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MONDAY, JANUARY 4, 1897.

TONIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS. ORPHEUM—Vaudeville. BURBANK—The Police Patrol.

TO DOWN PERKINS. Senator Perkins' friends have unearthed a scheme of the sugar trust to secure that gentleman's seat in the upper branch of congress.

THE BLACK FLAG. If the report from Cuba is true that Gomez, commander-in-chief of the insurgent armies, has ordered that hereafter all military operations be under the black flag, human life will have less value than ever before upon that unhappy island.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR. On the Sick-list—Notice in a Swiss pass: "No echo today."—Fillegende Blatter.

A DROUGHT ON THE CUMBERLAND. Half-way up the side of the Cumberland range, as I took a short cut through the woods to save distance, I suddenly came upon a man with a ten-gallon keg on his shoulder.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE. It is suggested in Alabama that Miss Mary Page Jones, the daughter of the late Commander Catesby at R. Jones of the Confederate navy, be requested to marry the new haughty Alabama.

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S STATUE. New York is to have a statue of Thomas Jefferson. A committee of prominent citizens, embracing Republicans as well as Democrats, has put the scheme on a practical basis.

THE BLOSSOM OF THE SOUL. Thou half-unfolded flower, With fragrance-laden heart, What is the secret power, That gives thee this perfume?

bine? This is a good time for honest Republican voters to open up a correspondence with their representatives in the legislature. But will they do it? That depends upon to what extent they are party slaves—how firmly the thumbs of the bosses are upon their necks.

BURLAPS AND THE LIKE. William Rutherford of Oakland, Cal., and a manufacturer of twines, burlaps, bags and the like, was before the tariff committee last Saturday to plead for high protection for his line of business.

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The powers have again resolved that the sultan must reform his government. The first resolve of the powers was filed about fifty years ago.

The sugar trust is playing for a protective tariff and a bounty, too. What splendid train robbers the bosses of the trust would make.

If the pessimists in the business channels of Los Angeles would take a long vacation, the town would be better off.

It is to be observed that the demands of the industries for high protection sound very much like commodes.

This is January, Mr. Hanna-McKinley. Please bring on the promised prosperity.

LAMENT OF THE BORDER WIDOW. My love he built me a bonny bower, And clad it all with life and joy, And when he was dead he left me here, Than my true love he built for me.

There came a man by middle-day, He sped his sport and went away, And brought the king that very night, Who broke my bower and slew my knight.

He slew my knight, and me he dear, He slew my knight, and me he dear, My servants all for life did flee, And left me in extremity.

I sowed his seed, making my mane; I watched the corpse myself alone; And when he was dead he left me here, Than my true love he built for me.

I took his body on my back, And while I grieved and while I sat, I digged a grave and laid him in, And hadd him with the sod sea green.

But think na ye my heart was sair, When I laid him in the sod sea green; O' think na ye my heart was sair, When I turned about away to gae?

Nae living man I'll love again, Since that my lovely knight is slain; I'll chain my heart forever fair, For aye my heart's my dear man's chain.

On the Sick-list—Notice in a Swiss pass: "No echo today."—Fillegende Blatter.

"She"—"Everybody in the choir detests the organist." He—"Yes; I understand that he is despised as a non-combatant."—Puck.

Jones—"Brown is very careful about his children, isn't he?" Jenkins—"Yes; he's trying to bring them up in the way he should have gone."—Puck.

His Satanic Majesty—"What is that terrible odor?" The attendant—"It's that last man's foot." He—"What is a Sunday paper in his pocket?"—Truth.

"She"—"She is doing her best to fascinate the widower. Of course he has considerable means." He—"Perhaps she thinks she means justifies the end."—Puck.

His View—"Do you believe in civil-service reform?" Jones (who has failed to pass examination)—"I do. My questions should be made easier."—Puck.

"I suppose every profession has its own peculiar disease, doctor? What is the writer's hand cramp?" "No—Influenza!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"We must get little Bobby a football mask." "What for?" "He is going down town with nurse, and I don't want him to ruin his nose on any of the shop windows."—Chicago Record.

