

The Call

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AMUSEMENTS.

Baldwin—"The Man From Mexico."
California—"Curted Into Court."
Alcazar—"A Man's Love" and "Forbidden Fruit"
Morosco—"The Blue and the Gray."
Tivoli—"Brian Boru."
Orpheum—"Vaudeville."
Bush—"The Thalia German-Hebrew Opera Company."
The Chutes—Chiquita and Vaudeville.
Lybeck Cycle Skating Rink—Optical Illusions.
California Jockey Club, Oakland Race-track—Races to-day.

AUCTION SALES.

By Easton & Eldridge—Thursday, January 20, Turkish Rugs, at 224 Sutter street, at 2 and 8 p. m.
By Wm. G. Layne & Co.—Thursday evening, January 20, Horses, at Occidental Horse Exchange, 220 Tehama st.
By J. W. Buehler & Co.—Tuesday, January 23, Real Estate, at 218 Montgomery street, at 12 o'clock.
By Carl W. Ely—Saturday, January 23, Recreation Park, corner Eighth and Harrison streets, at 11 o'clock.

A REAL LITTLE DEVIL.

DOUBTLESS the Indiana pastor who preached last Sunday on "His Satanic Majesty" had a perfect right to do so. If his congregation had a desire to feel fearsome thrills chasing up and down their spines, the good man was aware of it, and conscientiously trying to earn his salary. That he portrayed in vivid color the unpleasant personality he had chosen as a subject there can be no question. He must be blessed with the gift of imagination, for since the staid and reliable Luther threw an ink-bottle at the devil, visits of the prince of darkness have been rare, so rare that doubts as to the length of his horns have arisen, and led to profitable controversy. But the Indiana pastor set him forth as a thing of terror roaming up and down impelled by no laudable intention. The hearers approached a condition of ecstatic hysteria.

Just at this point a seeming devil rushed up the aisle breathing fire and a-lashing of his tail. Immediately panic arose. The people were willing to listen to a description of the devil, and to lay plans how to dodge him, but they did not want to see him. Sure they beheld the genuine article, they did not grasp the opportunity to knock him out. They simply climbed over each other and got away from there. They left behind a prostrate stove which set the building on fire, strengthening a logical belief that the caller had come direct from the pit and brought a brand with him.

But the truth was that the pastor's son, being unregenerate, had conceived a plot whereby to have some fun and he had it. Whether he shared his father's right to demonstrate in a practical fashion his idea of the theme selected by the maturer judgment of the sire, is a question to be adjudicated between them. While adjudication is in progress human sympathy will naturally go out to the boy. He will find that even if being the devil is sport, part of the ministerial duty is to beat the devil.

The Vallejo woman who came to the city to add \$850 to a \$1600 deposit already in bank here, and was found wandering penniless in the street, is now met with the accusation that her story of being drugged was false. There are always those ready to insult the injured. With the town full of confidence men, and people being robbed right along by them, there is no particular reason for surprise that a woman should be chosen victim. The woman's husband has the gallantry to believe her story, and the dyspeptic outsider can at least afford to refrain from casting aspersions upon her. It's none of his business anyhow.

There seems to be little prospect that the lynchers of Uber will ever be punished. One reason for taking this view is that the men have apparently been known from the first, and nobody shows any inclination to do aught to disturb their tranquility of mind. The conscience of a lyncher is not believed to be racked by uncomplimentary remarks, nor his fears aroused by what is technically known as a "bluff."

Uncle Sam probably knows his own business, but he can't expect everybody to think so when it takes the direction of cutting down mint salaries and reducing the force of mail carriers. Mint employes have never been noticed to indulge much in purple and fine linen, and the chances of the carrier to loaf are not what makes him seek the job.

"Lucky" Baldwin has been dreaming out the location of the Klondike mother lode. His belief that this reaches to the north pole and beyond will be interesting to science as well as to miners. All that science will have to do will be to follow the line of claim stakes, and it will find itself where it has so long vainly tried to get.

It is a good thing that Zola is to be prosecuted for his charges against the officers who sent Dreyfus to shameful exile. If Dreyfus is innocent, the fact will be able to declare it in no uncertain tone and have the whole world for his audience.

