

FOR SALE OF HAY.

A Part of San Francisco Was Once Sold at a Very Low Price.

"I was offered all of Telegraph hill from Powell street to the bay for a bottle of whiskey in 1845," said Adam Schaeffer recently as he waited at the new city hall for the ambulance to take him to the almshouse, "and I told the man who wanted to make the bargain to go to the devil."

As Adam Schaeffer sat waiting for the ambulance he was the typical picture of the oldest inhabitant. He was 73 years old on the 5th of this month. He had been only a few weeks in San Francisco, having traveled all the way from Arizona to find a place where he could pass the remainder of his days. Schaeffer is penniless. He has no money and no friends. His only properties on earth are the Gold Cup and Queen Victoria silver mines on the border line between Nevada and Arizona territory, but he was forced to abandon them when the silver question became an important factor of finance.

"That killed me," said the old man. "If ever this money question is settled and silver is worth its full value again, I will make money. Once I was paying 68 men \$3 a day each to work for me. Now I have to go to the almshouse because I have no food."

Schaeffer was born in Lancashire, Pa. and was one of the first men to set foot in Yerba Buena. He says he was once offered the lot on which the Palace hotel stands for \$58 by a Mexican, but he refused the offer. He bought the new city hall site and a number of adjacent lots for \$407, and when he told his friends of the purchase they laughed at him.

"Every one called me a fool," said Schaeffer, "but I insisted that I had made a good bargain. On the day following the sale I was made fun of by every one who met me, and my friends called me the 'sand dune fool.' On the second day their taunts became so unbearable that I could stand them no longer, so I sold the property to a man who had just come to town for \$500. When I told my friends how easily I had made \$97, they told me that I had got rid of a worthless piece of property very easily."

"An interesting part of my first days in San Francisco was the trade that a Spaniard tried to make me for a bottle of whiskey. He owned Telegraph hill, and I the whiskey. The property in those days was known as 'Whisky hill,' and this Spaniard offered me all that land in exchange for my bottle of liquor. I told him that it was not worth it. He then asked me if I couldn't find some one who would make a trade, as he was anxious to get rid of the hill. I found a man named Becker and introduced him to the Spaniard. The Spaniard gave Becker 'Whisky hill' for a bale of hay."

Schaeffer enlisted in the United States army and fought during the Mexican war. Then he went east and returned to Arizona. Several years of his life were spent in South Africa, but the Pacific coast always had a fascination for him, and so he returned here and began an active life as a miner. He made sufficient money in California to buy the Gold Cup and Queen Victoria, and in the full blast of their prosperity and just as fortune was knocking at his door the silver panic came and ruined him. —San Francisco Examiner.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best. 1m.

A dairyman in a neighboring county says he made more butter than usual the past winter by feeding his cows freely on potatoes, which increased the quantity of milk, while the quality of butter was first-class. He fed his cows the same quantity of grain that he always had, and gave them all the potatoes they would eat. He also gave them hay, but they did not eat half quantity of hay that they did before he commenced feeding potatoes. He says he never had his stock winter better.

Theological dignity does not count for much when compelled to wrestle with a balky bicycle. The silent two-wheeled steed is no respecter of persons.

A PROFITABLE ANIMAL.

How the Shrewd Native Got \$65 for a \$10 Mule.

Our train had pulled in on a siding to wait for a wreck on the road to be cleared away, and a number of men got down from the coaches and walked up and down the long platform attached to the freight shed. Opposite this shed, on the other side of the highway, was a dense wood. We had been idling around for a quarter of an hour when suddenly some one discovered a bear bottle swinging to a limb. He out with his gun and began blazing away at it, and his example was followed by every other man in the crowd who was "heeled."

"What hev I done that you all want to kill me?"

"Good gracious, man, were you in there?" shouted one of the crowd.

"Right in thar, stranger, and seemed to me the wah had come back. I didn't git hit, but yo' hev dun killed my mawl, I reckon."

We ran over with him, and sure enough there was his mule, down on his back and kicking his last, with four or five bullets in him.

"Yo' dun didn't mean to, of co'se," said the owner, "but this ar' mawl was all I had. I don't say he was with what a prime mawl orter fetch, but I could hev agid him fur \$50."

