



Among other delightful people met at Shasta Springs are some of our own townpeople. Mr. and Mrs. William J. Davis, who have taken a cottage for a season of pleasure. Mrs. Davis has become quite a mountaineer and climbs about in short skirt and leggings, like a native.

You missed the event of your life if you failed to see the "Big Show" given last week by some of the "small fry" of our city. It was simply immense. The clown, who also acted as ringmaster, introduced the performers. There were handstands, trapeze performances, tumbling on the horizontal bar, songs, dances, etc., and some really fine walking and dancing on the tight rope by Norwood Hulburd, who was manager of the "Big Show." After the general performance there was a side show, said by the clown to be indispensable to every "well regulated circus," when "caught it" and this case it was a fish weighing—oh, there is no telling how many pounds. He is back again, and suppose you ask him and see what he will tell you. Mr. Wolf's son Ed has been staying at "Sweet Briar Camp," the name of Mr. Loftus' place, for some time past on account of ill health.

Mr. Loftus, a member of the former Sacramento, and many of our people go to him on this account. Miss Mary Wolf is also spending her vacation there. Mrs. Wolf returned to Sacramento with her husband. Fun, fast and furious, follows in Henry Wolf's wake—but I really would like to know the truth of that fish story.

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On Thursday evening a "Ladies' Night" at Amory Hall proved to be a very enjoyable affair. The orchestra, consisting of a solo and the orchestra from the Brothers' College, in training by Charlie Neale, gave some very commendable selections. After the programme refreshments made a very agreeable finale to a pleasant evening. The entertainment was given by Company E, and Lieutenant J. L. Hughes had charge of the programme.

It is said that two devoted brothers, both bicycle riders, are both in turn perfectly devoted to a well-known young lady, also a bicycle rider, and when she is out on her wheel she almost always has one on either side paying court to her fair self and tribute to her grace as a rider. In such a case what will the outcome be, do you suppose? A duel on wheels, or "wheels" with the duel left out?

A very successful "Launch Party" was given on the river last week, which was attended by quite a number of our popular young people, to their great satisfaction and enjoyment.

While the Congregational Church takes its summer vacation, Mrs. Mary Milliken-Ross is supplying Mrs. Moynahan's place as leading soprano in the choir of St. Paul's.

George H. Reynolds and E. L. Gerrish took a run to Folsom one day last week on their bikes. They reported a very enjoyable trip, good roads and a fine time generally.

I feel like inserting a personal word of thanks to the Street Railway Company for the new waiting room lately built at the terminus of the road near the depot. There are very many people who transfer at this point, and who will appreciate the convenience and speakability, especially when the rainy season sets in.

Henry Wolf, the incorrigible, the irrepressible, has been up to Loftus, about thirteen miles this side of Dunsmuir, with his family, and while other poor mortals in the valley were having a rest, dwellers in the mountain fastnesses have been "catching it." According to Wolf, it was he who "caught it," and this case it was a fish weighing—oh, there is no telling how many pounds. He is back again, and suppose you ask him and see what he will tell you. Mr. Wolf's son Ed has been staying at "Sweet Briar Camp," the name of Mr. Loftus' place, for some time past on account of ill health.

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Everyone knows that in the days of our grandmothers girls married a great deal younger than they do to-day. To be a wife at 18, 16, or even 15, was nothing at all unusual. An unmarried girl of 25 was looked upon by her family and friends with a mixture of pity and contempt; she was mercilessly derided and called "old maid," until in sheer desperation the poor girl was ready to marry anyone for the sake of prefixing the coveted title of "Mrs." to her name. Things have vastly changed since those good old days. To-day a girl is no longer looked upon for remaining single. With the passing away of the hated term of "old maid" and the substitution of "girl bachelor," which sounds ever so much nicer, nad is ever so much less jarring, all the old-time prejudices are done away with. The idea of a girl remaining single from compulsion has long ago been exploded. "Every Jill has her Jack" is a homely old saying, but a true one. Even the plainest, most unimpressive old maid has had her romance once upon a time. Tucked away under her wretched, unattractive cover there beats a heart true and faithful through the romance to the last, and even though that love were bestowed upon an unworthy object, the very fact that she has loved beautifies and sanctifies her life for all time. The average girl, who has passed her teens, and the business woman will not marry to men who are anxious to have them do so. The women I speak of look with a far-seeing eye into the

BESELENA'S PRATTLE.