When one Supervisor thinks another is a liar he ought to refrain from saying so in such manner that his opinion becomes a matter of record. There are some things too sacred to be thrust upon the confidence of the public.

Several of the police courts are suspected of being unconstitutional. If the prospect of being out of a job renders the Police Judge so glum that he shall jest no more heaven can be thanked for the rumor even though it be groundless.

Spain has been told again to "hold aloof." Spain must be getting accustomed to this admonition, and probably if it finds her this time in a humor to hold aloof, she will do it.

THE REAL ANNEXATION LEADER.

AN evening organ of annexation in this city has confided to the public the information that C. P. Huntington, and of course the Southern Pacific Railroad, is in favor of the annexation of Hawaii.

While the frankness of this announcement may cause surprise, the fact itself excites none. Mr. Huntington, whose powerful and very comprehensive faculties have always been used to his personal advantage in the direction of his great enterprises, has always frankly expressed views opposed to those held by a great majority of the people of California. Especially has he always openly declared himself against any restriction of Chinese labor here. He used it in his great constructive enterprises to the exclusion of white labor to an extent scarcely less than its use on the Panama railroad. He has on the occasion of nearly every recent visit to San Francisco improved the opportunity given by public interviews in the press to insist that our ports should be opened to coolie labor as a factor necessary in the progress and prosperity of California. Hence it is in line with his view of public policy that he should annex Hawaii, where only some form of Asiatic servile labor can endure the physical conditions and where low wages make high profits to the planter and employer.

We have no doubt that if he were asked whether the annexation treaty holds any guarantee that the coolie labor now in the islands is to be excluded from the rest of the country he would scout at the idea, for few men not professors of public and international law have a keener knowledge and a sounder judgment upon such a subject, and none has more courage in expressing it and taking the consequences.

His interest in many ways will be served by annexation. He is the owner of Pacific liners. Many of these ships were built by cheap labor in England and have been sailed upon a British register and the English flag only. Only recently he transferred the China to a Hawaiian registry and sails her now under the island flag, as he does the Aztec and Barracouta. If Hawaii is annexed, then ships take at once an American register. Well paid labor in the United States did not have the profit of their construction. That went to the employers of cheap labor in England. The trade between Hawaii and our present American ports will come under the laws regulating our coasting marine. Ships under foreign flags will be excluded from it and American ship-builders will get no benefit from building American bottoms to supply the demand; for Mr. Huntington's foreign-built fleet is all ready to run up the American flag and take the business.

So, it appears that, look at it in any light, Mr. Huntington's word for annexation, like that of all the powerful and selfish interests on that side, has its motive in the desire to profit by the decadence of the character of labor and the lowering of wages.

From their point of view, the selfish point entirely, this is justified, but is it justified when investigated in the light of public interest?

Have the people of California any profit ahead in aiding Mr. Huntington to get an American register on his British-built fleet, and in letting it compete in our coasting trade with the fleets built by well-paid labor at home? Have the people of this State any prospective profit in helping Mr. Huntington succeed in his policy of adding to the ranks of coolie labor in destructive competition with our white wage-earners?

If they believe that Mr. Huntington has been right all the time and they wrong all the time, on their issues, they have a chance now to confess their errors and aid him. But, if they are firm in the belief that he is wrong, and that they have been right, they should see to it that Washington is not startled by their surrender.

We have no impatient or harsh criticism of Mr. Huntington for thinking, doing or speaking as he does. It is his right. But against that it is the right of the people to see and say that his interests are not theirs.

SAN MATEO ENTERPRISE.

MOST encouraging from every point of view are the prospects for road improvement in San Mateo. The extent of the work proposed is commensurate with the immediate needs of the county, the plans adopted provide for durability of construction with economy of cost, and the means devised for raising money will enable the taxpayers to obtain the desired road improvements with hardly an appreciable increase of taxation over the present rates.

By the plans advanced San Mateo will enter upon virtually two distinct enterprises of road work. The first of these will be the opening of a boulevard from the San Francisco line through the county to the Santa Clara line. The second will cross the mountains which separate the county into two parts and will open up the rich and attractive section of western San Mateo to easy access from San Francisco and all the flourishing towns in the eastern portion of the county.

