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bitches, lot 60 ft. by 208 feet, good

Farm in noward, 32 1-2 scree, Parsa in Chatham Township, 116 arras in Chatham Township, 116 arras All cleared. Good house, barn, stables and sheds, \$5,700.00. Will arada for 25 or 50 acre farm, part

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#### THE LOST LOCKET

A Story of 1825 and 1900

Under the afternoon sun the restless waters of San Francisco bay flung diamonds and opals at such human eyes as

Two young people who strolled down to the Presidio beach, however, had no glances to spare for anything so com monplace as diamonds and opals. For Lieutenant Anderson was gazing into the depths of the great, soft black eyes of Miss Pachita de Sola, and Miss Pachita de Sola was looking up into the ardent blue ones of Lieutenant Anderson. She seemed to like it.

The tall young soldier with the fair hair, broad shoulders and square, manly Saxon face had not been long released from the hard work and harder restraint of West Point, and in his new freedom of army life went at things with an energy of desire that was quite irresistible. Miss Pachita de Sola found it so, as had half a dozen other girls within as many months. It was a wholly serious business with the lieutenant this time, though. He had been in California but a few

weeks, and this daughter of an ancient though decayed Spanish family, as American in education and thought as himself, was ravishing in her novelty. Altogether feminine, Pachita, at one moment childlike and clinging; the next worldly, witty and mocking; then, with the lids hiding those lovely, big eyes of hers, her whole aspect suggested—especially to a lieutenant with ample means to marry—possibilities of tenderness unspeakable.

No wonder that when Miss Pachita permitted Lieutenant Anderson to gaze down into her eyes and returned an answering look, giving a little sigh, too, his head went after his heart, which had been lost for an eternity-that is to say, for two terrific, sleepless nights.

But the young lady was discreet, and, gently clasping his fingers, removed them from her waist, saying demurely: "Don't be foolish, John. Somebody

This in a city and in full sight of the ever vigilant garrison struck John as being not improbable.

Instant in action, as became a soldier, Lieutenant Anderson executed a flank movement on a sand bank and seated Miss de Sola in its lee, on a large, water whitened, sun dried log of driftwood. Then this consummate tactician repeated the original attack with entire success. "Pachita, oh, my darling!" breathed the ecstatic lieutenant, straining her to his side and immediately showing a disposition to put a knee upon the beach. "Well, John?" and the smile of love and gratified vanity that smote his eyes

blinded them "Name the day, oh, Pachita; I cannot live till you do!"

Pachita pursed her full, red lips, puckered the midnight eyebrows and considered profoundly, digging deep into the sand with his cane the while. "The day, my own love-the day,"

gasped John.
"Dear me," Miss de Sola exclaimed suddenly, "what a beautiful shell!"
"Blast the shell!" cried Lieutenant Anderson, reaching for what she had un-earthed, to cast it wrathfully out among the unnoticed diamonds and opals.

But he was restrained in wonder.

IN AUGUST, 1825. The same sun was enriching the dancing waters of the same bay with dia-monds and opals. A young couple who strolled down to the Presidio beach admired the view very much, and Senorita Pachita de Sola had no occasion to remind the lieutenant by her side that somebody might be looking. Lieutenant Juan de Echeandia would have liked greatly to coil his arm about that slim waist, but did not dare, though there was only a small and sleepy garrison and no oity at all behind them—only the padres and Indians at the mission Dolores, far over the sand hills, and a cabin or two down at the embarcadero, entirely out of sight. Pachita de Sola was niece of

Commandante Don Luis Antonio Arguello, and though he, Lieutenant Juan de Echeandia was a nephew of Don Jose Maria, of the same name, one, even though an aristocrat, has under all cir-cumstances to show proper respect for his commanding officer. Besides, the Senorita Pachita had twice refused his friendly offered hand. It was bestowed upon Ensign Tiburcio Mendez at Monterey, though this was not known to a certainty at the Presidio.

Lieutenant Juan de Echeandia and Senorita Pachita de Sola walked leisurely to the little wharf where that wonderful vessel, constructed but recently by a wandering British sailor, lay preparing for a voyage to Sausalito, four leagues distant. It was a marvelous boat, with oars and a sail, and capable of accommodating no less than six persons. Don Luis Antonio Arguello himself had commanded her in person on the dozen pas-sages which she had made to the opposite shore for timber. Previous to the creation of this extraordinary ship, which annihilated distance and obliterated time, timber was hard to get from Corte de Madera. Soldiers were sent around by way of San Jose, armed with axes, who crossed the strait of Carquinez on rafts, and in the circuit of seventy leagues encountered hardships and consumed weeks. And the timber was brought over by Chief Martin, an aborigine given to cruising on a float of logs and tules, who alone knew the winds and currents of the bay. It was but a matter of a day now to sail

over for the timber and return with it. Corporal Pedro Sanchez had made all Corporal Pedro Sanchez had made all the voyages with the commandante and rated now as a superior navigator, his marine fame being dear to him. Don Luis had swollen him with pride by placing him in command for this one trip. His enlargement became perilous when Lieutenant Echeandia suddenly proposed to Senorita Pachita that they make the voyage, and she being young and

voyage, and she, being young and thoughtless, consented.