He was informed that we would make up a purse to pay the damages and we chipped in and made it \$65. He took the money and disappeared soon after and had a long start, when a second native appeared and asked:

"Bin any shutin' yere?"

"Shute at that ar' bottle?"

"Kill a mawl?"

"Pay for him?"

"Yes. Do you know anything about it?"

"No, not much. I sold the animal to Bill Whisen about an hour ago fur \$10 and I sorter reckon he wanted him to play the old dodge with. How much did you raise?"

"Sixty-five dollars."

"Wall, that's purty moderate. He generally strikes 'em for a hundred, and you got off easy. Reckon I'll look him up and see if he can't work in a couple more this week!" —Detroit Free Press.

Col. Fordyce's Romance. When Senator Mills delivered his great speech on Cuba in the Senate, a speech described by that competent critic, Senator Morgan, of Alabama, as "majestic and splendid and brilliant oratory," he related an incident that called cheers from the galleries and aroused deep interest on the floor of the Senate. Mr. Mills was describing the cruelty of the Spaniards and their habitual murder and violation of women. Then he drew this contrast:

"Mr. President, while thinking of the slaughter of this girl, who attempted to save her father, there comes up in my mind the recollection of an incident that occurred in Alabama during our civil war. A Colonel of an Ohio regiment was in command of a district in North Alabama, within whose lines the family of a Confederate officer resided. Sometimes the bold rebel would slip through the lines, undiscovered, and visit his family. On one occasion he was discovered by some one more devoted to the Union than to his personal welfare. Information was given to the Colonel commanding the district, who took a half dozen of his men and under cover of night went to the house to capture his Confederate foe. Arriving at the house he rushed in the door pistol in hand and found the Confederate soldier in the midst of his family, his pistol and belt lying upon the bureau and within reach of his daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen summers. In an instant she grasped her father's pistol to shoot in defense of her father's person. The Colonel sprang forward, seized the pistol in her hand to disarm her. Not being a Spaniard, it never entered his mind to shoot her. In the struggle her pistol fired and she was shot through the hand, but her father succeeded in making his escape. The gallant officer returned in a few days to see about that wounded hand. He came again to express his profound regrets for that wound and again and again to hope for its early recovery. He did not stop coming till he carried that hand off with him, clasped in his. It is his hand now and has been for thirty years. Around that family hearthstone there stands a group of noble sons, half Yankee, half Southern, but all American. We did not shoot women and children. We did not shoot prisoners in our great civil war."

Soon after the Senator concluded his speech I met him and inquired regarding the identity of the Ohio Colonel and the fair Alabama Confederate. He told me he referred to an incident in the lives of Col. S. W. Fordyce and his accomplished wife. Col. Fordyce is the president of the St. Louis Southwestern Railroad and is known and loved from the lakes to the Gulf.—St. Louis Republic.

The Shah's Poetry.

The Shah of Persia shares the common weakness of nearly all sovereigns in cherishing the delusion that he would excel in other fields if destiny had not called him to the throne. The Shah's particular fad is poetry. Not long ago he invited one of the famous rhyesters of his kingdom to the palace and honored him by reading some of the royal poetical effusions. Upon His Majesty inquiring what he thought of them the old poet, with more frankness than caution, told him that they were without rhyme, reason or sense. Whereupon the Shah flew into a rage, had the poet taken to a stable and flogged. A few days later the old man was again summoned into the presence of the Shah, who spoke kindly to him and proceeded to read more verses. After the Shah had finished the aged critic rose up and started in the direction of the stables without a word.

"Where are you going?" exclaimed the Shah. "Sire, they are no better than the last. I go to the stables for another flogging." The Shah burst into a loud laugh and has since retained the old fellow as a member of his household.

A GAME OF SEE-SAW.

Husband and Wife Kept Apart by the Innocent Elevator Man.

A well-dressed woman walked into the Crocker building one afternoon and took an elevator. Her husband saw her from across the street, and, hurrying over, took the next elevator. He went to the office where he knew his wife had business and found that she had stepped in and out and gone down in the next elevator. The elevator dispatcher said to her:

"Your husband just went up in the elevator. I think he is looking for you."

The lady took the next elevator up. Just then her husband came down. He looked all around, and then inquired of the elevator man:

"Have you seen my wife here?"

"Yes, she just went up this moment." The man took the next elevator and he was no more than out of sight when his wife came down again.