Surveys made by the county surveyor and a close investigation on the part of the State Highway Commission show that these improvements are urgently needed and can be easily supplied. The county abounds with good material for road construction, and much of this lies directly along the routes of the proposed highways, so that the cost of material and transportation will be comparatively slight. By reason of this advantage it is estimated that the ninety-five miles of good road designed can be constructed at a cost which will entail a bond issue of only \$30,000.

From each of the proposed roads large benefits will accrue to the community. The boulevard from the San Francisco line to that of Santa Clara will really be of State importance. It will form a portion of a grand boulevard which will eventually circle the southern end of the bay and form a driveway from San Francisco to Oakland. When completed such a boulevard will be one of the greatest roads in America, and will probably surpass even the grand avenue which is now being constructed along the shores of Lake Michigan from Chicago to Milwaukee.

The other road which is to run from a point on the San Francisco County line southwesterly across the San Pedro Mountains through Spanishtown, Pescadero and Pigeon Point to the Santa Cruz line will not be so great a thoroughfare, but it will open one of the most picturesque sections of country around this picturesque peninsula. It will benefit the eastern portions of the county by bringing the people of the western section into closer relations with Menlo Park, Belmont, Redwood and San Mateo, thus increasing the trade of those centers.

The chief benefits, however, will come from the development of the mountain sections. This is certain to follow rapidly, for there are few localities

near San Francisco where country homes can be so romantically placed or so delightfully situated as in the region through which the road is to run.

When San Mateo begins these works of improvement the adjoining counties will be virtually forced to follow her enterprising lead. San Francisco will have to extend her boulevard system to connect with that of her progressive neighbor. Santa Cruz and Santa Clara will have to do likewise. The movement therefore is one in which all this section of the State is interested. There will no doubt be opposition from the sluggish and wasteful who would rather spend \$2 to patch up a bad road than to pay \$3 for a good one, but this we trust will be overcome without difficulty. The progressive element won the Folsom-boulevard contest in Sacramento and we expect it to win an equal victory in San Mateo.

NEW DEPARTURE IN LICENSES.

THE license ordinance recently passed to print by the Board of Supervisors, now that its provisions have been made public, should be considered without reference to its character as a revenue-producing measure. The theory upon which license laws are enacted is not revenue, but regulation and protection. They are framed, not to add to the incomes of municipalities, whose treasuries may at any time be replenished by direct taxation, but to regulate the conduct of and afford the people protection against dishonest tradesmen, swindling hackmen, hotel runners and expressmen. Among other things license laws are designed to prevent an unhealthy increase in certain trades and occupations.

The ordinance passed to print by the Board of Supervisors is evidently a revenue-producing measure. Placing a tax of from \$20 to \$50 a quarter upon sidewalk cellars in certain portions of the city cannot be defended on the ground that it is desired to regulate such areas; nor can a license upon projecting steps and show windows be founded upon anything except a determination to make it uncomfortable for property owners by getting as deeply into their pockets as possible. Licensing signs is more reasonable. Such contrivances are nuisances generally and their reasonable regulation by the license device might not be objectionable—though it must be said that a quarterly tax of from \$4 to \$6 is rather a heavy imposition upon their owners.

We think, upon reflection, the Board of Supervisors will reconsider its determination to pass this ordinance. License taxation is in a general way always objectionable. In the first place it is discriminatory. Unlike levies upon real and personal property, no attempt is made to make it uniform. It is, in fact, a burden upon business—the tribute its victims pay for the privilege of making a living. Every dollar of it comes out of the consumers, for licenses are just as much a part of a business man's calculations as his other taxes, insurance and store expenses. License taxation should never be enlarged except it becomes necessary to protect or regulate somebody or something.

Whoever devised the ordinance under consideration evidently did not comprehend the nature of his task. In proposing to license sidewalk cellars and projecting steps and show windows he is plainly invading the domain of the Assessor and Tax Collector. Moreover it is probable that neither the committee which recommended the ordinance nor the board which has passed it to print understands the character of the work it has undertaken. An ordinance so palpably designed to raise revenue is undoubtedly unconstitutional.

