was built and opened, in the autumn of 1849. It was situated on Clay street, opposite the middle of the old plaza, and, although then regarded as an inspiring and luxurious affair, would to-day hardly pass for a third-rate beer saloon. It was the favorite place of resort and indulgence for the elite of that day, however.

BUTTERED THE RAILS.

How Billy Mahone Was Outwitted by Virginia Students.

Gen. "Billey" Mahone, the fast-fighting Virginian, never lowered his flag voluntarily in the face of an enemy but once in his eventful life. That was when a lot of college students got after him down in southwestern Virginia in the early seventies. The General was then President of the lately consolidated line of railway from Norfolk to Bristol. Within ten miles of Abingdon, this way, is located the famous old Methodist college, Emory and Henry, redolent in name of the piety of Bishop Emory and the patriotism of Patrick Henry. At the period mentioned there was a 'salt train' that used to pass the College en route from Saltville to Bristol daily at an hour that enabled the students to ride on it down to Abingdon, where some of them visited the girls at the female colleges of the town. The others usually visited the local jag foundry, and returned to college to enliven its classic quietude with whoops and yells not required by the Ciceronian cult of oratory nor found in the preparatory discipline for Demosthenian declamation.

The college authorities were anxious to break up the Abingdon excursions, but they ran by a sort of ancient prescription, and the faculty hesitated to taboo them outright. They resorted to strategy, and got Gen. Mahone to quietly order the salt train to scoot past the college station, oblivious to all signals and defiant of past custom. The first afternoon that the train frisked by and left the callow collegians amazed and disgusted they considered it a mishap only. Due perhaps to some demand of urgency upon the engineer to meet a new schedule. The second day they were left in a like plight, and this time they were neither chary nor christian in their objections. It was evident to them that they were the victims of a conspiracy. A caucus resulted in the sending forth a special commission to ferret out the mystery and spot the miscreants.

That evening three of the boys set out for Saltville. At Glade Spring they loaded up with the ticklers of old Hiram Thompson's best bug-juice. When they reached Saltville they soon got the engineer of the salt train in tow and headed for Floyd's reserve, where nightly carousals with a loose and lushy crowd of countrymen could be found. The engineer got boozy enough to give the whole game away, and next morning the special commissioners reported throughout college and campus that Gen. Mahone was in league with the faculty to 'shoot the train' and deprive the boys of their time-honored privileges. A midnight caucus was held by the ringleaders of college devilism in general ways and means proposed to circumvent the doughty general and faculty. For more than a week there had been a student riot breeding over a dozen firkins of rancid butter that had been imported by one of the college refectories. Some shrewd student proposed that both 'grievances' be dealt with at the same time. It was resolved to "bring the butter and the bullgine" together, and soon the knockers-up were summoning from their beds the reliable spirits who could be trusted for such an adventure as that in hand. A half hundred willingly responded.

It did not take long to force the door of the springhouse and yank out half a dozen firkins of butter strong enough to stall any

train in the land. A hundred hands were soon busy spreading the offensive grass along the rails of the track until they were smeared for half a mile either way from the college station. The fast Southern express train was due along about daylight, and the boys washed up in the spring branch and went back to their quarters to wait the racket.

Soon the train's headlight came over the grade from Glade Spring, and presently there was heard a whirr and whizz of wheels, the frantic snorts of the engine, then a dead standstill for the train and a long whistle for help from the engineer. He had run out of sand and was spinning on the grease. The train crew were soon out hunting more sand, and throwing dirt and gravel on the rails as the engine painfully pinched along with the heavy train. All hands were making the morning air lurid with variegated profanity, and speedily this was reinforced by the special and sundry cursings of the awakened and disgusted passengers.

It took the train just two hours to get away from the buttered rails, and it took Gen. Mahone only a few hours more to cover the space on a special engine between Lynchburg and the college.

His arrival was greeted by an ovation by the students, and the madder he showed himself to be the wilder grew the cheers and chaff of the college boys. A hurried consultation with the faculty was followed by a request from the General to have speech with the students. He mounted the platform at the station and proceeded to declaim against 'the outrage' perpetrated on interstate commerce, 'the crime' against the United States mails, and so forth; but the boys laughed and jeered more exasperatingly as the General grew more vehement and swung his old white slouch hat to punctuate his points. At length, almost frothing at the mouth, the General shouted:

'What do you want?'

'The salt train!' replied 200 voices as that of one big giant.

'Well, by—, you may have it. Good-by!'

Leaping onto the engine, the General pulled out on the back journey, and the boys had no more trouble about the schedule of the salt train.

GIFT CUPS AND INSCRIPTIONS.

A Group of Eleven Marked Mother-in-law, Grandpa, Uncle and so on.

Gift cups and saucers are made in many styles and with various inscriptions. They are given most commonly to children. But there is a curious and interesting group of eleven gift cups and saucers of large size, the cup holding a pint, they are presented to adults only. These cups are inscribed respectively Mother-in-law, Grandpa and Grandma, Sister, Brother, Uncle, Aunt, Husband, Wife, Father, Mother. Big cups and saucers with some or perhaps all of these inscriptions have been sold more or less for a long time; but as a regular article of stock, in full line this group is practically new, having been on the market only about four years. They are made in this country. As with all gifts cups and saucers, the greatest number of these are sold in the holiday season, but there is a demand for them the year round, and the sale of them is steady and considerable.