On the Veranda—"There goes Mrs. Chatwicks. What does she come to Florida for?" "She wants to get rid of her rheumatism." "Why does she bring her three daughters along with her?" "She wants to get rid of them, too."—Truth.

The Big Brother—"What are you going to give the governor for Christmas, Edith?" The sister—"An ironing board, some handkerchiefs. What are you?" The Big Brother—"I am working him for a raise in my allowance."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Sunday school teacher (who has told one of the new boys the beautiful story of Christmas and hopes to make an impression)—"I am glad to see you so attentive, Jim. Do you understand it now? Is there any question you would like to ask me?" New Boy—"Yes, Jim. D'ye reckon Goliath could be licked Jim D'ye reckon?"—Chicago Record.

A certain doctor had occasion, when only a beginner in the medical profession, to attend a trial as a witness. Counsel, in cross-examining the young M. D., had occasion to remark, throwing doubt upon the ability of so young a man to understand his business, "Do you know the symptoms of concussion of the brain?" asked the learned counsel.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "well," continued the barrister, "suppose my learned friend Mr. Bagwig and myself were to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?" "Your learned friend Mr. Bagwig might," said the doctor quietly.—Tit-Bits.

It is suggested in Alabama that Miss Mary Page Jones, the daughter of the late Commander Catesby at R. Jones of the Confederate navy, be requested to marry the new haughty Alabama.

W. E. Curtis says that there are only three genuine millionaires in the senate—Cameron, McMillan and Wetmore. Pierce, Jones of Nevada, Stewart and Elihu, he says, have great speculative wealth, and might, with good fortune, sell out for a million apiece.

The Rev. James E. Quigley, the Roman Catholic bishop designate to Buffalo, was born in Ontario, Canada, in 1856. He was graduated from the college of the Propaganda in Rome in 1879. He has spent a good part of his ministerial life in Buffalo, where he has gained the respect of the people generally.

Miss Edith Lyman Collins, the ward of Mr. Dewey, it seems is not going to marry "our Chauncey," but is engaged to a young man attending the Turkish legation at Rome. His Turkish designation is Recid Bey, but he belongs to a Polish

cubic feet, but there was a net profit of \$170,000. But that is not all. All city institutions were to be free list, and the gas they consumed would have amounted to \$650,000. Every city should own its water and lighting plants.

A cargo of American corn has been sent to India to be used for food. An experiment, but it is believed that corn can be raised quite as well as wheat in India.

Sam Shortridge has two votes sure for senator, but Spreckels' \$200,000 may induce others to see a "long felt want" of the state in the elongated lawyer.

No doubt Major McKinley is a very charming man and very devoted to his mother, but as the advance agent of prosperity he is a dismal failure.

It is nonsense to say "a woman who wants to ride a bicycle must be mentally unbalanced." She has to be well balanced to ride the tricky machine.

There are people who will take great delight in knowing that Schrader, the "divine healer," is in Washington, trying to work upon congressmen.

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Mr. Dewey describes him as a "fine fellow" and congratulates the young couple his blessing when they marry.

Washington Duke gave \$85,000 five years ago to secure the location of the Frank J. Goodspeed station, at Durham, N. C. Last week he gave \$10,000 toward the endowment of the same institution, on condition that it should open its doors to girls. It is generally believed that the condition will be accepted.

Henri Rochefort derives an income of \$50,000 yearly from the Intransigent. The Debats reproaches him with socialism and with giving no benefit to his employees. It is believed, however, that M. Rochefort is exceedingly generous to political refugees and he spends carelessly.

Charles Frohman, the theatrical manager, though one of the most conspicuous men in this country, and well known in England and France, will never sit for his photograph. There is an old picture of him, taken years ago, which occasionally appears in illustrated newspapers, but it does not look much like him.

