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The Petaluma Bugle



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# Petaluma <sup>The</sup> Bugle

DEVOTED TO NEWS, SKETCHES, STORIES, AND THINGS OF GENERAL INTEREST

VOL. I

PETALUMA, CAL., JUNE, 1898

NO. 1

## WHEN DEWEY DIDN'T

How, as a Bad Boy at School, He Was Soundly Thrashed by His Teacher.

READER in the New York Sun has recalled this week an incident of the boyhood of the hero of Manila, in which victory did not perch on his banner. Early in the fifties, when Dewey was a boy, Major Z. K. Pangborn, now a resident of New Jersey, and for thirty years the editor of the Evening Journal of Jersey City, being then fresh from college, undertook the management of a district school at Montpelier, Vt. The school had been in rebellion for a long time, and the boy, Dewey, was the leader of the anti-teacher brigade. Several previous teachers had been "removed," one had been stood upon his head in a snowbank, and it was generally said at Montpelier, that nobody could govern that school.

When Mr. Pangborn appeared at school the first day of the session, he noticed Dewey up a tree throwing stones at small boys. He told him quietly that he must stop that. The reply was that the teacher could "go to" the place reserved for a certain class of departed mortals, and Dewey did not come down. School went on very smoothly, that day, but there were indications that showed the teacher that trouble was coming, so he provided himself with a nice rawhide whip, which he tucked away over the door, and then placed several sticks of hickory

on top of the pile in the old wood-box.

Next day the fun began. Another boy was disorderly, and was told to take his seat. He did so, and seven of the big boys joined him on his bench. Then Dewey stepped up and coolly informed the teacher that they were "going to give him the best licking that he had ever had."

"Go to your seat!" commanded the teacher, who was not so big a



COMMODORE DEWEY.

"man," physically, as either of the two boys named.

Dewey struck out, and the next instant the rawhide was playing catch-and-go all over him. The other "biggest boy" entered the fight and was promptly laid low with a blow from one of the hickory sticks. Dewey was, by this time, lying upon the floor howling for "quits," and the other boy lay near him, unconscious. The rebellion was over, and Mr. Pangborn had

no further trouble with that school.

He took Dewey home to his father, and reported that he had brought him his son, "somewhat the worse for wear, but ready for school work."

"Thank you," replied Dr. Dewey. "I guess George will not give you any more trouble. He will be at school tomorrow."

The father of the other boy tried to get a warrant for the arrest of the schoolmaster, but there was not a magistrate in the country who would issue one. They said that if anybody had been found who could govern that school, he was the right man for the place.

Young Dewey remained at school. He soon became a good scholar, and, under his friend's tuition, fitted for the Annapolis academy. Years after these events, he was wont to visit Major Pangborn, at his home in Boston, where the former teacher was editor of the old Atlas and Bee. On one of these visits he said to him: "I shall never cease to be grateful to you. You made a man of me. But for that thrashing you gave me, I should probably now be in the state prison." Dewey was at this time a young lieutenant in the navy, and a chum of Major Pangborn's brother, who was also a young naval officer. The two spent much time at Major Pangborn's home, and he always speaks of Dewey as "one of his boys," and is naturally very proud of him.

This little anecdote shows that it often happens that the worst boy in school may be made the best boy, and it does not follow that be-

cause a boy needs thrashing, that he need more than one, provided it be well done, and at the right time. It is not on record that the commodore has ever been beaten since, or that he has ever been known to fight in a bad cause.

#### Outwitting an Indian.

Fighters of Indians need to be men of quick wit and a steady hand. Such a man was John Hawks, a settler of Hadley, Mass. An exploit of this pioneer, in 1676, is narrated by the historian of Deerfield. The Indians had made an attack upon Hatfield, and troops from other towns had gone to the rescue. Among the men from Hadley was John Hawks.

Soon after the Hadley men got ashore John Hawks, who was behind a tree, heard some one call him by name. A Pocumtuck Indian, who had taken a position behind another tree, had recognized Hawks as an old acquaintance.