We have discussed this matter from a legal standpoint. The property owners and business men who are to be made the victims of the ordinance may safely be left to consider its practical features. Unless we are mistaken the Supervisors will hear from them the moment they discover what is up.

THE NEW ENGLAND STRIKE.

BECAUSE of the competition of the cotton mills in the Southern States, the manufacturers of cotton goods in New England have ordered a sweeping reduction of 10 per cent in the wages of their operatives, and the operatives in resistance have struck. The mill owners being united are irresistible and the workers being united are immovable. The two have come into contact and the result is universal smash.

Nearly the whole cotton industry of New England is involved in the contest. The reduction in wages extends from Rhode Island to Maine. The combination includes upward of 150 large mills and it is said 127,000 persons are affected by the reduction in wages. The operatives have not undertaken a general strike. New Bedford has been selected as the scene of battle. All the mills have been closed there, but in other places it seems to have been agreed that the work shall go on so that the unions may have money enough to make a long and a winning fight at the point they have chosen for battle.

It is by no means certain, however, that the contest will long be confined to a single point. More or less disturbance has been noted in all the cotton-mill towns from Woonsocket in Rhode Island to Lewiston in Maine. The operatives who have accepted the lower rate of wages have done so unwillingly. Their sympathies and their aid are with the New Bedford strikers and there may be a strike along the whole line before the week closes.

The situation is not unexpected. When the reduction of wages was first discussed the mill owners were informed that a strike would follow. All attempts at arbitration failed. Even that famous Massachusetts Court of Arbitration of which we have heard so much of late was as powerless and as futile in its efforts to stop the advancing crisis as any volunteer arbitrator who thought he had a remedy for all the problems of labor and capital and rose out of obscurity to announce it.

Of course the parties to the strike on both sides know their own business better than others. Nevertheless it is difficult to see how either the owners or the operatives can expect to gain advantage over their Southern rivals by the course they have pursued. Reducing wages is a game that two can play at, and Southern mill men can play it much more safely than their New England rivals. The reduction of wages seems therefore to have been a foolish move at the outset, and the operatives have made the blunder more costly to the industry by forcing the closing down of mills.

The New England industry is destroying itself by the course it is pursuing. The Southern mills will be quick to get the trade the Northern mills formerly possessed. All business lost by the strike will go South; and when the strike is over the New Englanders will have a harder task than ever to hold their own. There may be some causes that are advanced by strikes, but the improvement of business is not one of them.

THE CONQUEROR OF THE KLONDIKE.

By MIRIAM MICHELSON.

"This time the Klondike is doomed to defeat. Waterloo is on the way. And she's a woman."

Mrs. Alice Rollins Crane leaves San Francisco to-night, bound for the Alaskan gold fields. She is also "bound to win" she says.

Why, money, fame and any other of the golden nuggets of fortune that may be lying around waiting for this intrepid woman to pick them up. Other people approach the cruel Klondike with fear, with awe, even though they may be determined. But Mrs. Alice Rollins Crane is not to be deterred by such slight things as possible starvation, frozen thermometers, Chilkoot passes or the like. She starts on her way like a conqueror. She's so sure of success, so full of well-founded faith in her own ability that it wouldn't surprise her to hear that the awful pass itself had unbent from its right-angled rigidity and thawed under the gracious influence of Mrs. Crane of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Crane was ushering a newspaper man out of a friend's apartment when I entered. She included his leavetaking and my welcome in a word to us both.

"What makes me feel at home with you people," she said, "is that I've worked on the press. They sent for me to come from New York to Chicago to nurse the wounded in the Haymarket riot. I went into the hospital as a nurse—a sort of detective, you understand—and every day I'd go and make my verbal report to a representative of the paper. Then they'd go and interview the doctors, and they couldn't for the life of them tell where the paper'd got its information. I tell you, it was hard, though. I had to dress wounds and look wise. There were days when I couldn't get out to get a bite to eat. And they'd told me not to eat at the hospital."

"Why not?"

