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A Monument to the Overlooked.

o
o o
o — o
o — o
o There are o
o statues and monu- o
o ments over the earth o
o to men who have won renown. o
o There are portraits and paintings of o
o more or less worth of others on walls o
o in each town. There are pictures in o
o papers for millions to scan of those o
o who gained fame during life—but o
o where is the shaft that is raised to o
o the man who is helpful at home to o
o his wife? Alas! there is none, but o
o the moment is ripe to remedy such a o
o neglect, and therefore this monument o
o fashioned in type we for that true hero o
o erect. But as he's too modest to wish o
o that his name be on it in glory en- o
o rolled, that others may copy we'll o
o proudly proclaim his virtues in letters o
o of gold. At dawn he will rise with- o
o out waking his spouse and start up the o
o heater and range, and see that a warmth o
o is all over the house and then—with- o
o out thinking it strange—he'll put on o
o the kettle and something to cook for o
o breakfast, the table he'll set, so when o
o his dear wife hurries downward to o
o look, a joyful surprise she will get. o
o After supper at night to his wife he o
o will say, "My dear you are tired I o
o know. You've worked for the chil- o
o dren and me all day wthout any o
o stop." (Which is so). "Now I'll wash o
o the dishes and look after things while o
o you have some moments of rest." If o
o ever an angel there is without wings o
o o o o o this man is surely the best. He'll o o o o o
o sweep and make bread and the washing he'll do in case o
o there is no servant about. The baby he'll hold and take o
o care of it too, so his wife has a chance to get out. He'll o
o never leave articles scattered around for his wife to keep o
o o o o putting away. If ever a martyr deserves to be crowned he o o o o
o does—and he will be some day. Now take off your hats to this monu- o
o ment raised to the man who is helpful at home, and copy him too if o
o you want to be praised by wives and adored by your own. Although o
o such a paragon never is seen on pedestals here upon earth, o
o in heaven you'll find him, with angels loud chanting his worth. o
o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o o

TO CLEANSE VARIOUS ARTICLES.

Renovate rusty, limp black lace by dipping it several time in water in which black kid gloves have been boiled for an hour, then left to soak until the water is tepid. Squeeze the gloves hard before removing them. Use a quart of water for a pair of gloves. There is coloring matter as well as stiffening in the water thus treated.

To clean straw hats, dissolve one pennyworth of salts lemon in a cup of boiling water, thoroughly clean the straw with this, and when dry brush over with white of egg.

For washing lawns, organdies and cambrics, boil two quarts of clean wheat bran in two gallons of water for half an hour after the boil begins. Leave it until it is cold and strain through a thick cloth, pressing hard. Wash the muslin in this, using neither soap nor starch. Iron while damp over several thicknesses of flannel, or a clean old blanket.

Learn How to Rest.

"To understand how to rest is of more importance than to know how to work," says a writer in the American Analyst. "The latter can be learned easily; the former it takes years to learn, and some people never learn the art of resting. It is simply a change of scenes and activities. Loafing may not be resting. Sleeping is not always resting. Sitting down for days with nothing to do is not restful. A change is needed to bring into play a different set of faculties and to turn the life into a new channel. The man who works hard finds his best rest in playing hard. The man burdened with care finds relief in something that is active, yet free from responsibility."

This goes to explain why the man who works eight or ten hours a day at desk or in office becomes so enthusiastic about and is so greatly benefited by the game of golf. It is a game that combines the needed outdoor excerise with an intense interest that diverts the mind, giving it a complete change of thought. It gives the tired mind just what it needs.

The sweetest and finest flavored breakfast bacon obtainable. Thin, crisp slices—a most appetizing relish. Your grocer sells "Our Taste" Vegetables, Fruits, Hams, Bacon, Oysters
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ITEMS WORTHY OF PERUSAL

A Norwegian has devised a telephone which, when placed in the sea, announces the presence of deep-water fish. The instrument consists of a microphone in a steel box hermetically sealed, which is lowered into the water and connected with the fishing vessel by electric wires. According to the inventor, the presence of fish, and approximately their number and kind, may be distinguished. Herring make a whistling noise, and the sound made by codfish is more like howling.

A special car on the Indiana Union traction company line made a record-breaking run from Noblesville to Indianapolis on June 27, covering the twenty-two miles in twenty-seven minutes. This including five miles in the city, where the speed was slackened.