Hawks returned the compliment, and each man began taunting the other, and daring his enemy to come into the open air and fight the thing out.

The Indian had the best of it, and was perfectly aware of his advantage. At any moment some of the gathering Indians were likely to come up behind Hawks and force him out of his cover. Under such circumstances, of course, the Indian was in no haste to expose himself.

However, the white man was not blind to the danger of his own situation. Something must be done, and that speedily. He knew what his adversary counted upon, and that gave him his clue.

All at once he sprang from behind his tree and leveled his gun as if to repel an attack from another direction. The Pocumtuck took the bait, and sprang forward. He would capture Hawks the moment his gun was empty.

Quick as a thought the white man wheeled, and before the Indian could raise his gun or reach his cover, gave him a fatal shot. It was all the work of a few seconds, and Hawks, though wounded in the ensuing fight, lived to fight other battles.

[From Western Manuscript Bureau, U. A. P. A.]

## A RACE FOR LIFE.

### A True Story.

W. J. CAMPBELL.

It was getting late in the afternoon; in fact it was almost night, as Ed Martin, an old hunter and trapper, and Nick Lewis, his nephew from C——, drew near their little cabin some two miles west of Ft. Union.

On this eventful afternoon they had taken a short hunt and then set their traps, which were hidden along the small mountain stream. As they were doing so, Old Ed had pointed to some scarcely discernible marks along the bank, and said: "Nick, boy, we kin look out fer Injuns about tonight. They hev bin along here and seen what we air adoin'. If they hev an idea we've got many skins, they'll be around. An' I bet they know, consarn 'em."

"Perhaps you are mistaken, Uncle Ed," replied Nick, as he placed the last trap in position.

"Nary time, lad, you can't fool Old Ed. Them's Injun signs as sure as shootin'. But let's git up to the cabin." And so saying they left the stream and proceeded toward the hut.

Once inside they deposited their guns in a corner and proceeded to get supper. This meal being over they lighted their pipes and sat down for their evening smoke.

Night had now closed down and the sky had become o'ercast with dark, murky clouds. The wind was beginning to moan and sigh in the woods back of the cabin. No other sound was heard. Nick was just dropping off into a doze, when he was awakened by the shrill scream of a night bird. The sound had barely died away before Old Ed had sprung to his feet and ran to the door. A moment more and it was secured by two large wooden bars, as was the back window, whose wooden shutter opened from the inside.

During this time Old Ed had not

spoken, but he now came forward and said:

"Fact, that was no bird; it was an Injun, and there'll be trouble here in a few minutes. Git your gun and be ready fer business. I'll put this log on the fire so's n pesky varmint kin come down the chimney."

As yet there had been no demonstrations from the outside. But now there rose a yell as from a hundred throats and a large number of redmen threw themselves against the cabin door. The bars quivered and cracked, but held firm. Old Ed's prophesy had come true. Our two friends were attacked by Indians.

How the Indians did yell and pound upon the door. They were there to get in, and were making their best efforts in that direction.

Old Ed now drew a peg from a loophole near the door and placing the muzzle of his gun therein, fired. This he did several times, and finally the Indians must have beaten a retreat, for all became quiet once more.

The old man then showed Nick another loophole and told him to stand by and when the Indians came back, which they surely would, to shoot among them.

A moment more and back they came—this time with a log, which they used as a battering ram. Nick and Ed both fired as they struck the door and two yells answered their shots. But the Indians still hammered away at the door; then their blows began to tell, for the lower part began to give away. Ed saw it at once and knew that it could not be remedied. Something must be done and that immediately, or they would lose their scalps. They must get out and run for it; their only ray of hope lay in flight.

"Nick, lad, we've got ter git out and git. Foller me; lad, and keep up your courage. Maybe we kin git to ther fort, but we'll have ter run fer it."

