

ABOUT A REAL SEA SERPENT

Tacoma Fishermen Prove the Monster Does Exist

FOR THEY CAUGHT IT ALIVE

And Thus Escapes Being Classed With Antiquity's Liars

Has a Bulldog's Head, a Tiger's Pangs, a Snake's Body, a Fish's Fins and a Pugilist's Neck

That the west is rapidly assuming many of the sacred prerogatives of the east was clearly demonstrated the other day by the news from Tacoma, Wash., that there had been captured in Hood's canal, Puget Sound, two sea serpents. Heretofore the east has monopolized

possession of a large head. Its motion was so rapid that it could not be overtaken, but it was observed by the officers and men for over an hour.

Captain Little, U. S. N., swore that while in Penobscot bay, in 1780, on board of a "public armed ship," he saw a sea serpent at sunrise one morning. He had a boat lowered, and took the tiller himself, but before he could get near enough for the marines to shoot, the animal sank out of sight.

Abraham Cummings reported a sea serpent in Penobscot bay in 1802, and another in 1808. In the same year the Rev. Mr. Maclean, a clergyman of Elgin, sent a careful description of a sea serpent, with "a head somewhat broad," that swam "with his head above water for about half a mile." He described the creature as about eighty feet long. In 1817 Capt. Tappan of the schooner Laura and his whole crew told of seeing a sea serpent at Gloucester. They said it looked like a string of buoys, with a head like a serpent and a long tongue that stuck out of its mouth like a harpoon. Its motion was more rapid than that of a whale.

CAPE ANN'S MONSTER Several persons made affidavits in 1818 to having seen a sea monster off Cape Ann. In 1822 the sea serpent was reported from the fjords of Norway, and in 1831 it was seen at Portsmouth, N. H.

THE HOME OF JOAQUIN MILLER

BY MRS. MARY E. HART

Located upon the heights about ten miles east of Oakland, commanding a grand view of Mount Diablo in the distance, is the home of California's greatest genius, commonly known as "the poet of the Sierras." Twelve years have passed since the first cabin was built upon these heights, and the seemingly impossible task of converting a wilderness into an earthly paradise begun. At length indomitable courage and perseverance have overcome all obstacles, the desert is "blossoming as the rose," and the solitary cabin has been replaced by a number of substantial modern cottages, that possess, however, a uniqueness and a certain individuality that remind the beholder of the intelligence that planned and the hand that executed

a guest at her table. Although her age is stated to be 80, she appears as young and active as a woman of half those years. "I do not like the pictures they make of me," she said, "for in them I look old, and I do not feel old by any means. Yes," she continued, "my son is away, but will, I think, return home about the 20th. Have I any pictures? Well, very few, we give so many away, but here is one of our home which you may have if you desire." I thanked her and, after some further conversation, arose to take my departure. "Goodbye, my dear," said the kind old lady, as she leaned forward to bid me farewell, "and excuse a woman old and ugly for kissing you." Too touched to make reply, I mutely returned the caress and silently vended my way down the winding path to the waiting vehicle below, and the erect form still standing in the doorway was soon obscured by the intervening hills in the distance.

CIVILIZING NATIVES

British Atrocities in Bulawayo Witnessed by English Tourists These are extracts from some letters that have been written home by a young Englishman in Bulawayo, and have been published in the Independent and Non-conformist: "It is grand fun potting niggers off and seeing them fall like ninepins. There

bele hanging there; today there are eight, the eighth being a nigger who was heard boasting to a companion that he had helped to kill white men, and got back to town without being suspected." "When with allowing a crew of gamblers in South Africa to hang natives, and allowing Egyptian regiments in North Africa to divide among themselves the captured women as the spoils of war, we certainly are introducing Christianity and civilization into the Dark Continent in a somewhat remarkable manner. Between it and the Turkish system of civilizing the Armenians I fall to perceive any difference.—London Truth.