"Because, how would it look to have them say afterward that a reporter of the paper had been fed by the county?"

I suppose I looked as though such an argument didn't appeal to me, for she went on:

"And, anyway, I didn't question anything I was told to do. I just went and did it."

Which is good, soldierly discipline, no doubt.

"Well, I won't talk you to death," she said, as the reporter left, and then, turning toward me, she very considerably went over the story which must grow wearisome with such continual repetition.

But Mrs. Crane does not give to the reporters a hackneyed, note-learned account of her remarkable self. Her voice had a slightly raised pitch, due to excitement, when she spoke to me. But she talks fluently, simply; she is thoroughly good natured, not at all reticent, and extremely interesting.

"My expenses are paid by a small syndicate of five magazines, to which I shall send matter. Then I am commissioned by the ethnological bureau of the Smithsonian Institution to gather data regarding Indian folk lore and all the details to be got by living intimately with them."

"Really living with them?" I repeated, with uncomfortable recollections of Plute wickups and Plute ladies and gentlemen.

"Oh, yes. Why, I've lived with a dozen different tribes of Indians—the Apaches, etc.—on her large, strong fingers."

"Why, I'm the only white woman that ever lived with the Apaches in any other way than as a captive. I used to think they let me stay with them 'cause they liked me so much. But after a long while the old chief told me he thought I was crazy!"

Mrs. Crane chats along, punctuating her interesting story with many a laugh. She is rather a tall woman, with quantities of golden hair, which she keeps brushing back from her white forehead. She has a fair, florid skin and a broad, open face; her eyes are small and keen and blue-gray. Her manner is altogether unconstrained. She sat and talked to a circle of women yesterday afternoon, giving details of her history and that of her family—a most excellent family—in an easy and a very interesting way. Mrs. Crane must be nearly 40 years old, and she weighs 170 pounds, so she told us.

"But when I get to Dyea," she said, apropos of this, "I'll go into training—with my dogs," she laughed. "I've got two dogs—golden pure, Newfoundland and one that's half Great Dane and the other half Russian bloodhound. They'll be trained there, and so will I. And I'm going to lose forty pounds, too. Why, once in an Indian village I trained up to ninety-eight pounds, and I felt fine; could jump on a horse and enjoy life."

By the way, I'm to have an article in the next Arena attacking the Government for its treatment of the wards of the nation. Isn't that funny? But it was written before I knew they were going to commission me to go up there."

"In what way will you invest the money of these Los Angeles women?"

"Oh, buy and sell mines, speculate in various ways," she said, largely.

"Have you had any experience in mining?" I asked.

"I know very well that that isn't a reasonable question to ask a woman, but ordinary runs don't hold with such a woman as Mrs. Crane."

"Oh, yes," she answered quietly, as other women might answer if they were asked whether they play a musical instrument. "I owned shares in an Arizona mine. The company was East, though, and when I came out to Arizona I wrote back asking if I could operate the mine—it was closed on account of the depression of silver—if I'd hire my own workmen. They wrote back yes. And I could just read between the lines their scorn of a woman's attempting it. But I did. I went to a thirty-second degree Mason—I always go to the Masons; my husband and my father were thirty-second degree Masons—and I told him I wanted him to direct me to a dozen of the best old forty-niners he knew. He did, and I tell you they worked for me. They were all old bachelors, and I was a widow, you know, and I was boss, and the thing paid."

Now, what's the Klondike going to do with a woman like that? She's cheery; she's courageous; she's experienced. She has the army for her friend—both her first and her husbands were military men; she has letters from the Catholic Archbishops recommending her to the merciful care of the Sisters and the missionaries, should she be ill. She has Uncle Sam at her back, being his representative. She has various kinds of newspapers and magazines behind her. Her best friends are a family at Forty-Mile worth half a million in Klondike claims, whose hospitable home she expects to reach about May 1. She has been toughened and strengthened by a life of hardship and adventure, and she's as full of hope as her sheep-wool-lined sleeping bag will be of her when she lies calmly down to sleep, without thought of the morrow's dangers or difficulties.

"And you'll wear—"

Mrs. Crane pulled up her skirt and showed us women the full bloomers and the high, double-soled boots made specially for her in New York, that are to go with various colored sweaters.