Old Ed now cautiously withdrew

the bars from the back window and then opened it. All dark outside. A moment more and he sprung through. Now, as luck or fate would have it, the Indians had not found this small window and at present their attentions were confined to the front part of the cabin.

"All right," Nick," Ed whispered, and Nick sprang through the window and together they ran back into the woods.

They had scarcely got started when with a crash the door was knocked from its hinges and the redskins swarmed into the hut. The open window told the tale. But with hideous yells the Indians took up the trail, dark as it was, and the race for life began.

Through the woods they ran, pursuer and pursued. Now stumbling over a log, now struggling through a pond. On and on they ran. The thorns tore their clothes and the underbrush scratched their faces, yet side by side they ran for life. Behind them came their dusky foes making the woods ring with their hideous yells.

Old Ed shaped his course south by east, so as to try and get to the fort. There was their only safety, if they could but reach it. On they ran. Ran as never two men did before, while after them came the deadly foe.

At last they came to the river. The fort stood upon the opposite bank, back some distance. Into the water sprang our two hunters, and just in time, for the Indians came out upon the bank ere they had swam half way across, for the water was fairly deep at this place.

Some of the Indians jumped into the river while the others began firing at Ed and Nick. But the night was dark and our friends were swimming as fast as they could and the bullets failed to hit them.

The opposite bank was reached at last and they had barely started toward the fort when they heard

the welcome challenge of the sentinel. He knew Old Ed, who explained the situation to him as they hurried toward the fort.

Nothing more was heard of the Indians that night and in the morning a detachment of soldiers was sent out to search for them, but they had burned the trappers' hut and escaped to the mountains.

Didn't Know How.

An amusing illustration of the fact that Chinamen are great imitators is shown in the following:

On a Ninth-street electric car, coming down town, was seated a child-like and bland celestial. As the motorman turned on more electricity, and the car leaped forward, the laundryman remarked to the passenger seated on his left, "We just zippe right along." Between H and I streets one of the passengers stepped out on the footboard, and as the conductor made a motion to catch hold of the bell-cord the man shook his head. Taking hold of the side bar he swung out with his face toward the forward end of the car, dropped off lightly, and walked away.

Down between G and H streets the Chinaman stepped out on the footboard, and again the conductor put his hand to the bell-cord.

"Don't ling! Don't ling!" said the grinning celestial, "I jumpee off just likee other man."

Taking an extra reef in his blouse with both hands, he hopped off at a right angle to the car, landed first on both feet, and then on his left shoulder and ear, and as the car bowled along in the darkness the passengers could hear in high falsetto wail from the gutter:

"Allee samee foole."

Sugar Beets.

This is the first season that sugar beets have amounted to anything in Sonoma county since they have been introduced. There is money in them, as the farmers say, but it takes a heap of work, and when they go after Chinamen to work them the Chinese say, "Chince-men no likee; too mutchum hurtee backee." As it is, the hayseeds that have beets planted are in a tight fix.

They Enjoyed Themselves.

May 29—The natives of Portugal held their yearly-feast and "hot time" at the D. E. S. Society hall, three miles west of Petaluma, today and had a good time among themselves drinking wine and eating cakes. It was very quiet, which was something unusual.

Painting was known in China in the sixth century; introduced into England about 1474; in America, 1536.

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To secure a large circulation for our paper at once we have decided to give to each person, for a limited time only, five valuable books absolutely free of all charge. These books are not cheap pamphlets of sixteen pages as advertised by other houses, but each book consists of 64 large double-column pages and are everywhere sold at 10 cents each. We cannot positively hold this offer open long and it is only to secure a large circulation at once that we do it. The following is a list of the books offered:

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Published Monthly.

THEO. JARVIS, : : Editor and Publisher

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Petaluma, Cal., June, 1898.

## WAR!

The American eagle has seated himself above the stars and stripes, raised his mighty wings (representing motion of army and navy), and has uttered the sumptuous cry of "Remember the Maine." The heart of the nation has been struck as if by a single blow, and all are united in defense of the national honor, while our always victorious navy is prepared to meet the enemy.