Brave Corporal Sanchez sailed the Mejico superbly as far as Angel island, descanting eloquently on the art and nextery of scamanship. Issuing to his crew of three soldiers sundry orders in a commanding voice of thunder, he prepared to pass the point.

Alas, an eastern wind came whistling through the treacherous Raccoon strait, ite of all Corporal Pedro's seatthe Mejico was caught and



whirled round and round and borne with the racing tide toward the Golden Gate. Senorita Pachita de Sola screamed, but there was no help sent down from heaven, even on the appeal of those pretty lips, grown quite white, or of that pale face, with its big black eyes wild with

Lieutenant Juan de Echeandia sworeswore at Corporal Pedro Sanchez, but profanity, though frequently an adjunct to navigation, is not of use in imparting knowledge thereof.
So out to sea they drifted, far out, al-

nost to the Farallones.

For eight days and nights they were as

a chip on the waves, the Raccoon gusts having snapped the mast and carried away the sail. Corporal Pedro, famous as a mariner, had forgotten to bring oars. Senorita de Sola gave herself up to Mary, mother of God. as did the corpora and the three men in the bow, who passed the hours in shuddering prayer. But Lieutenant Juan had a soldier's

On the second day he drew his sword, and at its point the men yielded such food and water as the boat contained. These he bestowed where his body was between them and recapture.

The corporal Pedro, though a fool and unfortunate, was loyal. With him the lieutenant kept watch and watch, and through all those awful eight days and nights (by my pen, it is true that the boat was gone that long, as you may read in Hittell's "History of California") the Senorita de Sola wanted for neither food nor drink, and the delicacy of Lieutenant Juan would have brought tears of gratefulness to any woman's eyes. He did wonders, as tradition has handed down, with cloaks and coats and stray bits of rope to cabin the lady. .

On the eighth day—sincere prayer is ever answered—a blessed wind sprang up from the west and, tide assisting, blew the Mejico back through the Golden Gate. The cruising chief Marin, on his tule float, was sent by Providence to tow here the Presidie where the P her to the Presidio wharf, where the commandant and the cheering garrison awaited the return of the lost to life—the ones saved by an unquestionable miracle. The padres bore the lesson home in many

As the Senorita de Sola rose in the stern to disembark she tottered from weakness and agitation. Lieutenant Juan stretched out an arm and preserved her from a ducking. She gave a little scream, not at the public embrace, but because in throwing up her small brown hands she had broken a slender gold chain that hung about her neck-broken it, and over into the deep water it went, together with a locket that had rested on

her virgin bosom.

"My dears," said Commandant Don
Luis Antonio Arguello, when they had
refreshed themselves at his quarters and
related their adventures—"my dears, I think that under all the circumstances the best thing you can do is to get mar-

ried, and at once."
"I'm with you," exclaimed Lleutenant Juan de Echeandia in Spanish, opening

his arms. And Senorita Pachita de Sola crept timidly into them, hiding her lovely, blushing face upon his happy, weather beaten breast.

IN AUGUST, 1900, AGAIN.
Lieutenant John Anderson was restrained from throwing the abalone shell
into the bay, after his indefensible language concerning it, because imbedded under a transparent, overlying, iridescent deposit he beheld an open golden locket, showing the face of a handsome young

man, evidently Spanish.

Miss de Sola, excited, took it from him scrutinized it intently, looked up with sparkling eyes and pointed a slim, trimphant, olive finger at a name beneath

"There," she cried, "grandma did love that Monterey ensign, though she always denied it!" Pachita-Pachita, darling, do

name the day," pleaded Lieutenant Anderson all a-throb.
"Oh, bother!" impatiently returned Miss de Sola, absorbed again in the aba-lone. "Name it yourself."

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A LITTLE FISH STORY.

For Eleven Years. I. 1873 I was residing at Junction City, a pretty little town located in a romantic pot on the banks of Mill creek in censpot on the banks of Mill creek in central Wisconsin. The country at that time was new, and fish and game were plentiful. Mill creek was at the time famous as a trout stream, it being no trouble at all to catch fifty pounds of speckled trout in a half day's fishing. On Feb. 15, 1873—I remember that date because it was my twenty-first birthday—I took down my rifle and struck out into the forest for the purpose of killing a deer. I had wandered along the banks of the stream for a distance of perhaps two miles when I ran on to an old hunter who had cut a hole in the ice, through which he was fishing for trout. He was meeting with great success, for scattered all around him could be seen the speckled beauties, where he be seen the speckled beauties, where he had thrown them as he took them off his hook. I was invited to help myself, which invitation I cheerfully accepted, and I proceeded to put a number of the fish in my gamebag. It was just 4:47 o'clock when I return-