Miss Ellen Key, a Swedish lady, has attracted much attention in her native land by efforts to ameliorate the condition of workwomen. Jointly with Dr. Frank Doster, she founded the workwomen's institute of Sweden, which now owns a handsome building in Stockholm and branch establishments in all provincial cities.

Dr. Emma W. Mooers of Arlington, Mass., has been appointed a member of the medical staff of the Michigan insane asylum. Dr. Mooers is a graduate of the medical department of the University of Michigan of the class of 1874. She has been in general practice in Arlington since graduation, with the exception of two years spent in Europe.

A GLIMPSE OF MRS. WATSON. At a reception given the other day in honor of Ian MacLaren and his wife, a good many people had their first glimpse of Mrs. Watson. She is a tall and dignified woman, a woman who would probably always be serene and, therefore, restful. She has dark hair, somewhat mixed with gray, which she brushes back in a conventional fashion. She wears without any base to speak of, and ending with a similar contempt of capitals. This Anglo-Doric affair was of red velvet, with a fashionable shade of red, but as one of the women said, "just red red."

The bonnet, possibly, did not appeal to the American eye, but the face underneath, which was a beautiful face, but it was so likable, it was so useful, and again, when she smiled, the dark eyes brightened wonderfully and the smile aspected of the face was changed.

It seems almost impossible to describe a woman without describing her dress. When I look at Mrs. Watson, I am interested to know that she wears a black and black satin gown. This was nothing extraordinary, for it seemed to the uninitiated mind as if three-fourths of all the women in present-day society wore black silk. At any rate, she gave the impression of being on good terms with her hair, and this isn't invariably true.

In her hand Mrs. Watson bore a bouquet, either, it was a branch of heather, or a few roses, or a few people would have thought it was a bunch of flowers. Almost everybody there, it was something with a sentiment attached, for it was too ugly to be carried for itself, and consequently, the majority promptly guessed that the sender had thought it was about as much like heather as a cabbage is like an American.

The sentiment which prompted the presentation to Mrs. Watson of this extraordinary floral offering was, of course, very pretty, but it was the really pretty thing about it. It is quite a good specimen of the kind of thing which had handled the thing for four or five hours, may have almost wished that she was from England, so that she might "strange" her hair, and in the form of roses.—Cleveland Recorder.

A DROUGHT ON THE CUMBERLAND. Half-way up the side of the Cumberland range, as I took a short cut through the woods to save distance, I suddenly came upon a man with a ten-gallon keg on his shoulder.

"Yes, I reckon," he replied.

"Yes, and if you stop at Bill Fisher's tonight, I'll bring you some spring water in a bottle and see that you don't suffer."

He was at Fisher's that night with half a dozen others, and when he was asked why he didn't pop over for a revenue spy, he laughingly replied:

"Why, the critter got in a sick smooth talk about spring water before I could get no mighty 'arrest that I thought I'd take chances on him. Yere's yer water, stranger, and if he tastes of co'n water, I can't help it."—Texas Express.

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S STATUE. New York is to have a statue of Thomas Jefferson. A committee of prominent citizens, embracing Republicans as well as Democrats, has put the scheme on a practical basis.

The Rev. James E. Quigley, the Roman Catholic bishop designate to Buffalo, was born in Ontario, Canada, in 1856. He was graduated from the college of the Propaganda in Rome in 1879. He has spent a good part of his ministerial life in Buffalo, where he has gained the respect of the people generally.

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AT THE THEATERS.

BURBANK—This evening for the first time in this city will be presented that great realistic drama of metropolitan life, The Police Patrol, at the Burbank. Manager Pearson has added a few more seats to the auditorium to accommodate the many patrons who were turned away last week.