The Moslem warfare of Spain is at last to be exterminated from the gems of the Antilles through the noble element of American patriot, ism. The conflict has already opened and America is able to add the first battle of the war as her victory. Space prevents us to give a full description of the leading events of the month and only the most important will be given in abridged form, avoiding those who have not the time to read long newspaper accounts from incorrect statements.

### DEWEY'S VICTORY.

During the month of April the

Asiatic squadron was ordered to proceed from Chinese ports to the Philippines. The month of May opened with the bombardment of Manila, the capital of the Philippines, which resulted in a brilliant victory for the Americans. Commodore Dewey was immediately, upon the arrival of the news at Washington, promoted to rear-admiral with honors of still further promotions. The entire Spanish fleet was destroyed, while Dewey's fleet, consisting of the Olympia, Baltimore, Raleigh, Boston, Concord and Petrel, was only slightly injured.

### TROOPS LEAVE FOR MANILA.

Early Monday morning, May 23, the soldiers encamped at the San Francisco Presidio were aroused by the sound of a silver-toned bugle, announcing to them that the time had come for them to embark for Manila. Hurried preparations were made at the camp and the soldier boys were soon en route to the wharves of the Pacific Mail Steamship company. As they went on board the monstrous City of Peking cheer after cheer arose from the human mass assembled on the wharves in their honor, which ended only with the disappearance of the vessel in the fading distance. Thus the first of the many who will leave for the dark land of gloom have left, dispensing with all the joys which besought them and frankly going into an ocean of sad emotions where the waves of cadence rise and fall with Herculean strength.

### IN CUBAN WATERS.

The fleets of Sampson and Schley have united against that of Cervera, but up to the date of writing, May 28th they have as yet not met. False rumors have been circulated which are absolutely without truth.

R. MEYLING.

The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.

Youth—"Pa, give me an example of a 'floating debt.'" Pa (sadly)—"My yacht."

### How About This?

The amateur journal has to confront with many difficulties and obstacles. Among these is the preposterous one that the amateur paper is not worth the price asked for it, and that when comparing it with the modern story paper the amateur paper is completely thrown into the background. Before, however, going in too far on this subject, the worthy individual who inflames his mind on this accord should consider the two sides connected with it.

The modern story paper, whose price is so low that it hardly pays for the paper upon which it is printed, is so extensively circulated that its proprietor finds no trouble in filling its columns with advertising, from which source alone its revenue is derived. These advertisements may be divided into two classes, i. e., those advertising honest goods and those merely designed for the purpose of swindling the public out of its money. The better class is generally more abundant in some of these papers. But there is no diversity, says the person who thinks it his duty to run down the amateur paper, as long as the professional paper offers an amount of reading matter that is so many times greater than that of the amateur paper. As every intelligent person knows, the modern story paper is published for the purpose of making a profit thereby, which is, of course, not more than right. But then, says this person, why does not the amateur paper also solicit enough advertisements so it will be able to enlarge its size? Here the line should be drawn and the amateur publisher should defend his principles. The amateur paper is not published for the purpose of making a profit, but is and will be published in the interest of young authors. Amateur publishers are generally careful not to admit any fake advertising to the columns of their paper, and its main expense fund is therefore derived



from the subscriptions. It, however, often happens that the two sides of the ledger account do not balance. The person who subscribes to an amateur paper need not be afraid of enriching its publisher to a great extent. Nor need he scratch his cerebrum for half an hour and think it is money lavishly spent, for every cent of it will be as wisely spent as when the noble George Peabody of Massachusetts donated over \$5,000,000 towards the education of the negro in the south.

**THE EDITOR'S TABLE.**

We will quote the Amateur Globe no more, but in place of it we will quote the PETALUMA BUGLE.

