

FREE GARDEN AND TREE SEEDS.

How Some New Varieties May Be Obtained.

The Gift of the Herald to Its Subscribers---Vegetables Which Double the Income of Truck Farmers in the East.

By special arrangement with some of the leading seed houses of the world, THE HERALD is able to give each of its cash subscribers (only those who receive the paper by mail or express are included) a most valuable lot of FREE SEEDS. These seeds are recommended by gardeners of long experience as the very best varieties of the plants named known. The market value of the products from them will, of course, be greater than the common varieties now used. It is probably the best premium offer ever made on the Pacific Coast, and old as well as new subscribers may avail themselves of it. The only requirement is a cash remittance. Those who have already paid in advance can have their subscriptions extended by remitting 50 cents on the weekly and 75 cents on the daily, and will receive the seed package free of postage or other charge. A large quantity of the seeds will not, of course, be sent to anyone, but sufficient to make a fair trial. No seeds sent without a request for them. The following is the list:

GREEN AND GOLD WATERMELON.—A large and very fine variety. The flesh is firm and sweet. The color is very beautiful.

HACKENSACK MUSKMELON.—A large melon; very prolific; rich in flavor; thick, juicy flesh.

SIBERIAN CUCUMBER.—Very early; grows from four to six inches in length; good color, firm and very crisp.

JUMBO PUMPKIN.—An imported variety of immense size; very productive and a good keeper; flesh salmon colored; good for both cooking and stock feeding.

KLEIN SUGAR BEET.—This new German variety, as reported by Dr. H. W. Wiley of the United States Department of Agriculture, exceeds all others in the amount of sucrose in its juice, and also in its yield. According to his analytical table, the yield of the Kleinwanz-lebener was 22½ tons of beets per acre, from which upward of 6200 pounds of sugar were extracted, being 400 pounds more sugar per acre than extracted from any of five other varieties tested and analyzed under the same conditions. It has

also been largely experimented with at the various state agricultural fairs throughout the country, with the same gratifying results.

LONG-STANDING LETTUCE.—In shape this variety resembles the White Seeded Giant Company's lettuce, but it heads much better and the leaves are firmer and more numerous. It is very slow to run to seed, and withstands the heat better than any other variety. Its leaves are very crisp and delicious.

INDIAN BEAN TREE.—A quick grower and a useful tree in every respect. Just the thing for timber claims; grows on the driest land.

JERUSALEM CORN.—A new and valuable forage plant. Grows on the driest land. It is said the growth on half a 50x150 foot lot will almost support a cow.

CARDINAL TOMATO.—This is a beautiful tomato, being of a brilliant cardinal red, very glossy looking when ripe, the flesh of the same brilliant color. Ripens evenly through, having no hard green core, like many others. In shape it is round, smooth and solid.

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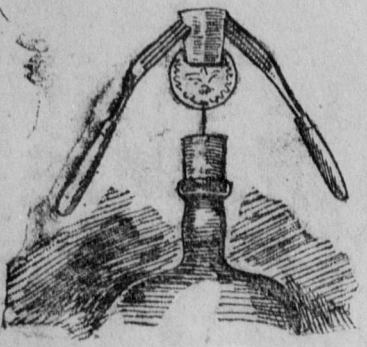
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FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Spinning a Coin.

Take a wine or porter bottle and insert in the mouth a cork, with a needle in a perpendicular position, says an exchange. Then cut a nick on the face of another cork, in which fix a silver quarter, and into the same cork fix two common table



orks, opposite to each other, with the handles inclining downward. If the rim of the coin be then placed upon the point of the needle, it may be turned around without any risk of falling off, as the center of gravity is below the center of suspension.

Well Acted.

In the school I attended it was the custom for the girls to write plays, and one, entitled "The Successful Accident," was prepared for our class to be acted in school. It was customary for the pupils to have lessons and invite their friends. The histrionic talent of almost every girl attending the school had been shown off to great advantage, but there were two who had never succeeded, and they were chosen to act conspicuous parts in one scene of this play—that of governess and excited mother of her pupils. The old lady had to enter the room hurriedly and speak sharply to the governess. Again and again they were drilled, but at every rehearsal they failed, and all feared they would not succeed.

When the curtain rose there sat the poor, trembling governess with book in hand. The stage floor had been newly waxed, and when the old lady came sweeping in she lost her step and slipped all the way across the stage, carrying before her the astonished governess, who remained where she fell, off the opposite side of the stage. But her employer arose, straightened her gray wig and walked with stately step to the entrance. The curtain fell, and the audience applauded, thinking it the best acted part of the play.—Washington News.

Brave Children.