For Use in the Sky One of the best known and most skillful fliers is a German named Lillenthal, who after years of study and trial made in the summer of 1894 a pair of wings curved like a great bird's, says a writer in St. Nicholas. As the result of his studies and experiments, he believes curved surfaces better than flat planes, in which he agrees with Le Bris, Goupil, Phillips and other students of the subject. All these men believe that the curved shape of birds' wings has much to do with their flying, helping them to go against the wind—a strange effect which the French have named "aspiration." Provided, then, with wings and a tail,

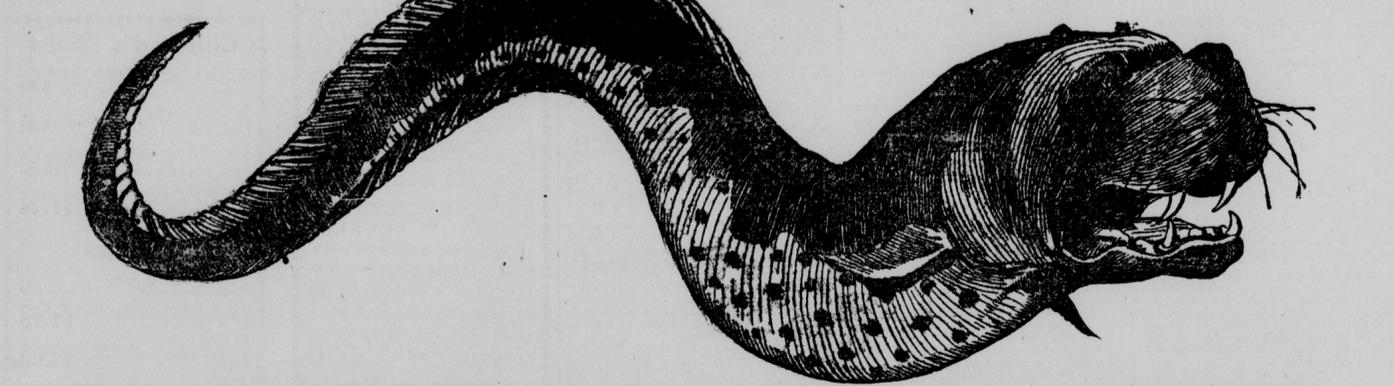


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THE REAL SEA SERPENT CAPTURED AT TACOMA. IT HAS A BULL DOG'S HEAD, A TIGER'S FANGS, A SNAKE'S BODY AND A COLOSSAL NECK

the sea serpent industry, but in its bravest days it never ventured the claim of having seen two sea serpents at the one time, let alone capturing them. In fact, heretofore the east contented itself by thrilling reports from time to time by its sea captains of the magnitude of the sea serpents which had been sighted. Sometimes these sea serpents were only sixty feet long, and again they reached the stupendous length of 600 feet. One captain of an excursion barge which was kept out all night in Long Island Sound, so that the manager of the bar on board could sell all of his beer to the thirty passengers, reported passing a sea serpent 1000 feet long, and some of the passengers were quite sure it was 2000 feet long. It is necessary to state that this sea serpent was rather tame, and a few drops of beer and whisky on board had been consumed.

In 1848 the British ship Daedalus, Capt. McQuhae, encountered a sea serpent which was distinctly seen by the passengers and afterwards described by them with much care. The captain and passengers of the ship Silas Richards reported encountering a monster on June 7, 1826, in latitude 41 and longitude 67, and described the serpent as of a brownish color and seventy feet long.

Three Maine fishermen, "all reliable and God-fearing men," sailed far out to sea one summer's day in 1833 and came across a sea serpent basking near the surface. Two of the fishermen were so badly scared that they went below, leaving the third, a Mr. Gooch, to face the intruder. Mr. Gooch is authority for the statement that the boat passed within fifty feet of the serpent and that he had a good view of it. It raised its head and looked at Mr. Gooch and then dived down out of sight.

There were many kinds of sea serpents in that year. The steamship Connecticut reached port several days overdue, and explained the delay by saying that much time had been consumed in chasing sea serpents. The passengers of the ship were unanimous in their desire to see the monster, which fled before they wanted to. The people on snakes.