The numerous subscribers of the Amateur Globe will receive the PETALUMA BUGLE in place of it, a paper which the publisher will try to satisfy its subscribers with.

You may think, good reader, that the BUGLE is a professional paper, but you will be mistaken there, for it is published by an amateur publisher and two-thirds of its reading is written by amateur writers. It is an amateur publication and will stay so.

Subscribers to the BUGLE may offer suggestions to the improvement of this paper and their suggestions will be faithfully attended to.

Notice on the last page "The Story Prize Contest," and I hope to see you all try for some of the prizes. If you do not want to try in the story contest you can easily get one of the pictures of the battleship Maine.

I say three cheers for Harrison D Baumgardner of Los Gatos, Cal., and have him elected president of the United Amateur Press association.

Subscribe for the BUGLE and get five books free. See ad.

Why, yes, fellows! Let's make up an army of amateur publishers and let our papers go till we clean all the Spaniards off of the earth. We can call it The United States Amateur Publishers' army, for short. T. U. S. A. P. A ; motto: To revenge the Maine and free Cuba. Gee whiz! Won't that be a corker, though!

Amateur publications receiving this paper are respectfully invited to exchange regularly, or not at all.

Advertisers will lose nothing by advertising in the BUGLE, but gain much.

**News Indeed.**

A geography published in 1812 contains the following startling description of that section of our country which Charles Dudley Warner has baptised "Our Italy!"

"California is a wild and almost unknown land, covered throughout the year by dense fogs, as damp as they are unhealthful. On the northern shores live anthropophagi, and in the interior are active volcanoes and vast plains of shifting snow, which sometimes shoot columns to inconceivable heights."

The book adds that some of these statements would seem incredible were they not so well authenticated by trustworthy travelers.



### What Dewey's Son Says.

The only son of Admiral Dewey is George Goodwin Dewey, of New York city, who recently went into business there, after taking his degree at Princeton. When the news of his father's great victory was known, the young man was literally besieged by reporters, all of whom he received very considerately. He talked frankly and enthusiastically about his father as follows:

"My father is deliberate, cool, business-like, without fear, gentle, very fond of children, good hearted, and good to every one. He is most thorough, determined, and energetic. He is a disciplinarian, and everything under his control must be as near perfect as possible. You can easily imagine why I have such faith in father's ability when I appreciate these strong points in his character.

"He is so very kind hearted, yet nothing can stop him in the performance of his duty, no matter what the results may be. He loves a good horse, and is particularly fond of horseback riding, yet he always considers the comfort of the animal he rides. He will not allow his horse to trot on a hard road, or to be hurried up a steep hill. He has always been quite fond of society, of club life, and has been devoted to children, and always enters into their pleasures.

"That is one side. But when it comes to the necessity of fighting, he believes in being most thoroughly prepared, and striking quick, hard and with deliberate intent of accomplishing the purpose of war, that is, putting the enemy in a condition where he cannot fight.

"I was very much impressed by his last letter, received a month ago. He said nothing about expecting war, but said he was very busy. Now, busy, is a little word, but I knew what it meant with him. He meant that he was practicing his crews in every duty: that

they were handling the ships and guns, firing at targets, and doing everything that would bring them to the maximum of perfection in case they were called into action. The result of the battle of Manila shows that I was right. He was busy when he wrote, and busy for a good purpose.

"He believes that our ships and men are the best in the world. He is right, and has proved it. Farragut is his ideal of a naval commander, and we all know what Farragut was."

### The Latest Version.

[As revised by O. J. Lafranchi, poet.]

'Twas a jaded old hobo, some time ago.

As sounded a widow for butter and bread—  
Then a form was bent for the gate below,

And blood-stained clothes told a tale of woe.

A sorrowful twinkle shone in his eye

As he dropped that eve on his earthly bed.

"But the living could live, if the dogs were dead,"

Said the jaded old hobo, a-shaking his head.

War or no war, the people of this town are still a-kicking about things that don't suit their ideas—they will kick the bucket some day, and then they may kick somewhere else.