A dispatch from Roswell, N. M. says: Roswell boasts of having the first plant in the United States for the manufacture of cement shingles. The shingle is a Swedish product and was brought directly here from his native Sweden by A. L. W. Nilsson, who established the plant here. He has the exclusive patent for the United States. Plants for the manufacture of the shingle will be established in the near future in several of the middle west and northwestern states. The shingle is practically indestructible and is also inexpensive.

In our post-graduate hospital, says the Postgraduate, we have established a fact which will finally obtain general acceptance, namely, that it is not necessary to seek a particular climate for the treatment of tuberculosis; that a patient in the top story of a New York house in the middle of winter, in bed, with the windows wide open, with proper feeding, may recover from tuberculosis; and in our ambulance service, and in our annex in Nineteenth street, we are accumulating the proof of this every day. At the national meeting of the American congress for the study of tuberculosis it was with great difficulty that the now antiquated belief that a particular climate was necessary for the cure of tuberculosis, as presented in a report from a Southern physician, received the sanction of the congress. This was done only by a small majority, a large minority apparently having the opinion that we have just stated. We predict that at the next annual meeting of the tuberculosis congress the majority will be on the other side, and it will be firmly established that the opinion of the medical profession is that climate has very little to do with the cure of tuberculosis.

The way the Singalese and Tartar tribes have of popping the question is singular. The man sends and purchases the lady's wearing apparel. Of course if she does not like the gentleman she need not part with the contents of her wardrobe, but if he is the favored one she readily does so, knowing that when the evening comes they will be returned to her by the suitor in person. He spends the night beneath the same roof with her, and the next day, after a certain amount of feasting is gone through, the couple's thumbs are tied together, and henceforward they are man and wife.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Nuggets from the "Mother Lode"

By GERTRUDE ANDREWS

He was a poet.

I mean the one who gave that name, "Mother Lode." Perhaps it was not a he. Some woman may have coined that figure. If you know I wish that you would tell me.

There is something thrilling in the thought that here, under the soil of Amador county, is the mother gold that gave birth to this great state of California. The mother that inspired that great rush of humanity from the east.

Since coming to Jackson about a week ago, I have thought a great deal about that mother lode. How much of life it has mothered!—Life with its joys and successes; life, with its sorrows and failures. How many have come hopefully to that mother breast. Some have gone away rejoicing, others have drooped in despair. Some have smiled, others have wept.

That mother lode has given birth to thousands of romances. It has given birth to tragedy, comedy and farce. It has not only made the history of California, but it has made much of this nation's history as well. It has built beautiful homes, fine schools, and ships on the sea. It has established great commercial interests. It has brought works of art from abroad. It has gathered big libraries. It has inspired progress. Truly, the people of Amador county have reason to feel very proud.

And when one thinks of that great, silent mother gold waiting down there in the earth, one feels awed with the wonderful possibilities of the future. What powers lie in that mother lode! The thought makes the blood rush in one's veins. And it is right here, near to us! Perhaps, down under this soil of Amador county is waiting that force which will revolutionize the world. Who knows? The power which will bring that higher civilization about which we only dream to-day.

❧

Our first experiences after reaching Amador county were all a part of this mother gold thought. Wasn't it funny that the first man we should meet was named Orr? He is a miner too. We met him on the new observation car which brought us from Ione.

We were strangers in this country, but there is something about California which does not allow one to be a stranger for long.

When we climbed into this new car there was something social in the air. People spoke to us. Mr. Williams the conductor, pointed out places of interest for us. Mr. Orr entertained us with stories of Amador county. The crude car took on a homey sort of atmosphere. I looked at the bunting with which the car was decorated, and thought, "How like our American spirit." Just as soon as we lay a new egg of progress, we crow in red, white and blue bunting. But it is that color and that spirit that makes us all friends.

Then after we had had one of Mr. Voorheis' good suppers, we went to call on Mr. and Mrs. Tuson at the rectory. Here we found that same genial friendliness. We found something else too,—an inspiration.

Mr. Tuson took us out and showed us the room he is digging with such muscular christianity under his little church. I thought, bless me! here is the same mother lode. Every one in this country is digging for gold. Mr. Tuson is also digging for gold, but it is the best kind of gold. He is digging out a little room where may be fostered good deeds and kind thoughts. As he works he pictures to himself the pleasant meeting that will be held in his cheery mine under the church. Who can say how much of gold in character will come out of that little room?—How much nobility may be inspired there? Suffering hearts may be cheered; discouraged efforts may get a new lease of life; lovers may meet there, and new homes grow out of the golden influences of this little room under the church. It offers a gold that we all may have.