Countless other instances could be cited in which mariners belonging to every nation on the globe made solemn and in some cases sworn statements that they had seen sea serpents, but those already mentioned cover the ground quite fully. It can be seen that in every case the sea serpent escaped, although in some instances the monster was fired at by gun and cannon. Two of the men are proud of the fishermen who made the capture, as the specimen should be at rest forever in the disputes which have survived a century or more.

EFFECTS OF DELAY The Suspended Litigation of the Wright Irrigation Cases

It may be doubted whether delay in rendering a decision is more unfortunate than the supreme court's postponement of its ruling in the Wright irrigation cases. An illustration of this is given in San Bernardino county; there the Rialto Irrigation district, which is bonded for \$500,000, is taking steps to be dissolved. Some time after the decision of Judge Ross, a number of the district holders insisted that it would be better to turn the irrigation system over to the bondholders and accept of the question that then came up for settlement.

IMMIGRANTS BROUGHT MILLIONS During the Last Year They Added \$6,833,399 to Our Cash Wealth

Dr. Joseph A. Senner, the United States commissioner of immigration, has completed his draft of the annual report for the fiscal year which ended recently. The report shows that during the fiscal year there were brought to the port of New York 263,709 persons, 72,751 more than in the previous year. Of these immigrants 66,445 came from Italy, 52,085 from Austria-Hungary, and 24,330 from the German empire. Persons denied admission and deported numbered 2624.

GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED The girls that are wanted are good girls, who are pure as the lily and pure as the heart to its sweet leaf tips. The girls that are wanted are honest girls—girls that are mother's right hand. And the little ones understand.

And pleasant when nobody sees. Kind and sweet to their own folks. Read and write, and are glad to please. The girls that are wanted are wise girls. They know what to do and to say. That drive with a smile and soft word. The care of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts. They are wanted for mothers and wives. Wanted to cradle in loving arms. The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl. There are few who can understand. There's constant and steady demand. There's constant and steady demand. —MARY E. JAMES.

ed, for the poet himself is chief builder as well as head gardener in his own domain, literally fulfilling the injunction, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread." It was a bright sunny morning a few days since, when your correspondent boarded an East Oakland car, bearing the inscription "Highland park and Upper Fruitvale," and upon informing the conductor of her destination was told to remain on board until reaching the terminus, when a two miles' walk or drive over the hills would bring her to the desired point.

Ascending to the upper deck, for the car was constructed on the scenic plan, a fine view of the surrounding country was secured. The road is gradually up grade, and upon reaching the terminus, half an hour later, the heat was beginning to be uncomfortable. Seeing the familiar legend, "family garden," over



JOAQUIN MILLER

an arched entrance which looked cool and inviting, an investigation was made and refreshment ordered from a neat appearing Swiss woman, who attended proved to be the proprietress. "Do I know Joaquin Miller? Oh yes," she answered, in response to my query; "I see him very often on his way to the city, and he always stops and asks after my health. He is such a kind man, and the neighbors all like him. Are you going to his place today?"

Upon being answered in the affirmative, she said: "It is too hot for you to walk, so just wait till my man comes home and I will hitch up the buggy and drive you over."

I decided to wait, and an hour later was carefully being driven up the steep inclines over which I had walked about six years previous. A number of improvements have been made in the meantime, the country, then bare and desolate, now bearing a general air of prosperity. At length the steepest part of the ascent is reached, the long white fence, the luxuriant growth of fruit and flower, the neat row of snow-white cottages, situated about 100 yards apart, mutely inform us, in years, that the home of the poet lies before us. Upon calling at his private cottage, located nearest the entrance, a Japanese student greets us with the information that the master is absent on a lecturing tour and is now at Spokane Falls. This had already been learned in Oakland, so, after inspecting a number of photographs tacked upon the walls, among which several familiar Los Angeles faces were recognized, I bade the young student adieu, and passing the guest cottage, and a pretty little summer house, reached the home of the poet's mother about 200 yards distant. Mrs. Miller was seated in a low rocker busily engaged in cutting clippings from various newspapers and magazines. I hesitated in the open doorway, and watched the placid, contented face, and the quick, energetic movement of the hands for full moment before the old lady perceived my presence, when rising with a stately grace she came forward to greet me. She did not at first recognize the writer, so many a foot fell again that cordial hospitality extended once before, when I sat as

have been two or three caught in the town lately and shot as spies. Crowds go to see it. They are stood ten yards off the firing party, who all blaze at them at once. It is quite a nice sight. One gets calloused and hardened and does not object to seeing it.