### Fourteen Amateurs.

There are fourteen amateur papers published in California, of which two of them are published in Sonoma county—the Starlight, published by O. J. Lafranchi, at Reclamation, Cal., and the PETALUMA BUGLE, published in Petaluma, Cal., by Theo. Jarvis. This shows that amateurism is progressing rapidly.

The following letter appeared in the March number of the Starlight:

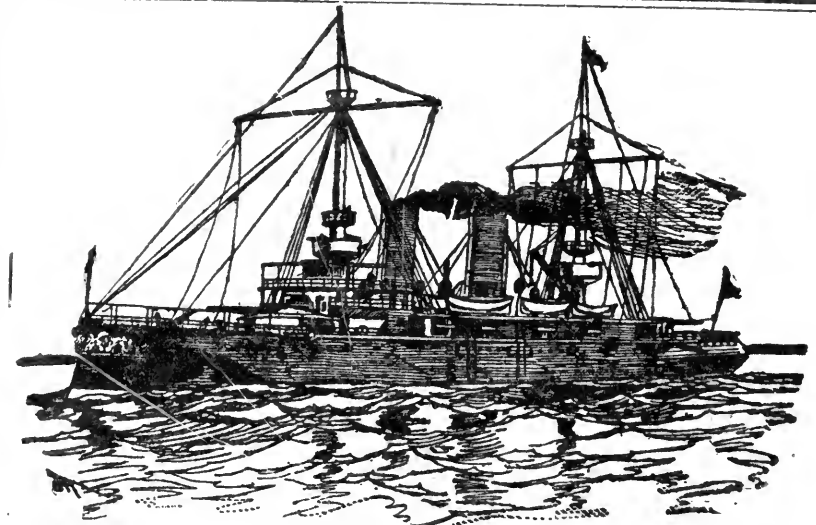
MR. O. J. LAFRANCHI, PETALUMA, CAL.—Dear Sir: I certainly have great faith in the value of amateur journalism. The practice of thinking and writing, and putting in form one's ideas, is an excellent preparation for boys and girls, by which in after life they can make real journalists of themselves. The way to learn to do a thing is to do it. To make this effective, however, one must do the very best he knows how. I am sure that most of our amateur journalists do this.

Yours very truly,

DAVID S. JORDAN.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, Feb. 2, '98.

Amateur publishers who wish to make money on their publications should go to Klondyke and give the miners some war news from fake correspondents in Cuba.



### ARMORED CRUISER CARDENAL CISNEROS.

The Cardenal Cisneros is an armored cruiser of the type of the Vizcaya. She would be a dangerous antagonist for any ship, but could probably be disposed of by either the New York or Brooklyn of our navy. The fact that she was six years in being built will possibly add to her efficiency over vessels of her class.

**Feeds His Mule Fence Rails.**

An old southwest Georgia negro called to one of the laborers in his vineyard:

"You, John! Hit's time to feed dat mule. Give him a couple of fence rails, quick!"

"He doesn't eat fence rails, does he?" inquired a bystander.

"Lawd bless you, yes, suh!" replied the old man. "Dat des whets his appetite. He use ter bl'ong ter one er dese office-seekers, en he got so hungry standin' hitched in de sun dat he started on fence rails fer a livin'; en now he won't tackle grass tell he's done eat up a string er fence, den he eats oats or grass fer dessert. W'y, suh," continued the old man, "he got loose de yuther day en took en eat up one whole gable end er Ebenezer chapel, en w'n we run up on him he wuz makin' a break fer de pews en de pulpit! Dey wouldn't been much en dat meetin' house left ef ever he'd got ter de inside er it. Give him dem fence rails, John; he got ter do some hard plowin' dis mawnin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

**Amateur Journals.**

In various parts of this country are published small newspapers and magazines by boys and girls. These amateur papers, of which there are hundreds, of all sizes, are the papers in which the first stories and poems of nearly all the youthful authors and poets are published.