"Your husband has just gone up again," said the elevator man. "I guess he'll wait for me this time, so I'll go up." And up she went.

Down came the husband a second afterward.

"Did my wife come down again?" he inquired.

"Yes, and just went up again. She thought you would wait for her."

"Well, I'll wait here."

He waited about five minutes, and then, growing impatient, took an elevator up-stairs. She had been waiting for him and came down again just as he disappeared.

"Well, I will wait for him and catch him this time," she said.

After standing in the corridor several minutes she decided to go up-stairs and find him. As she was whisked out of sight he stepped out of another elevator.

"Your wife has just gone up," said the elevator man.

The husband swore a little under his breath and started to leave the building. At the door he hesitated, changed his mind, and took the next elevator up. Down came his wife at the same moment.

"He's just gone up again," was the elevator man's answer to her weary look of inquiry, "and he's as mad as a hornet."

"Then I had better go right up and catch him," she said.

Up she went and down he came. "Just went up," remarked the elevator man.

"I'm darned if I'm going up again," said he; "I'll wait right here," and he sat down on the stairs. Half an hour later he was still sitting there, and his wife, equally determined, was waiting upstairs.—San Francisco Post.

How Edison Learned to Tell Stories.

"It seemed like a waste of time," said a gentleman who passed an evening with Mr. Edison, in Newark, O., recently, "to hear Mr. Edison rolling off story after story, and demanding of all his acquaintances to tell him more, when we knew how much information we might have received from him. I finally asked him how he got to be such a story teller. 'Well,' he replied, 'when I was quite a young man I was a telegraph operator during the war. I was stationed at St. Louis, which was a sort of distributing point for a large district, and when we would get our batch of stuff off, and we still had several hours to put in, I used to get pretty tired. Then we would begin to call up the operator at the other end of the line and gossip with him. I always liked stories, and if Chicago had a good one he would wire it to me. Then I would send that off to Louisville and New York and Cincinnati, and hear them laugh over it by wiring back. 'Ha, ha,' over the wire. In this way we would get all the best stories there were going, and we would always write them out for the day men. It got to be a sort of passion after a while, and has stuck to me ever since.'" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hadn't Deserved It.

"What are you moping about, Hiram?" asked his wife.

"Jane," replied the West Side citizen, who had been sitting moodily by his fireside half an hour or more without saying anything, "are there any ugly stories in circulation about me?"

"I don't know of any," said his wife. "What are you asking me that for?"

"Have I got any enemies among the neighbors?"

"None that I have heard of. Why?"

"Do I ever get drunk and go howling and cavorting around town?"

"Not to my knowledge. What on earth are you driving at?"

"Never knew of my selling whiskey, or keeping a gambling shop, or setting up for a prize fighter, did you?"

"No. Why?"

"Haven't I always attended to my own business and behaved myself like a good citizen, so far as you know?"

"Of course. And now I want to know why you are carrying on in this way?"

"Jane," he groaned, "they are talking of running me for Alderman!"

And he relapsed into gloomy silence again.—Chicago Tribune.

Why There Was No Fight.

I overheard the following conversation on a Market street car yesterday between a couple of young men:

"I told you that fellow Moore was a scoundrel," declared one, "and I told him so yesterday."

"You did?" And the other commenced looking his friend over for evidences of a conflict. "What did he say?"

"Oh, I didn't listen to him. I told him he was a liar, a thief and a scoundrel, and that I would punch his nose if he said a word to me."

"What did he do?"

"Nothing; he is a coward."

"I don't believe that. I have seen him fight at the drop of the hat. Didn't he say a word back?"

"I don't know; I hung up the telephone." —San Francisco Post.

The New Woman in Maine.

The new woman made a good showing in the election at Tremont, Me., a few days ago. In several towns in Maine this year there were women candidates for places on the school boards, and in most cases they were not encouraged strongly. But in Tremont, though party lines were drawn closely in the case of other candidates, all united to elect the woman member of the school board, and she went in at the head of the poll.—New York Sun.

CRUDE DENTISTRY.

The Process Was Painful, But the Result Was Attained.