"You must have a small foot to bear such a boot as that," said Mrs. Crane's hostess.

"I wear twos," the commissioner from the Smithsonian Institution answered modestly.

But these tiny feet and the stout declaration that she's still a rebel are all the inheritance Mrs. Crane has from her Virginian ancestors.

There is a Mr. Crane.

"Mr. Crane's dyspeptic, you know," said his versatile wife. "He can't eat bacon and hardtack."

"I sympathize," I said with sincerest sympathy. "It's unfortunate that he can't go with you."

"Oh, I need him at this end," answered Mrs. Crane's wife. "There's a lot for him to do here. He'll have to send on supplies to me, forward my matter, attend to my business and pick up a book. I was writing about the Los Angeles schools, when I left there. Oh, he's reconciled to my going now. But if they have a real good scrap over in China a pub-

lisher wants me to go over there as war correspondent. And Mr. Crane don't want me to accept."

"He's really the bravest of the two," she went on. "To let me go, I never saw him cry before, except when my son died. If my son hadn't died I never should have married him."

Which is decidedly flattering to Mr. Crane. Yet Mrs. Crane is aware of and admires her husband's many good qualities.

"But my son was my companion, my friend. He worked with me, illustrated my matter, lived with me in the desert and the brush. And then when I went to Los Angeles, thinking he needed a couple of years' schooling, he took cold. Think of it, after lying out nights and sleeping in the rain as we'd done, he took cold from a draughty window in the school-house and died of it in grippe three years ago. He would have been nineteen if he had lived. For the first year I couldn't get reconciled to it, but now I understand," she added quietly, "that he's only gone ahead. We're believers in evolution, he and I."

But not in woman suffrage.

"Politics is so corrupt; getting worse



MRS. CRANE AND HER KLONDIKE OUTFIT.

and worse every day. I say let the women keep out of it. It'll go clean down to the bottom soon, and then women can take hold and build it up."

Which is unnecessarily cruel and illogical, it seems to me.

You see Mrs. Crane is all kinds of woman. And that's what makes her puzzling as well as interesting. She has all a man's readiness to take the world liberally; she is naturally gregarious, she is not too fine-tuned for association with all kinds of people; she is what commonplace persons call good company; and, as I said before, she's just the female Wellington to bid fortune stand and deliver. I dare the Klondike to defeat her.

Cal. glue fruit 50c per lb at Townsend's. Genuine eyeglasses, specs; 15c up. 33 4th st. Also open Sundays till 2 p. m.

Special information supplied daily to business houses and public men by the Press Clipping Bureau (Allen's), 610 Montgomery st. Tel. Main 1042.

Constitution—I want to get a Government posish, kurnel, but dem civil service rules is a little too much for me.

Politician—Well, Bill, I am willing to help you all I can.

Constitution—A right, kurnel—if you kin only get dem rules changed to Marquis of Queensberry, I think I could connect better.—Judge.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" Has been used over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays Pain, cures Wind Colic, regulates the Bowels and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. For sale by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. 50c a bottle.

CORONADO.—Atmosphere is perfectly dry, soft and mild, being entirely free from the mists common further north. Round trip tickets, by steamship, including fifteen days' board at the Hotel del Coronado, \$5; longer stay, \$2.50 per day. Apply 4 New Montgomery street, San Francisco, or A. W. Bailey, manager, Hotel del Coronado, late of Hotel Colorado, Glenwood Springs, Colorado.

FADED HAIR recovers its youthful color and softness by use of PARKER'S HAIR BALM. HINDENBERG, the best cure for corns. 15c.

EVIDENCE OF PROGRESS.

Persons who think the negro race has made no substantial progress should pause and contemplate the fact that a new brick cotton mill, having from 700 to 10,000 spindles, and owned exclusively by colored people, is nearly completed in Concord, N. C. It will be in operation by April 1. "A monument to the enterprise and thrift of the colored people of our old North State," some say—and such it is.—Springfield Republican.

NEW TO-DAY.

ROYAL Baking Powder is the greatest of modern-time helps to perfect cooking.