The majority of our great authors and poets of America have had their first productions of their pen published in these small journals. Also, a large proportion of their early literary training is due to these sheets.

One of the best things that a boy or girl can do towards improving his or her education is to contribute stories to some amateur journal. Or, if he has the means, publish a paper, for this is far better than to contribute to one.

An old amateur writer once said,

"Amateur journalism is the stepping stone to the future." And since then this has been proven by actual experience.—H. J. Parker, in the Journalist.

**The First Cigar.**

A quiet eve  
beneath the  
stars, with  
brother Steve  
and two cigars.  
Behind the shed  
we slowly creep,  
the folks abed, and  
the world asleep. I  
strike a light with  
shaky hand, in such  
a fright I scarce can  
stand. Like veterans  
grim we puff the  
smoke. My eyes grow  
dim. I almost choke.  
Another and another  
pull. How bitter-  
sweet. My mouth is  
full of the biting  
weed. My stomach  
turns, oh, my, how  
sick! My throat, too,  
burns. Oh, help me  
quick! I roll, I squirm,  
with frightened look,  
just like a worm on  
fishing hook. I cry for  
Steve; my cry's in  
vain; I see him heave  
with awful strain!  
When hope has fled  
there breaks a light  
behind that shed, upon  
our plight—and dad is  
here; as forth we crawl  
he grasps my ear and—  
let the curtain fall.  
An interview next  
morn we had. Our  
words were few:  
but then our dad  
behind that  
shed he show'd  
us stars that  
till I'm dead  
our first  
cigar I'll  
never  
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—The Journalist.

**Klondyke.**

"Under the soil and the dew,"  
Deep in Alaska's fold,  
Waiting for me and for you,  
Lieth the nuggets of gold.

O. J. L.

**The U. S. Battleship  
MAINE . . .**

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EVERY ONE WHO HAS ANY PATRIOTISM and honor for his country will not go without a large, beautiful painting of the Battleship Maine, which was blown up in such a cowardly manner by the Spaniards. The size of the Picture is 16x20 inches, and can be seen in Frank H. Atwater's show window, also in every town in the United States. It also shows the picture of its commander when blown up.

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To every one who sends in FIVE YEARLY SUBSCRIBERS to the PETALUMA BUGLE at 25 cents each. The picture is sold everywhere at 50 cents.

Address, Theo. Jarvis, Petaluma, Cal.

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V. RIEDI, Proprietor

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Will Keep Lice and Fleas out of Hen's Nests, and exterminates them out of your Poultry Houses. As a medicine, preventive and disinfectant among your sick Fowls it has no equal. For sale at

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## IN AMATEURIA'S REALM.

A Department Devoted Exclusively to the Interests of Amateur Journalism.

EDITED BY O. J. LAFRANCHI.

That amateur journalism is taking long and rapid strides perfectionwise, is shown by the many bright sheets that are constantly springing up. And the older publications show remarkable improvements over their issues of a year ago. 'Tis a glorious institution, is amateur journalism.

"College duties" have taken from our midst one of the brightest and most interesting papers in amateurdom. In the firmament of amateur journalism Storyettes stood out like a star of the first magnitude. Its suspension will be mourned throughout the 'dom, as it leaves a gap which cannot easily be filled.

Homer C. Tubb's article on "The Negro of the South" in a recent issue of the Amateur Press was evidently calculated to stem the tide that is growing in favor of admitting the negro to the U. A. P. A. If there is any manhood left in the members of the U. A. P. A. the word "white" will be stricken from its constitution at the coming election.

Harrison D. Baumgardner, associate editor of the Starlight, will be a candidate for president of the U. A. P. A. at the next annual election. Mr. Baumgardner is admitted to be one of the most popular worshippers at the shrine of Amateuria. With the pen he has few peers. He is beyond a doubt capable of filling the office of president of this grand association of amateurs. California should feel proud of her "standard-bearer," and should work energetically for his success. The Starlight is to be enlarged, improved and printed in colors.