"While traveling in Southern Georgia a few months ago," said Attorney W. W. McNair, "I saw a beautiful piece of dental surgery. A teamster developed a toothache while on the road. He thought it would soon be better, but it kept getting worse and worse, till he could hardly handle the reins. He put a chaf of tobacco on it, but it only jumped the harder. Then he stopped his team, built a little fire, heated a needle red-hot, and had another teamster jam it down into the cavity to kill the nerve. Still it jumped and thumped till the poor fellow was pretty near insane."

"Boys, she's got to come out," he shouted to his companions, as he pulled up his team.

"They all stopped, wound their lines around their brakes and climbed down."

"How can we get her out?" asked one of them.

"I don't know," groaned the victim, "but she's got to come."

"He opened the jockey box on his seat and rummaged around in it, finally producing a small hatchet and a big nail."

"I guess you'll have to drive her out with this," said he, and he sat down on the ground and hung on to a buckeye bush with both hands, while one of his companions placed the end of the nail against the side of the tooth and bit with the hatchet. The first lick made the teamster jump and yell, but he settled down for another one. The second stroke loosened it up, and after a lot of groaning the teamster wiped the perspiration off his face, climbed onto the buckeye and said:

"Hit her again, boys."

"The third lick sent the offending molar flying." —San Francisco Post.

She Stopped the Avalanche.

"Back—for your life, turn back!" So called the old mountaineer to the young woman sauntering along the mountain trail utterly unconscious of danger, but he was so far away that his voice could not reach her.

"The avalanche—she is doomed!" he shouted as his face grew deathly pale and he raised his arms about.

The maiden kept right on walking. She was out for a stroll and to view the wild and rugged scenery, and no one had posted her as to avalanches. Information about avalanches ought to have been included in the hotel charges of \$4 per day, but it was not. It stopped short at trout fishing.

"Nothing can save her!" gasped the mountaineer as he shaded his eyes with his hand. "An avalanche is just ready to come crashing down that mountain side, and yet that girl has no premonition of danger. Hello! Hello! you girl with the red hat—turn back and run for your life!"

Helen Du Bois halted and looked up, and for a moment the mountaineer believed that she had caught his words. Then she strolled on again. She had simply halted for an instant to read the sign of somebody's insensibility painted on a rock.

"There it comes and her doom is sealed. See, she stops! She looks up. She realizes her danger now, but it is too late!"

He turned his head away that he might not witness the tragedy, but he didn't know the girl down there. He thought she was from Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis or Buffalo, but he was mistaken. She was from New York city, and had practiced the art of stopping a Broadway cable car till she never made a miss. She saw the avalanche start—saw it gather bulk and momentum—felt the stones beside her rocking in their beds, and then she struck an attitude, lifted her hand and gave it a flourish and bobbed her head, and the car stopped. That is, the avalanche came to such a sudden halt that both hold-back straps were broken and the hind wheels badly dished. It was a trifle larger than a cable car, but it had to stop. She leisurely turned on her heel, retraced her steps for a few rods, and then waved her hand for the avalanche to descend. It thundered down, but she was safe. The mountaineer looked down on her in speechless amazement. It was only when she was hidden by a bend in the trail that he straightened up, shook himself and softly whispered:

"Wall, by-gum!" —Detroit Free Press.

Why She Was in the Smoker.

A handsome woman, perfectly dressed, entered the library buffet smoking car on the Union Pacific overland limited the other morning after leaving Omaha, said an old traveler at the Coates last night. The gentlemen on the car supposed she intended to pass through. Half way down the aisle she dropped into one of the handsome cane-seated chairs. A gentleman who occupied the seat behind her leaned forward and touched her on the shoulder.

"beg pardon," he said, "but this car is for the accommodation of smokers only."

"Thank you," she replied, "I thought so." Then she calmly produced a dainty cigarette case and a box of wax matches, and in a moment more was smoking with all the calm enjoyment of a man. There was a flutter of amusement through the car; smiles, grins, sotto voce remarks, and curious glances in her direction, but she was so serenely unconscious of it all, and so thoroughly self-possessed, that it was soon forgotten for the morning papers and magazines which she monopolized, just the same as the gentlemen smokers.

After leaving South Omaha the train conductor entered the car, and, not noticing that the lady held a cigarette between her fingers, said: "Madam, this is no place for ladies."

"Indeed," she replied, "is this not the library buffet smoker for the accommodation of passengers of this train?"

"Yes, madam."