A pretty incident in connection with the Umbria's delay relates to the children of one of its prominent passengers. They were counting on "papa's" arrival on Christmas morning, and decided the night before not to open the stockings which Santa Claus should fill until he came, anticipating at the most a wait of a few hours. Even these seemed hard to endure when the plump stockings were actually in evidence before their eager eyes, but desire was loyalty to

strained and the day passed. Other days came and went with the traveler still out of harbor, but the self imposed ordeal was unflinchingly borne till the blissful Saturday when their ship came in, and a joyous reunion and realization rewarded their faithfulness.

There should be stuff in these youngsters of which heroes are made. To a child a full Christmas stocking tempts like Caesar's crown.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

A Poet Who Told "Stories."

The poet Shelley as a boy was possessed of a marvelous imagination. So wonderful, indeed, was it that it gave his parents many an anxious hour. He would recount imaginary scenes and conversations as though they were actual, and it really seemed as though he were unable to distinguish between the little fictions of his imagination and actual fact. This characteristic was strong with Shelley throughout his not very long life, and frequently gave rise to unfortunate complications between himself and those who did not understand his nature and habit.—Harper's Young People.

Ashamed of It.

Mamma—Well, did you tell God how naughty you have been?

Lily—No, I was ashamed. I thought it had better not get out of the family.—Catholic World.

Strong Enough.

Small Son—Mamma, may I go skating?

Mamma—The ice is very thin yet.

Small Son—Well, I'm pretty thin too.—Good News.

Little Sisters.

Baby totters when she walks (she is only two, you know).

Twists the words up when she talks, But I like to hear them so, 'Cause I can always find them out And tell nurse what she talks about.

Baby always comes to me To help her dress, to help her play. I am half past four you see, And growing bigger every day.

And I'm learning A-B-C, And tables up to 5 times 8.



And I've got a painting book, A box of paints and brushes too! I turn the leaves for her to look And show her red and prussian blue. She knows them now and gives them to me. When I paint roses or skies and sea.

When I mix I'll learn to sew, Mend and darn as mother does. Kilt my socks right to the toe, And make contented hats for us, And teach dear baby all I do, And mother'll rest and watch us two.

MRS. LAMB'S QUEER WAYS.

She Was the Only Woman Historian in America, Perhaps in the World. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, editress of The Magazine of American History, was a singular and remarkable woman. She was something of a writer, something of a business woman, something of a philanthropist, something of an organizer and a great deal of a historian.

Mrs. Lamb was the one woman who has written history successfully. She took as much delight in hunting through dusty letters, manuscripts and records and in digging into ancient ruins as the late Mr. Bancroft. Not only did she take interest in historical matters—an easy enough and common enough thing to do—but she won the respect and admiration of eminent and erudite historical scholars on both sides of the Atlantic, and came to be recognized as an authority on American historical matters.

Mrs. Lamb's strong, kindly, womanly face was familiar in all of the bookstores, libraries and those out of the way book marts in the city, the existence of which is unknown to most busy New Yorkers, where literary people, book lovers and antiquarians congregate to follow their studies and fancies. Although sixty-three years of age, for years, regularly—vacations were quite unknown to her—at 8 o'clock in the morning she arrived at her office in the building occupied by the Scribners. Indeed she brought on her death by persistent attendance to her duties when her health would not permit it. In the details of her work she was as systematic as a bank clerk, and she would brook nothing else on the part of her assistants.

Editorial and business manager of the magazine, an active participant in the affairs of numerous societies devoted to historical research and the advancement of women, an author of historical works, a constant writer on historical themes, she accomplished all with the aid of but one stenographer, and she had been heard to say that this stenographer was a luxury. There's an example of activity and devotion to duty to be admired by man and woman alike!

Mrs. Lamb began writing at an early age. As a girl she was shy, modest, unassuming and never accessible to strangers. When she was fifteen years of age she went to visit the birthplace of her mother, who died when she was a child. She wrote a long account of the impressions she received and sent it unsigned to a paper at Northampton, Mass., near by where she was living. The editor learned who the author was and published it over her signature. Before she was twenty she had a number of stories for children accepted by magazines and periodicals, and during her lifetime she wrote eight books for children.

She was often abrupt and original in her decisions. She would advance a peculiar opinion upon a subject, and upon being asked for her reason would answer simply that she had none, but she knew what she started to be true.

Mrs. Lamb had her hobby. It was societies. She was a member of more organizations than any other woman who

ever lived. When there was no society for her to join she organized one. The walls of her apartment were covered with framed certificates of membership in societies in all parts of the world. She was the originator of the Home for the Friendless and the Half Orphan society, the Colonial Dames and numerous others. When she attended a meeting of historians last year at Montreal she was granted the freedom of the city—something never given before to a woman.