To those who are accustomed to coffee cups of ordinary size, and, if they wished more coffee, would prefer to have their cup replenished, it might seem that nobody would want such a big cup; but there are a good many people, taking them altogether, that like to drink out of a big cup. Stone china coffee cups holding a pint, with saucers to correspond, are a regular article of stock in wholesale and jobbing crockery houses, and many are sold. For example: Here is a young married couple whose uncle, a great coffee drinker, is coming to make them a visit. The young husband says to his wife:

'We've never been able to give Uncle Bill coffee enough. Let's give him a cup that will hold all he can drink.'

And the young wife says: 'All right; let us do it.'

And they buy him one of those big cups, marked 'Uncle'; and when Uncle Bill sits down to breakfast for the first time in his nephew's house his coffee is brought to him in that cup; and he is pleased, as it is intended he should be.

It might be supposed that the total number of demands such as this wouldn't be enough to amount to much; but as a matter of fact among seventy million people the number of just such demands as in the aggregate large.

A cup inscribed 'Mother-in-law' may be presented for the same reason as that assigned for the presentation to an uncle as above set forth. Or it may be that the presentation of the mother-in-law cup is intended as a joke; but, if so, it is certainly meant to be a good-humored joke. Various occasions for the presentation of any of the other cups will readily suggest themselves, as birthdays, and so on, all inspired by friendly feeling. In fact, the only people who have anything to do with these cups are the decorators who make the inscriptions upon them.

The decorators are paid for their work per dozen cups, and when the mother-in-law cup came out they protested. They got up more for that long compound word than they did for short and simple word wife, which they put on many cups. Obviously a decorator receiving cups for decoration would rather have two wives than one mother-in-law and a number of the

other inscriptions are nearly twice as long as wife. So, to make it fair in allotting the cups to the decorators at the pottery establishment, it is customary so to divide them, with respect to their inscriptions, that each decorator will get as near as possible the same number of letters to make.

ONE MAN AND A MOB.

And His Only Weapon of Defence Was a Silver Spoon.

This is a story of how one man did what a sheriff, police force, citizens and fire department failed to do. Unarmed, save for a silver spoon, and unassisted, he dispersed a blood-thirsty mob bent on murder and arson. It was during the Chinese riots in Denver in the year 1880, the bloodiest in its history. An angry mob filled the streets and made the air blue with its mutterings. When things had reached this stage a gigantic cowboy in a red flannel shirt drove into the crowd waving his lariat over his head and shouting, 'Let's burn the rats out of their holes.' This was all sufficient to inflame the crowd to violence and to the Chinese quarter of the town they went.

There were probably 500 Chinamen and Chinese women huddled together in a lot of dens covering an area of half a block. The different apartments were connected by narrow secret passages.

These were typical dens of Chinese vice and crime, and the fumes of opium filled the air for a block away. It was a plague spot, and a menace to every self-respecting citizen. As the officers of the law fattened on it, its denizens remained unmolested. To this place the mob rushed howling and crying for the 'rats' to be burned out. Soon they were beyond the control of the police, and the chief appealed to the sheriff. Three hundred citizens were sworn in and armed with revolvers and Winchester. The sheriff tried to disperse the crowd by threats, persuasion and by reading the riot act, but they only hissed and hooted.

The Chinamen barricaded their doors, and not a sound came from within save the occasional cry of a woman. The mob fired at the doors and the sheriff threatened to fire into the crowd, but a dozen Winchester were pointed in his face and he subsided. Finally some one set fire to the old frame buildings and in a moment the entire Chinese quarter was in flames. The mob, maddened by the sight, yelled and howled. They made a rush on the doors and with some heavy lumber broke them in and rushed through. There were a few shots, a few cries, and a few supplies.

They shot down the men as they rushed from the burning buildings, and then dragged them out by the queues. They picked the little Chinese women up in their arms and carried them out. Quantities of silverware, cigars, liquor and opium were found and confiscated by the rioters. What they could not carry away with them was scattered on the sidewalks. The fire department came and turned the water on the crowd, but some one cut the hose and destroyed its usefulness for extinguishing the flames and the ardor of the mob. The plaintive cries of the women and children were distinctly heard by the armed officers of the law, but they stood paralyzed and did nothing.

The mob was drinking their fill of blood and whiskey, carrying home rich booty, or the shapely little Chinese women, when four men came out of the building, dragging a Chinaman by the queue. Cries of 'shoot him!' went up from the throats of a hundred men, when a man, coatless and hatless, rushed into the midst of the rioters.

'You cowardly dogs!' he roared, with a voice that resounded far above the yells and din of the crowd. He reached into his hip pocket—but, no—it was empty. He saw something glistening in the firelight at his feet and picked it up unnoticed. He put it into his hip pocket and dashed up to the four men. Pulling it from his pocket he faced them. 'Get out of here, you—, or I will kill every coward of you!' said he, waving it in their faces. The men stood back aghast. 'I'll kill the first—that lays a finger on another Chinaman. Now get, every coward of you.' He still waved his hand high in the air, and its contents glistened in the fire light.

'It's Jim Moon,' said one. No sooner had the crowd recognized him than they threw down their weapons and ran, leaving him standing alone against a background of burning buildings and cowering Chinamen, still waving his hand and the silver spoon—for it was only a spoon—over his head.

When the officers of the law came out of their trance they realized that the blood-thirsty mob had been scattered by one man with an ounce of determination and a silver spoon. Jim then threw down his improvised pistol, had a hearty laugh at the fire department and police, then went up town and took a drink.

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