❧

Then on Sunday evening we went to hear Mr. Winning preach, and he had chosen "Friends," as the text of his sermon. He said a lot of good things too,—nuggets from the mother lode of human kindness. It was a suggestive sermon for strangers in a community to hear. It offered something of promise. It made us hope that here in Amador county one might find some of the best friends we had ever known. And we shall be glad to hear from any who have something to tell us about this life, or the life of this community. It was Emerson who said, "A friend is a person before whom I can think aloud."

It would please me to feel that out in these hills there are some who would feel that they could think aloud to me, or think in ink for me to read.

❧

Mrs. Jesse Story is also a new comer in Jackson. Her husband has come here for the Western Union telegraph company. Their home has been in Oakland. Mrs. Story is bound to be a pleasant influence in the community. She can't help it. That sort of thing is in her blood, inherited from a mother lode of golden cheerfulness. She is own cousin to Robert Hunter the philanthropist. You know that Mr. Hunter married Caroline Phelps Stokes two years ago. She is said to be worth fifty millions of dollars in her own name, and one of the heirs to another hundred and fifty millions. Mr and Mrs Hunter have given up the gay society life of New York's Four Hundred, and have made a modest little home in the city slums. Here they devote their lives and their money to helping the poor. It was here that Mr. Hunter wrote the new book he has just published about the poor in New York. It is considered one of the most telling books of this last year.

Out here among the hills where each one has so much breathing room, it is hard to believe that in a space of three blocks—no longer than Jackson's main street—in the heart of New York's slum district there are fifty thousand people living. I have known girls there as old as fifteen years who had never seen grass grow.

❧

Another interesting friend whom I have made in Jackson is Mr. Peter Osuma. He is a guard for the Standard Electrical Company up at the Bear River camp. That is as you probably know, one of the reserved reservoirs of this company. Mr. Peter and his "pardner," Fred Hodes stay up there in the mountains, forty seven miles from here, all the year round. In the summer he has two weeks' vacation. He is now spending that vacation in Jackson. He had intended to go to Portland, but some attraction kept him here. He did not confess what that attraction was, but he blushed when I asked him, and I made a guess. Think of living away from the sight of a girl's face for nearly twelve months in the year!—and that too where one has Spanish blood in his veins.

Mr. Peter comes from the good old California Spanish stock, and he has kept their two passions—horses and dancing. They used to dance as soon as they could walk, you know, and ride a horse equally early.

Up at this Bear River camp these boys have seen the snow eleven feet deep for four months. They get out every day on their snow shoes to look after the telephone wires, and take the weather reports which they send to the main station at Electra.

The company furnishes them with their provisions, but they shoot and fish for their fresh meat. He says that all they have to do is to make a hole in the ice to catch all the mountain trout they want. This fishing is no sport because it is too easy.

I asked him if he ever saw any exciting experiences which would make good stories to write about? He said: "No we just live along from day to day."

Then I did drag out of him one or two thrilling adventures—adventures that he took quite as a matter of course, being used as he was to that wild life in the mountains. Mrs. Fisher told of his saving the lives of two children, and he looked at her in surprise to think that she could consider that anything to his credit.

"There wasn't any body else to do it," he said.

"Don't you ever get lonesome?" I asked.

"Everybody wants to know that," he answered, "but when a fellow has certain work to do, the best thing for him is to do it, and not howl about it. I never think about being lonesome, because it is my business to stay there and do the work for the company." There is philosophy for you.

If more of us spent our time doing our work instead of howling so much about it we would get along a good deal better.

These boys read. To be sure, their newspapers are frequently two months old. But they have the telephone, and that is their society. Through this they learn what is going on down in the world below them.

I have never met Mr. Bragg, the superintendent for the company, but I am sure that he is a nice chap, Mr. Peter said:

"Mr. Bragg knows how we are fixed, and he often telephones us half an hour at a time, and tells us all about the Russian war, and what's doing."

Any man who will take that pains for two boys up in the wilderness must have a kind heart.