Although most enthusiastic in all matters of woman's work, Mrs. Lamb herself most enjoyed to work with men. She made The Magazine of American History pay—a miraculous accomplishment in the eyes of publishers.

"The History of the City of New York" won for Mrs. Lamb her epurs as a historian. Many consider it the most complete and accurate record ever compiled. Afterward she published half a dozen historical works which were received and are looked upon as coming from high authority. What she has done in her magazine toward preserving American historical references cannot fail to be of value to the future historian in his work.—New York Press.

Remarkable Tenacity of Life. The pious Dr. Shirely Palmer tells a fish story that is calculated to make the members of the St. Louis Hunting and Fishing association (to use a strictly original expression) "turn green with envy." By some hook or crook—hook no doubt—Mr. Palmer came into possession of a fine brace of tench. They were a lively pair of finny beauties when the doctor took them home with the idea of slaughtering them for his Sunday dinner. Placing them in a pail of water, he put them into the larder and thought no more about the matter. That night at midnight he was aroused, so he says, by a groan proceeding from the aforesaid larder. Inspection of the room explained the mystery.

One of the fish had sprung from the basin or pail and lay gasping upon the floor, every now and then uttering sounds similar to those which had disturbed Mr. Palmer. Next day both fish were prepared for dinner, but such was their tenacity of life that both, after having undergone the process of scaling and evisceration, sprang from the pan and wriggled about on the floor as though they had but recently been removed from their native element.

This is told as a scientific fact, not as a "fish story" or in the way of a joke.—St. Louis Republic.

The carnation by reason of its real merit has since 1860 rapidly forced itself into an important place in the flower trade of the northern and central parts of our country.

Professor Bell, of telephone fame, is a large, strongly built man who looks as though he enjoys life. He has a most contagious smile.

It was not until 1830 that the New England mackerel fisheries were prosecuted with any appreciable success.

THE SHIPMAN'S TALE.

Listen, my master! I speak naught but truth. From dawn to dawn they drifted on and on, Not knowing whither or to what dark end. Now the north froze them, now the hot south scorched.

Some called to God and found great comfort so; Some gnashed their teeth with curses, and some laughed. An empty laughter seeing that they lived, So sweet was breath between their foolish lips. Day after day the same relentless sun; Night after night the same unlighting stars. At intervals fierce lightning tore the clouds, Showing vast, hollow spaces, and the silent blast, and the torrents of the sky were loosed. From time to time a hand relaxed its grip, And some pale wretch slid down into the dark. With stifled moan, and transient horror seized The rest who waited, knowing what must be. At every turn strange shapes reached up and clutched.

The whirling wreck, held on awhile, and then Slipped back again into that blackness whence they came.

Ah, hapless folk, to be so tost and torn, So racked by hunger, fever, fire and wave, And swept at last into the nameless void—Frail girls, strong men and mothers with their babes!

And were none saved?

My masters, not a soul! Oh, shipman, woe! what is thy tale! Our hearts are heavy, and our eyes are dimmed. What ship is this that suffered such ill fate? What ship, my masters? Know ye not?—The World.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in Harper's.

Patents and What They Protect.

A business man in this city who is up to his ears in the work necessary to gather capital to float an enterprise, and at the same time to keep information of the nature of it away from busy rivals, found time last week to say: "Did you ever think that a patent does not protect in this country? Well, it's a fact. All that the patent office does is to give you a paper with some writing on it, but if another man steals your idea and goes to manufacturing your invention the patent office will not lift a finger to protect you or to stand by its own decision. The fact that you've got a patent is a point in your favor, but you've got to hire lawyers and fight the thief in the courts, and if he can stand it to hire lawyers longer than you can that settles you, and you might as well make him a present of your invention. There are lots of men in the country who are getting rich on the discoveries of other people. All they had to do was to take 'em and fight the real discoverers into poverty. The patent office, to be respected and to be of any use, ought to have the power to cause the stealer of a patent to be sent to prison."—New York Sun.

The Color of the Hat. Centuries ago the color of a hat or cap had its significance. Cardinals first began to wear red hats in 1253. In Italy for ages members of the Hebrew race were known by the yellow cap they wore, it being unsuitable for them to wear the Phrygian cap.

No Place For a Conscience. Applicant For Situation (to grocer)—I'm honest, truthful, industrious, and I have a conscience, sir.

Grocer—Have a conscience! Good gracious, young man, you'll never do for this business!—Exchange.

AMUSEMENTS OF PAUPERS.

How the inmates of English Almshouses Get Their Entertainment.

"We have far better amusements in the workhouse than most people think," said an old inmate to one of our representatives the other day. "I don't mean such things as cards, dominoes and the like, but real, first class, professional affairs. But you have to pay for 'em—oh, yes."