The Latest Fad of the Up-to-Date Woman.

Why Girls Do Not Marry So Young as in the Days of Our Grandmothers.

PORTLAND (Or.), Aug. 19.—The very latest fad of the up-to-date woman is snakes—jeweled ones, of course; I don't think that even the very newest woman of them all could stand the genuine article. These jeweled productions come in all sorts of fantastic designs; in earrings, in pins, in bracelets, in rings, and one very bizarre young woman sports a loop for her lily-white throat a snake collar of diamonds, the head finished off with a couple of ruby eyes and two extremely realistic fangs. The effect is somewhat startling, to say the least. I have also been shown a belt of the genuine rattlesnake skin arranged in such a manner that every time the wearer moved the rattles sounded. If you are going on a journey, are in fear of an accident, or are simply a wise and cautious maiden wear an "identification" bracelet. This is a broad band of either silver or gold, perfectly plain and round, fastened with a substantial clasp. On the inside, plainly engraved, are the name and address. With such a safeguard constantly worn even the most timid have no further fear of the always dreaded unexpected happening. Of all the fads, the "identification" bracelet promises to be the most popular.

Li Hung Chang will be in America the beginning of next month. He is one of the greatest reformers China has ever produced, and is well termed the Gladstone and the Bismarck of the far East. As everyone knows, the Flowery Kingdom is considered the most conservative of nations. While pretending to conform with this conservatism, Li Hung Chang has in reality been a radical of the rankest sort, and during the past fifteen years has slowly but surely worked many reforms in his country and introduced many improvements. He has convinced his countrymen that all while people are not devils, that the great school of thought, which is declared with all due solemnity that women were not possessed of a soul, therefore she was nothing more than a doll, a puppet, a plaything, were all wrong. But the best thing that Li Hung Chang has done for his people is the gradual doing away with the barbarous custom of binding the feet of the high-class women, thereby preventing their natural growth. In making this much needed reform he had great odds to contend against. In the first place, the women of the nobility were his greatest enemies. They said he wished to place them on a level with the working classes, who do not bind their feet, but let them grow naturally. He has seen to it that the pamphlets and other printed matter on this subject, which have hitherto been confiscated or mysteriously lost, which tells of the evil and awful consequences of this habit, have been freely circulated, and I have no doubt that in a few short years this custom, which originated hundreds of years ago, long before China was the country she is to-day, will be done away with altogether.

WORLD ABOUT MULES.

He Had One of Them Once, and It Was Enough for Him.

The old colored man was walking slowly around the mule which had been offered for sale. He held his head to one side and gazed at the animal with a critical squint, says the "Detroit Free Press." "I like dat mule," he said, "I s'nt'ry likes dat way he's put up, an' I likes de 'spression er his face. He hol's hisself 'right, too. Dah's er heap in de way a mule hol's hisself. Ef he keeps his head up an' looks yer in de eye, yeh kin ginerly trust 'im. But when er mule keeps 'is head down dar ain't no tellin' what minde his heels is gwinter ty up." "He's a bargain," said the dealer, encouragingly. "I knows it. All mules is bargains dese days er de mule money ter buy 'em. An' dat's what I got rich here. But I ain' gwinter be in no hurry." "Well, you've said he's a good mule, and the price suits you. Why not close the deal?" "Doan' crowd me. Doan' try ter shove 'em on me. I takes me time. I doesn' get ter spend money often, an' I likes ter do it slow. Dah's one question I wanter ask yer befor we closes dis here transaction." "Go ahead."

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CAMEL MEAT IN PARIS.

Toothsome Flesh of the Desert Animal the Latest Delicacy.

The circus folk of Paris have always been known for their efforts to disprove the time-worn adage, "There's nothing new under the sun." The New York "Journal," the oddest fads and the queerest fancies emanate from the gay French Capital. And the latest object to attract the attention of the Parisians is camel meat.

The citizens of France—and a man has no right to be called a Parisian unless he knows what good living is, even though he cannot always have it—have said that the flesh of the "ship of the desert" is not only good eating, but is also a tonic with other delicacies which are hard to obtain. It has had such a vogue that plans are now being made to bring it in large quantities from Algeria.