The Police Patrol is a drama founded upon life in the great city of Chicago. The plot is drawn around those great metropolitan events—the Snell murder, the Haymarket square riots and the Anarchist plots. The scenes are varied, occurring in a parlor of the Bond mansion, amid the slick of society, then rapidly changing to the police station, with its grim interior, thence to the open air, showing a typical metropolitan street scene at the corner of State and Madison streets. Then the tenements of the poor give an insight into the darker side of city life, the patrol barn, the horses and wagons, the swift alarm, the officers of the force, those magnificent horses known as the "White Police," the scene of the great Anarchist riots, showing the police monument erected to the memory of the dead heroes, and the grate and the happy home, thus giving a panoramic view of actual city life in this great western metropolis. The scenic effects promised are of the best and the most accessible. These are typical of the scenes portrayed. Those desiring good seats should order them early. Next Monday night a week will be "Native Sons' night."

ORPHEUM—The Orpheum has a booming big bill of vaudeville attractions tonight, and the forecast indicates one of the best shows ever seen in the city. The attraction of the bill will be Clermont's animals. Of this interesting company the leading man is the much-talked-of piano playing poodle. He is the only animal in the world that has mastered a tune on the piano and on that account will be a big drawing card. A couple of talking roosters add another strong feature to the turn, while an excellent bill of vaudeville things with his clever antics. The clown of the little troupe is a long-haired comedian called Balaam, who performs no end of ludicrous tricks. The Orpheum bill will virtually be a whole show in themselves.

The three pretty Dunbar sisters give promise of being a team of favorites, as they have the reputation of being the prettiest song and dance artists on the stage. Their impersonations are said to be decidedly clever and their dancing superb.

Galett's monkey comedians will remain to furnish another roaring act like their big hit of the past week. Cushman and Holcombe have a splendid operatic sketch, with late songs and sparkling dialogue. These accomplished artists can always be depended on for a splendid bill of entertainment. Next, the phenomenal male Patti is still with us and will add a pleasing number to the program with new songs and fetching gowns. One of the enjoyable features of the bill will be the comedy and contortion work of the marvelous Kaoly. The lively Romalo brothers will conclude the excellent program with a daring equilibristic turn.

LOS ANGELES THEATRE.—C. B. Jenerson, Klaw & Erlanger's big spectacular production, The Cox's Brownies, which will be seen at the Los Angeles theater this week, beginning tomorrow, with matinee Wednesday and Saturday, will have the most elaborate and magnificent scenery ever brought here. In New York, where it ran for 150 nights, and in Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and other large cities its novelty, its grandeur and its grandeur have attracted to it the Brownies is a case of The Black Crook outdone, and the famous Klaw & Erlanger, who have spent a large fortune, have secured the highest-priced specialties, the most unique and magnificent ballets and operatic specialties, and the most expensive organization traveling, over 100 people being carried on tour. The scenery, embracing twelve gorgeous sets, with the most elaborate and picturesque as any ever conceived by the artist mind, the girls as pretty as ever gathered at one consecutive time on the stage, the most beautiful costumes as varied and beautiful as one could wish for. Palmer Cox, the famous "Broviue man," has not only written the greatest specialty that has been marketed, but he personally supervises every performance, and to his successful management is due much of the success of the production. He has many tasks to transform a seacoast scene into a magnificent palace interior, a bevy of beautiful water nymphs into a band of rollicking ballet dancers in a few seconds, yet all this he accomplishes all this, and without conflict with the authorities, and in his ability in this direction lies the success of The Brownies.

HAZARD'S PAVILION.—The bicycle craze is aptly burlesqued and pantomimically illustrated in this year's production of Charles H. Yale's "Forever Devil's" action, which will be presented at Hazard's pavilion Wednesday and Thursday evenings and Thursday matinee, January 6 and 7. The sale of seats this morning at 10 o'clock at Reeve's Co.'s book store, 345 Broadway. Manager Yale is to be congratulated upon the immediate hit of his successor to his Trolley Car pantomime, which has created a record in the past two or three seasons. The main point in the success of The Bicycle Craze is that it is timely, while the subject itself is treated in such an absurd manner as to prove more than funny to the most blasé theater-goer. It deals with the rather startling and realistic experiences of that genuine homo known from Maine to California, as the Hobo in an attempt to secure by fair means or foul a number of the "Silent Sees," and in their inability to do so they manufacture a few home-made machines from different articles which are obtained under most trying circumstances. A number of very funny characters and incidents are aptly introduced, and the entire episode goes from start to finish with a rush that proves conclusively that the average audience recognizes and appreciates anything that is not too timely, and is so doing stamp it with the seal of their approval, which means in managerial parlance, capacity at every performance.