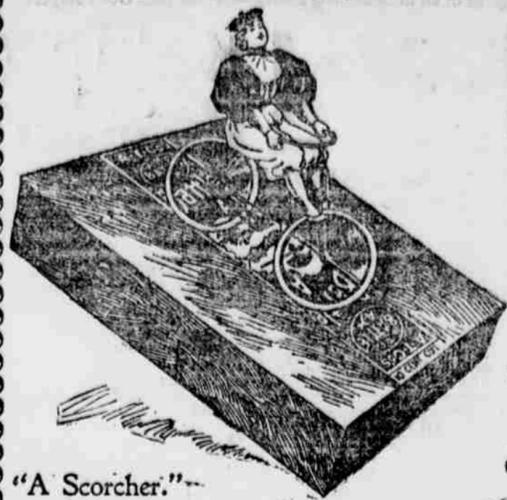
"Well, I am smoking. That is why I am here." —Kansas City Times.

Dire Threat.

"See here, Muggsey, don't you gimme no guff. I'll hit you in de back of de neck."

"He jist like you to git behind a feller and—"

"Naw, I won't git behind you, neider. I'll jist stand in front o' you an' poke me jist clean throo." —Cincinnati Enquirer.



"A Scorcher."

Battle Ax PLUG

Tobacco Dealers say, that "BATTLE AX" is a "scorcher" because it sells so fast. Tobacco Chewers say, it is a "scorcher" because 5 cents' worth goes so far. It's as good as can be made regardless of cost. The 5 cent piece is almost as large as the other fellows' 10 cent piece.

Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association.

Edward B. Harper, Founder. Frederick A. Burnham, President. FIFTEEN YEARS COMPLETED.

—ANNUAL MEETING AND REPORT. The Largest and Strongest Natural Premium Life Insurance Companies in the World.

\$69,000,000 of New Business in 1895. \$308,660,000 of Business in Force. \$4,084,074 of Death Claims paid in 1895. \$25,000,000 of Death Claims paid since business begun.

1895 SHOWS—AN INCREASE IN GROSS ASSETS, AN INCREASE IN NET SURPLUS, AN INCREASE IN INCOME, AN INCREASE IN BUSINESS IN FORCE, OVER 105,500 MEMBERS INTERESTED.

The Annual Meeting of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association was held in the Association's Building, corner Broadway & Duane St., New York City, on Wednesday, January 22nd, and was attended by a large and representative gathering of policy holders who listened with keen interest to the masterly Annual Report of President Burnham.

Many policy holders evidently regarded this as a favorable opportunity to meet face to face the new chief executive officer of the Association, President Frederick A. Burnham, the man whose grasp of life insurance, whose keen executive ability and strong individuality have enabled him to take up the work laid down in death by the founder of the institution, the late Edward B. Harper, and make of the administration of his office of President, not an echo or copy of that of his predecessor, but a piece of finished work, characteristic of a man of independent views, and worthy to follow the work which had carried the Association to a position never attained in the same length of time by any life insurance organization in the world. It is rare, indeed, that a great institution like this passes, without check to its prosperity, through a change in the executive chief, for it is rare indeed that a chief like the late Mr. Harper finds so able a successor as President Burnham.

The record of the year 1895 speaks for itself, and shows the following gratifying results:

The GROSS ASSETS have increased during the year from \$5,536,115.99 to \$5,661,707.82.

The NET SURPLUS over liabilities shows a NET GAIN for the year of \$306,329.43, and now amounts to \$3,582,509.32.

The INCOME from all sources shows a gain for the year of \$631,541.97, and amounts to \$5,575,281.56.

DEATH CLAIMS to the amount of \$4,084,074.92 were paid during the year, an increase over the previous year of \$1,013,560.91.

The BUSINESS IN FORCE shows a gain for the year of \$15,293,265, and now amounts to \$308,659,371.

Counting three hundred working days in the year the daily average income for 1895 is \$18,584.27; the daily average payments for death claims, \$13,652.25, and the daily average gain in business in force within a fraction of \$51,000.

Persons desiring insurance, an agency, or any other information concerning the MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION may apply to

E. D. LUDWIG, Supt., 53 Downing Block, ERIE, PA.

The Pot Called the Kettle Black Because the Housewife Didn't Use

SAPOLIO