These boys like to read, and if you have any interesting books or magazines that you think they would enjoy, it wouldn't be a bad idea to pass 'em on. Their postoffice address is Volcano.

When you turn on your electric lights in your cosey homes, just think of those two lads, alone, away up there on the mountain, just simply doing their work and not howling about it—ready, in case of any accident to the main flow, to send that water tumbling down the mountain for your comfort.

FINDS HEALTH IN A TREE TOP.

For the past three consecutive summers Orin Steinberger, a resident of Urbana, in Ohio, and whose age is 40 years, an artist by profession, has resided in his tree top home where he is now laughing at consumption. He is entirely cured, and today said he never felt better in his life. The present home of Steinberger is perched among the branches of a gigantic white oak, about sixty feet from the ground, on the farm owned by his father. For the past twelve years Steinberger had suffered from consumption. He went to Mexico and Arizona five years ago, and remained there some time. He failed to improve, however, and decided to return home. It was then that the wild free life of the woods appealed to him.

Steinberger was in the last stages of consumption, and was told that his death was only a question of a few months. He was informed that ordinary camp life would do him no good. Nevertheless, he selected a large tree in the forest and stated that he intended to live among the branches until he was taken away dead or cured.

Steinberger ascends the tree by means of a rope ladder. Around the tree trunk where the first branches appear he constructed his home. The platform is sufficiently large to accommodate twenty people. He fitted up several rooms in this queer home. One is used as a studio, and from it a view of the beautiful Mad River valley for a distance of twenty miles can be had. Another is used for a dining-room, while a third is his bedroom. He also constructed a fireplace on which to cook his food,

Nothing will please an invalid as well as a package of those fancy cakes from Nettles' Mkt.

THE BARNEY INQUEST.

The Placerville Nugget gives the following particulars of the Barney tragedy.

The testimony at the inquest showed the facts of the shooting to be as follows: About 8 o'clock Monday Mrs. Barney was preparing breakfast in the one room log cabin in which the family lived, when without warning the aged husband and father fired at his wife with a shot gun. The charge of buckshot, with which the gun was loaded struck the woman in the temple killing her instantly. There were no words between Barney and his wife and no reason for the murder has been discovered. Before the killing Barney took his gun and went out of the house to hunt squirrels. He killed one in the brush nearby and returned to the house keeping the gun in his hands. Awaiting his opportunity he fired at the unsuspecting woman and she fell dead at the feet of her married daughter Mrs. Mary Ybright. Barney then left the house followed by Mrs. Ybright, and in reply to the latter's lamentations said: "No one is more sorry for this than I am, but it had to be done." He also told her that Mrs. Barney had attempted to poison him, showing her his tongue as evidence of the fact, the tongue being slightly red and swollen but as the result of a slight illness and not of poison. Barney than stated that he was going to Amador county to give himself up, and left the place telling his daughter to send for the coroner.

A shot was heard shortly after Barney left and a couple of hours after his body was found, by aid of dogs, in the thick brush a quarter of a mile away from the house.

He had put the muzzle of the gun in his mouth and pulled the trigger. The entire back part of his head was blown off and portions of the brain matter were found clinging to the trees above.

An undertaker from Plymouth took charge of the bodies and they will be interred at Plymouth.

Owing to the fact that Mr. Barney was undemonstrative and calm the members of the family testified that they did not think he was insane, but the insanity theory is generally accepted as an explanation of the terrible crime.

CLARENCE MURPHY WAS MARRIED IN STOCKTON.

Clarence Murphy was married in Stockton June 1, 1901, by Justice Parker. The justice was reminded of the fact by one who remembered the incident. Justice Parker remembers that he was called to the office of Jacobs & Flack where the young couple awaited him. The bride was Eva Angelene Zwinge, aged eighteen of Mountain Ranch. Murphy was only twenty and had to have the consent of a parent or guardian. His brother, Ernest performed that office for him, signing himself "brother and guardian." It is reported that Clarence has been married again since that event, but whether widowed or divorced has not been disclosed. The fact that he was married in the office of Jacobs & Flack may have led to the retaining of that firm to defend him in the Lancha Plana murder case.—Stockton Independent.

For fine stationery, go to the City Pharmacy.

Demand the Brand!!