"Now, there's an old fellow in my 'house," he was a doctor, and can still remember every line of Shakespeare. We often make up an ounce of tobacco among us, and he'll give us a whole act of Hamlet." He is not above taking half an ounce for the recital of a scene or two. Only last week he was in grand form. Twenty of us managed to subscribe a matter of fifteen pence, and we sat during the whole afternoon listening to a complete recital of "The Merchant of Venice."

"I know of an old Crimean hero. He goes on another tack. He has a wonderful appetite. For a bit of his next door neighbor's meat or pudding, or a portion of his soup at dinner, he will take him in a corner and tell him stories of the war for half an hour. He always winds up with a capital rendering of 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' in which a brother of his was killed."

"I have seen thirty little crows of tobacco put in an old sailor's cap—making altogether perhaps an ounce and a half or so—in return for which he will spin sea yarns by the mile. He never tells the same yarn twice. We call him Sea Serpent Sam, and I don't know a man who better deserves the title. He's a masterpiece!"

"The women? Oh, yes, they are not forgotten. I can tell you this: There are a couple of old ladies in our house. One has been an operatic chorus singer. She knows a score of operas, and for a trifle will sing you anything you like, both in Italian and English. Bless you, her voice isn't half bad, and I should say she once had a very good one."

"But give me the old lady who dances. She says she was once a principal dancer. She's sixty-five if she's a day, but I've seen her dance a highland fling to perfection. I remember once a couple of us old fellows laid down our two sticks on the pavement of the exercise ground. Believe me, sir, she set all our feet going with her sword dance."—London Tit-Bits.

An Ocean Mystery. One of the saddest of ocean mysteries was the fate of the 120 souls who sailed from Philadelphia on Dec. 1, 1889, in the ironclad Atlanta, or Triunfo, as she was rechristened. She had been purchased by the government of Hayti, and she sailed for Port au Prince. She had two Haytian senators on board, the wife of a commanding officer and a crew of over 100 young men recruited in Philadelphia. Nothing has ever been heard of the vessel from that day.—New York World.

Philosophy of Grumbling. "You may call us confirmed grumblers," said a regular John Bull sort of Britisher the other day, "but I tell you our grumbling pays. When things go wrong with you Americans, you make fun of it and laugh at it and endure it. When things go wrong with us, we keep on grumbling until they are set straight. If you grumbled more and joked less, you would be a bit better off."—New York Herald.

Love as a Disease. May—Why is it that people really know so little about love?

Frank—Because it is a disease that leaves its victims in such a pitiful condition of imbecility that they are wholly incapable of rationally describing their symptoms.—New York Herald.

REPROOF IN LOVE.

Because we are shut out from light, Each of the other's look and smile; Because the arms and lips' delicate Are past and dead a weary while; Because the dawn that joy has brought Brings now but certainty of pain, Nothing for you and me has brought The right to live our lives in vain.

Take not away the only lure That leads me on my lonely way— To know you noble, sweet and pure, Great in least service day by day.

—Wives and Daughters.

How a Saber Cut Feels.

"Hardly know how it feels to be shot, but I well realize how it feels to be cut," said Mr. O. D. Reeves of Indianapolis to the Lindell. "I enlisted in a cavalry regiment when I was 16 and put in four years for Uncle Sam. Do you see this scar? That was done at Nashville," and he held up his left hand, which was a memento of a deep scar. "The boys were ordered to charge, and I had emptied my pistols and had just drawn my saber when I saw bearing down upon me one of the largest men I ever saw."

"Our horses were both going at full speed, and he was headed directly for me. He launched his blow first, and instinctively threw up my hand and lowered my head. The saber struck my hand, which fell helplessly by my side. The man flew past me, and I turned my horse to one side and rode far enough away to examine my wound. No blood escaped, neither did I feel any pain until the wound was dressed half hour later. The reaction set in, and the strongest opiates were used for days to give me relief from pain."—St. Louis Republic.

Are Spats Fashionable?

There is one point on which considerable doubt exists in various quarters. Are spats fashionable? is the query in which this doubt is sometimes expressed. The fact that some well dressed men persevere in wearing them does not exactly answer the question in the affirmative, for there are old army men and others who will continue all their lives to wear the same sort of things they wore some 10 or 15 years since. That spats since then have descended in the social scale may be otherwise conceded.—London News.

A Model Husband.

"I defy you to find a man who loves his wife as dearly as I love mine. To render her happy I would undertake to go and live alone at the top of a mountain."

"But you would never come up to Puntolini's uncle, who, when he ascertained that his wife looked best in mourning, went and committed suicide."—Corriere della Sera.

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USE GERMAN FAMILY SOAP.