The camel market in the latter country has been "cornered" by two men, whom the official report of the French Sanitary Inspector for that region calls "Moabite butchers." They have arranged with French provision houses to handle their product and have gone to work to construct abattoirs, cooling apparatus and everything that is necessary for the preparation and export of the meat.

The flesh of the camel bears a remarkable resemblance to beef. Its fiber, however, is shorter and of shorter grain. On the other hand, it is as tender as veal and among the Arabs it is esteemed as being most nutritious. The choice morsel of the camel is his most unguine feature in life—the hump. When it is good and fat it is a delicacy highly prized by those who are fond of camel meat. The hump is the storehouse of the animal in his days of plenty and when it is good and fat he has nourishment stored away there sufficient to last for several days. On his long trips across the deserts he gets neither food nor water except very sparingly and sometimes has to go without them entirely. The fat which is stored in the hump is then brought into play and furnishes subsistence until he reaches another pasture. The meat of the camel is served in a number of different ways by the Arabs and is always in the style. It will, therefore, remain for the famous chefs of Paris to devise methods which will make it more palatable than ever.

There is one comfort in the tip-titled hat—it does not require a curly hair.

future. If she is a girl earning a good and comfortable salary through her own efforts, she mentally decides that she would be very foolish were she to give up her position and assume the cares and responsibilities of married life, especially if the man in question is earning less than herself. Like the sensible girl that she is, she decides to wait. It's very sensible and dreadfully material to speak or even think of money in the world breath with love, yet this is just what the sensible girl does. She knows that without money one cannot live happily; that without it love is very apt to fly out of the window. That is why she waits, and though she may be 35 instead of 20, when she does marry she never regrets it. BESELENA.

DROVE THE AUDIENCE TO DRINK.

Twenty-Four Amateur Theatians Tired Out on a Roof Garden.

"My!" said Colonel John W. Hamilton. "Who'd-a-thought it?" Colonel John W. had no right to be amazed. It was by his invitation that the two dozen amateur theatians had gathered on the Casino roof garden for a trial exhibition of their talent. This is what he advertised:

"Wanted—Amateur musical and dramatic talent; light specialties; especially 'special' or words to that effect. About sixty amateurs answered. One of them said in her postal card: "Am 24 years of age; tall, stylish, 36-inch bust, 22 waist, blue eyes, considered nice looking, finely cultivated soprano voice, wide range; can sing grand opera (Italian) and can sing grand opera (Italian) and can sing grand opera (Italian)." There was also a lady who recited. When she had been speaking a few minutes the audience learned that she had a fearful tale to tell about a youth who had trouble at home, took a drink, and was arrested for manslaughter or some other violation of the Raines law. How hard her feelings were against the Harlem home he had deserted may be seen in these two lines which the lady frequently hurled at the audience:

He stood in the criminal dock, His head as hard as a flinty rock. "This is Sig. Walter Hart," said Stage Manager McCormack, looking a youth upon the stage. "He's a singer—a Wheeler & Wilcox—and he has genius. He's going to sing his own song." Sig. Hart sang about something, and the audience drank deeply. A young man who sang "Oh, Just Tell Them That You Love Me" did so under difficulties. At the drop of the flag he got away before the field, and at the quarter the first violin was a poor second. The piano was left at the post, and at the half drew altogether out of the running. The violin, being without company, pulled up, and the young man ended his song in despair. Then the three went back to the post and the flag dropped again. This time

the youth won at the finish, with the piano and violin unplaced. It was the intention of the Casino and the regular performers every night at least one of the amateurs. But the trial demonstrated that not one of the two dozen who appeared was satisfactory to the management. So all of them will have to try again.—New York World.

AND HE STILL LIVES.

Uncle Reuben Would Doubtless Have Blown Out the Gas.

Many tales are told of the mistakes made by rural visitors in city hotels, and very often the long bow is drawn until it is in danger of snapping asunder under the strain. But here is one which is absolutely true, and which happened at the Irving House on Sunday:

A gentleman from the regions of bucolic simplicity, accompanied by his wife, registered at the hotel, and about 10 o'clock in the evening the clerk was confronted by the husband, who remarked that they were ready to re-tire, and who wanted to know when the bed was to be put in their room. A bellboy was dispatched to show the verdant guests how the folding bed was operated and for a period of several minutes all was quiet in the office, when the man from the country put in an appearance. He wanted to know if they couldn't have a wash bowl and a pitcher of water. Again the bellboy was sent up to explain the mysteries of a stationary washstand.