n & large cold storage warehouse that stood near my house, intending to present it to Uncle Sam Carson for his breakfast the next morning. The fish was forgot-ten and, as a result, lay in that ware-house solidly frozen until June 10, 1884. comes the strange part of my story. On the night of the date last mentioned just about eleven years after this fish had been placed in the cold storage, the building was totally destroyed by fire. Dur-ing the process of the fire the fire departnt, in the effort to save the property, had thrown sufficient water to fill up cellar, which, by the way, was walled up in rock and cement and was therefore water tight. Three years later it was decided to rebuild the cold storage ware-house upon the site originally occupied, and men were set to work pumping the water out of the cellar, which the rains had kept well filled. To our amazement 447 fair sized speckled trout were taken out, besides the old one, which had evi-dently fallen into the cellar at the time the warehouse was destroyed, thawed out and spawned. The original trout was easily identified, one of its eyes having been accidentally knocked out and a part of its tail broken off before it was placed in the warehouse.

ANIMAL ODDITIES.

Mosquitoes and other gnats furnish almost the sole food for a very large family of insect eating birds known as flycatchers.

Mosquitoes are not, as is popularly supposed, a hot climate insect. They are far more numerous in places where the winters are severe. The age of fishes can be told by their

scales. These show under the microscope stripes similar to the bands in the crosscut of a tree, which indicate the age of Norwegian fishery commissioners have been measuring the salmon's leap by

means of standards erected below waterfalls. They have found that the fish can leap to a height of twenty feet. A horse owned in a Kentucky town has developed carnivorous inclinations. He

rejoices in dining on spring chickens and recently are fourteen for a square meal. He does not stop to remove the feathers. There is a quaint little fish which haunts the weed tracts of the gulf stream and there builds its nest and lays its eggs like a bird rather than a fish. This animal, the antennarius, imitates in color the weed it lives in and, like the chameleon, constantly changes its One kind of wasp found in Brazil and Guiana makes its nest of a brilliant white pasteboard, suspending it from the highest branches of the tree so as to escape the attention of the monkeys, which in those regions have a troublesome habit of investigating everything, even

London Is Built on Sponges. The sponge which you see in the shops ready for toilet use or which you may chance to observe when dragged from its holdings in shallow water does not strike you as likely to form a very solid foundaion for building purposes. Yet London

is built on sponge.
Of course the statement requires a little explanation. The flint that forms the substratum of London soil is noththe substratum of London soil is nothing but petrified sponges; if you examine the fossil sponge, or flint, with a glass, you can see the structure of the animal. They are in layers.

In the southeast of England the flint is found under the chalk beds, but in the Thames valley the water has gradually washed away the chalk and left the flint "As hard as flint," although perfectly correct, sounds Father strange in the light of the above facts.

Original Home of Golf.

The Scotsman contends that golf is a Scotch sport to which poetical reference was made in Adamson's "Muses Threno-die." published at Perth as long ago as 1638. The terms used in the sport are for the most part Scotch. But the Dutch assert that it was first played in Holland on the ice, and before 1638 the Dutch poet Bredero described how. "the golfer, poet Bredero described how."the goiler, with ice spurs on, stands ready to smite with ashen club weighted with lead of his Scottish cleek of the leaded box." But while this may be the earliest poetical reference to the game, it does not show that Holland is the original home of golf. The reference to the "Scottish cleek" seems at first sight to point rather to Scotland.

Big Visiting Cards. In Korea visiting cards measuring a foot square are in vogue. The savages of Dahomey announce their visits to each other by sending in advance a wooden board or the branch of a tree artistically carved. When the visit is paid, the "card" returns to the possession of its owner, who probably uses it for many years. The natives of Sumatra use for a visiting card a piece of wood about a foot long decorated with a bunch of straw and a knife.

A Kindly Inquiry. Fairlie - Jack, have you that ten counds I lent you the other day? Flyntie-Not all of it, old chap; but what I have will do me a day or two longer. Jolly kind and thoughtful of you

Unless a girl gives a young man a private lecture on economy occasionally she doesn't take much interest in him.—Chi-

Trout That Was Frozen Solid SEE 900 Drops THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE Avegetable Preparation for As-similating the Food and Regula-ting the Stome his and Bowels of INFANTS CHILDREN Promotes Digestion Cheerful-ness and Rest Contains neither Optum, Morphine nor Mineral. IS ON THE d home that afternoon, tired and hungry, NOT NARCOTIC. and after hanging up my rifle took one of WRAPPER he largest of the trout and placed it out Recipe of Old Dr. SO-TEL PHILES OF EVERY BOTTLE OF Aperfect Remedy for Constipa-tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishmess and Loss of SLEEP. Tac Simile Signature of Chattetter, Castoria is put up in one-size botties only. It not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to selou anything else on the plea or promise that it "just as good" and "will answer every purse." As See that you got C-A-S-T-O-E-I-A. NEW YORK.

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7 lb. pails Jam, 50c. for the day. 4 lb. Raisins for 25c. 3 lb. Currants for 25c. Lemon Peel, 15c. per lb. Gold Seal Baking Powder, 10c. lb. 2 lbs. Broken Leaf Japan Tea, 25c. Mixed Candy, 7c. per lb.

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