Several patrols have been put out a few hours and come back, having killed a hundred or two natives. Yesterday morning was the best. Two hundred and fifty of our people went out. They killed over 200 in two hours' fighting.

There are heaps of troops on the way up. Then the natives will have a warm time of it. They will nearly all get wiped out. That is the only way to settle it now. They were never conquered in the old war, but now they will be. Surrender is useless. We could never trust them again. Now the idea is to kill the greater portion of every impi and thus teach

Lillenthal began to practice, at first upon a spring board and afterward in a hilly region near Berlin. Even after he was able to sail as far as eighty feet he found that it was best to arrange the wings so that they could be easily folded, and he certainly was able to do so. "I might have had a broken neck, instead of sprains, which always healed in a few weeks."

In 1892 he made larger wings and learned to sail further than before, rising twenty or thirty feet from the ground upon a favoring wind. Since then Lillenthal has attached to his wings a powerful little engine, and he is now making attempts to learn its management. Just what he has done is not yet known, but he has fewer accidents and improves as time goes on.—New York Mail and Express.

Society in 1896 Society in 1896, I take it, will demonstrate the superiority of cultivated woman to cultivated man. The charming baronet reads nothing lighter than a scientific quarterly. A lady of great literary genius writes novels full of passion and pathos, though she has a poor opinion of mothers. She gives herself to drop without rebuke, that "average man has evolved on a higher plane than the average woman. Even in a hundred years have none male creatures will more than hold our own on the average, though how long we shall retain the average, is uncertain. Beyond 1893 the future is mercifully dark. I have a suspicion that even our wretched brute force will yield to a spiritual logic, and that the future of no more account, say in 1296, than the disgusting selfishness of the hen. After all, as a woman has lately reminded us, sex is a mere accident; men and women are much more alike than is commonly supposed, and revolutions will eventually be made with rosewater and powder puffs. Yes, about the yearning the last mile mob, angrily threatening to disperse when told by the meekly because some men are crippled, disabled men have no right to resort to force.—Sketch.

Discards Her National Costume Among the recent additions to diplomatic circles in Washington are Minister Hoshi, Japanese, and his wife, Mrs. Hoshi is about 33 years of age, and of the most pleasing personal appearance. She is short, probably four feet ten inches in height, her complexion is very abundant. Her dark hair is soft, yet bright, and her complexion is clear and rosy. In dress, her costume is that of the American woman, yet, as she has only recently laid aside her native gowns, her wardrobe of western robes is limited. She has placed herself in the hands of a tutor in order to master the intricacies of the English language, and by next winter will no doubt be able to preside at a tea in the most appropriate style, as far as conversational ability is concerned. Mrs. Hoshi does not become accustomed of being interviewed, and her natural timidity, joined to her inability to speak our language, has prevented her so far from receiving callers.

Mrs. Hoshi has been married ten years, but there is only one child in the family, a boy of six years of age. His

name is Hoshi Kikaru, and he is a bright little fellow, wandering about the house in evident loneliness for his many playmates in the east. The wife of the minister is a fine musician, and devotes much of her time to that art. Mr. Hoshi will leave Washington at an early date with his family for a resort in the north.—Chicago Chronicle.

Mr. Colenbrander, then jumped off. The cheek of the sweep amazed me. They are still hanging, as a warning to spies and natives." A "young tradesman" of Bulawayo writes to the Daily Graphic: "My stand has one big tree on it, and it is often used as a gallows. Yesterday there was a goodly crop of seven Mata-



THE POET'S MOTHER