But more trouble was in store for the attaches of the hotel, when an apparition clad in airy garments was seen beckoning from the top landing of the stairs. It was the gentleman from the country, who wanted to know how the "gosh darned light was put out." The bellboy accompanied him to his room, whereupon the countryman pointed to the hand grenades labeled "fire extinguishers," and said he didn't know whether to throw them at the electric light or not. The boy turned off the light and no further trouble ensued, but the stranger had made three trips to the office when he might have touched the electric call bell.—Philadelphia Record.

Why He Liked It.

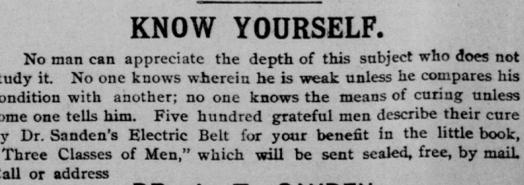
Prominent Citizen—They tell me you're a free silver man; do you mind telling me why? Tramp—There's no secret about it, boss. I'm for free silver 'cause they say it's a scheme that won't work.—Exchange.

Idealism and Realism.

Professor—What's the difference between idealism and realism? Yarsity Girl—Idealism is when you contemplate matrimony. Professor—Yes, and realism? Yarsity Girl—You get that afterward.—Philadelphia Review.

The Fire of Life!

The Wonderful Vitalizing Electric Currents Which Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt Sends Leaping Over the Nerves, Carrying Joy and Gladness to the Heart, Saturating the Body With the Fire of Youth—It Makes Old Men Young and Young Men Manly.



Every Spark is a Wave of Animal Life Sweeping Into the Body—Every Moment It Provides New Energy.

Its Touch is the Touch of Magnetism—the Healthful Essence of Vitality That Makes Men Strong.

Men, why will you be weak? Why do you not listen to the flight of time, to the echo of the thousands of grateful voices raised in thanks to Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt? Why do you go from day to day realizing that you are losing your nerve force, your manhood, when you see a cure within your grasp? Reach for it, take it to your heart, and feel the life blood flowing, jumping, dancing through your veins; feel the exhilarating spark of manly power warm your frame, the bright flash come to your eye, and the firm grip to your hand—the grip which clasps your fellowman and tells him that you have found your Mecca—you have regained your manhood. Act to-day; do not delay a matter which is the key to your future happiness; do not allow a disease to destroy all possibility of future pleasure for you. Whatever your condition to-day, you will not improve as you grow older. Age calls for greater vital force, and the older you get the more pronounced and apparent will be your weakness; so cure it now—cure it.

WHILE YOU ARE YOUNG The time is ripe. While the vital spark is still warm it can easily be fanned to flame by Electricity, and Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt will make you strong if you try it now. "I write you these few lines to let you know how I am getting along. I have worn your Belt now sixty-eight days, and I have had but one less in that time. I haven't got that tired feeling any more, and my back is much stronger than it was," writes James Hayes, Grand Rapids, Cal., July 10, 1895. "I purchased a strong power Belt from Dr. Sanden about the 1st of April for Varicocoele. I used it according to directions, and after three months, I am pleased to say that the Varicocoele, which had existed for years, has almost entirely disappeared," writes W. E. Johns, 123 Market street, San Francisco. "I have been an invalid for twenty years, and have suffered untold agonies until I got Dr. Sanden's Belt. I am now a free and healthy man," writes R. D. Brown, Ukiah, Cal.

KNOW YOURSELF. No man can appreciate the depth of this subject who does not study it. No one knows wherein he is weak unless he compares his condition with another; no one knows the means of curing unless some one tells him. Five hundred grateful men describe their cure by Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt for your benefit in the little book, "Three Classes of Men," which will be sent sealed, free, by mail. Call or address DR. A. T. SANDEN, 630 MARKET ST., OPPOSITE PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, O'Clock Hours—8 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sundays, 10 to 11. LOS ANGELES, CAL., 204 South Broadway. PORTLAND, OR., Council Building.