News Clipped From Our Exchanges

Mrs. Derinda Dawson breathed her last on Saturday evening at about 6 o'clock, her death being due to paralysis. She had been bedridden for nearly a year as a result of a stroke and her death was not unexpected. She was a native of White county, Indiana, where she first saw the light January 26, 1826. On January 1, 1840, she was married to William Dawson, who preceded her to the grave by several years. She had been a resident of this locality for years. The deceased had been a member of the Reformed church of Latter Day Saints for about 29 years and her funeral was conducted by Elder J. M. Terry of Oakland. Deceased leaves two daughters, Mrs. Florance E. Roberts of Oakland, and Mrs. Rhoda S. McReynolds of Dunsmuir, and two sons, Edwin T. Dawson of this place and W. N. Dawson of Sacramento. She leaves 14 grandchildren.—Echo

On Friday of last week Isaiah Cooley, of Iowa, accompanied by J. A. Tracy and wife, son-in-law and daughter, arrived in this city. Mr. Cooley is a brother of J. S. Cooley of the Mount Pleasant district an these brothers had not met before the present visit for 48 years.—Echo.

Burned to Death in Forest Fire.

A forest fire near Hodson last Sunday was the cause of ending the life of Ed. McCarty, a well known resident of that section, and came near causing the death of two other men. The fire was an extensive one and the whole community was out fighting it. ED McCarty, Jesse McFall and Yancy Vickery were together in a brushy section of the country, and had a horse and buggy along. Before they were aware of their danger they found themselves surrounded by flames.

The three men got into the buggy and endeavored to escape by forcing the horse through the flames at a point where the encircling danger seemed narrowest. When the horse reached the ring of fire he whirled suddenly, overturning the bugggy, and throwing all three men out, and into the fire. McFall and Vickery were thrown on their feet, and making a good run through the fire were soon in a place of safety, though their clothing was mostly burned from their bodies.

McCarty appeared to be stunned by the fall and did not rise, and was quickly overcome by the smoke and fire. The horse and buggy were also burned by the fire, and the ghastly remains were found near togther after the fire had done its work.

Ed. McCarty was a native of California about 50 years of age. He had always resided at Copperopolis, and was a brother of J. D. and R. T. McCarty, well known stock men of that town.—Calaveras Prospect.

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.

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Frank Simcich - - je19 - - Prop

BOATING ON THE NILE.

The Best Pilots Run Aground Two or Three Times a Day.

Navigation on the Nile is not so complicated a matter as upon the north Atlantic, writes Alonzo Clarke Robinson in Outing. To run at full speed upon a sand bar is an occurrence of such frequency as hardly to elicit a comment from the passengers. The crew take more interest because they are obliged to push the boat off again with poles, and this entails a great amount of shouting and some work. The Nile below the first cataract is a fairly broad, muddy river, flowing between deposed banks varying from six to eight to twenty to thirty feet in height. Its surface is interrupted everywhere by sand spits and islands upon which are to be seen thousands of birds. The channel, if such it can be called, winds from one side to the other and changes completely with every flood; hence even the best pilots run aground two or three times a day. It is, of course, impossible to proceed at night, and each day's voyage comes to an end wherever darkness happens to overtake one. The boat's nose is simply run plump on the bank, two men leap out and drive stakes to which to make fast, and there you are for the night. A very simple and effective method, without any ostentation and requiring very little knowledge of mathematics; it has also the advantage of variety. Sometimes one finds oneself alone beneath the wonderful Egyptian moon lighting up the river, the distant cliffs and the silent, empty plain, or perhaps one stops near some little native village, in which case the bank is lined with silent, curious figures, who crouch for hours wrapped in their white cloth coverings. Once we tied up beside a lonely brick kiln. The sight was a weird one. The red flare of the furnace, fed with sugar cane, cast intermittent flashes of light into the night, in and out of which moved black half naked natives, while overhead was the cloudless, star lit sky of Egypt.

Wild Flowers of Alaska.

Up in "green Alaska," as John Burroughs found it, the predominating color of the wild flowers is blue. The wild geranium is blue and tinges the slopes as daisies and buttercups do with us. He speaks of "patches of a most exquisite forgetmenot of pure, delicate blue with yellow center that grew to the height of about a foot. A handful of it looked like something just caught out of the sky above." In another paragraph he speaks of the forgetmenot growing round an Eskimo encampment at Plover bay, within sight of the Siberian coast, that was scarcely an inch high, of deep ultramarine blue, "the deepest, most intense blue I ever saw in a wild flower."

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