THE BLOSSOM OF THE SOUL. Thou half-unfolded flower, With fragrance-laden heart, What is the secret power, That gives thee this perfume?

Thou wonder-wakened soul! As Dawn doth steal on Night, And thou dost love half-still, Thine eye, that blooms with light, What makes its charm so new— Its sunshine or its dew?

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—Robert Underwood Johnson in Century.

BOSTON DRY GOODS STORE Telephone 904 J. W. ROBINSON CO. Broadway, Opposite City Hall WHOLESALE Telephone Main, 904 RETAIL First and Second Floor

Great Annual Linen Sale Monday, January 4th, 1897.

The great favor with which our Annual Linen Sales have been received has made us ambitious to have each succeeding year surpass its predecessor. To accomplish this we place on sale today the largest, most varied, and best selected stock ever shown in this city, at prices lower than any previous quotations.

Table listing various linens and their prices: 18-inch Bleached Kitchen Crash; 4c; All Linen Kitchen Crash; 7c; 18-inch Twilled Roller Crash; 8c; 18-inch Unbleached Roller Crash; 10c; 18-inch All Linen Damask Crash; 11c; 18-inch Hand Loom Russia Crash; 12c; 20-inch Round Thread Crash; 12c; 18-inch Red and Blue Check Glass Linen; 10c; 20-inch Red and Blue Check Glass Linen; 12c; 18-inch Red and Blue Check Glass Linen; 15c; 56-inch Table Padding; 60c; 63-inch Table Padding; 75c.

Pillow Shams

Table listing pillow shams and prices: Hemstitched, Embroidered, hand-finished, all Linen; per pair \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$6.00 up to \$8.00; Embroidered Lawn Shams; per pair \$2.75, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 up to \$6.50; Applique Pillow Shams; per pair \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00.

Crib Spreads

Table listing crib spreads and prices: 45 English Marselles Spreads; \$1.00, \$1.50; 56 English Marselles Spreads; \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00; 67 English Marselles Spreads; \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.75.

Dr. Liebig & Co.'s World Dispensary 12 SOUTH MAIN STREET. The Oldest Dispensary on the Coast. Established 1858. In ALL PRIVATE DISEASES OF MEN NOT A DOLLAR NEED BE PAID UNTIL CURED. Our long experience in curing the worst cases of acute or chronic disease with ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY OF SUCCESS. No matter what your trouble, come and talk with us; you will get relief. Our specialties are: Catarrh of the Bladder, Gleet, Gonorrhea, Stricture, Hemorrhoids, and Lost Vitality. NO. 12 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

Grandest Winter Resort on the Pacific Slope BEAUTIFUL SANTA BARBARA

THE ARLINGTON HOTEL Never Closes. The finest festival not held here during a great many years in Santa Barbara during December, one of the best months for spring, ocean bathing and driving. Famous Vesuvius Springs one mile from hotel. Write or telegraph.

OVER THE TEACUPS

"You have been crying; you need not deny it," said the girl in the black velvet hat. "I have, and I don't want to deny it," I replied. "I don't suppose they will ever hear of you as the woman in the tea-cup; men are not nearly as nice after they are married as they are when they are only engaged to you." "They are not as nice when they are engaged to you as they are when they are married to you, I know that," gloomily replied the girl in the black velvet hat. "You don't mean to say that?" "I don't mean to say anything until I find out what you have been crying about."

It is new to guarantee tea satisfactory. Schilling's Best is so guaranteed by your grocer. Why? Because we supply him the tea and the money. It is such tea as you will be glad to get besides.