Nothing makes an amateur editor feel more like swearing (and

he does swear) than when he receives his paper from the printer and finds it full of typographical errors.

These amateur papers have reached our table and all do credit to their publishers: The Sun, Junior World, Interpolitan Magazine, the Quill, Cynosure, Quillings, Amateur Press, Amateur Penman, Little Star, Boys' Monthly, and others too numerous to mention.

Communicated

### The Drift of the Times.

This is an age of statistics. Governments, commercial organizations, and leading business houses make it a matter of interest to collate generally or individually, everything which relates to their special requirements or interests.

That some speculate, pervert, misuse or abuse the information thus obtained, is of small account, compared with the benefits which are general, the knowledge which is valuable; and tables, calculations, etc., which, when official or authoritative, affect not only the commerce of the world, but each individual consumer and producer.

These figures represent results. They suggest, encourage, steady the market for both buyer and seller, particularly the great, grand, universal staples of every home, from the highest to the lowest.

It not always absolutely reliable, nay, if made "to lie," as figures sometimes are, they are really the barometer of trade. Every phrase of supply and demand is noted thereon, and nothing which affects this showing from war to weather is overlooked by these "watchmen on the walls" of trade. Cyclone storms, rains, drouth, insects, blight, contingent or possible, enter into these obtruse and to most persons uninteresting columns of figures.

Farmers, with their grain, hay, eggs, butter, stock, are all tabulated; as are the products of the ranchman whose vocation leads him to sheep and wool, to cattle and beef, to horses and hides. Everything done by the raiser of fruit from the humblest to the highest is estimated; the proximate quantity and value of grapes, oranges, lemons, peaches, apples and berries, all of which when appearing in the aggregate thus combined only bewilder and make us astonished by their importance and immensity as well, is determined.

## Prize Story Contest.

**FIRST PRIZE**—Two years' subscription to the Youth's Companion, a weekly story paper which has no equal for stories, sketches and current news of the world. It needs no more description for it is too well known.

**SECOND PRIZE**—One year's subscription to the Youth's Companion.

**THIRD PRIZE**—One year's subscription to the Ladies' Home Journal, devoted to good, wholesome stories and different departments—as fashion and music. It is for all persons of the family.

**FOURTH PRIZE**—One \$1.00 Fountain Pen. It is the Lincoln pen, which is warranted to do perfect work. All people who do much writing ought to have a good fountain pen.

**FIFTH PRIZE**—One year's subscription to the Woman's Home Companion, or Black Cat—both of which need no description because they are read in every household.

**CONDITIONS**—The one that sends in the best story will receive the first prize. The second best story sent in will receive the second prize, etc. The stories will be judged by two persons who are capable of judging the merits of the stories.

Each story must be accompanied with 25 cents for a yearly subscription to the BUGLE, and must be in by the 15th of July. One person can write no more than two stories.

Writers will please write on the top of their manuscript their address and number of words in story. The stories must be original and clean and must not contain over 2 000 words. The winners of the prizes will be announced in the August number of the PETALUMA BUGLE. Write on one side of paper only.

Address,

THEO. JARVIS, Petaluma, Cal.

Vol. 1. No. 3.

DECEMBER, 1898.

20c Per Year.

# THE \* BUGLE.



LOULIE M. GORDON.

Bugle Publishing Co., - - Publishers.  
Petaluma, Cal.

## LOULIE M. GORDON.

## BOOKS FREE!

THE likeness of this sketch appears on the cover page of this issue. Mrs. Gordon is an active member of the International League of Press Clubs. The essential purposes of this association has impressed upon the journalistic world, cannot be too highly commended.

Mrs. Loulie M. Gordon, of Atlanta, Ga., is of notable Santheren stock. Mrs. Gordon's father was Major McClendan, of the Confederate army, a wealthy planter before the war. On her mother's side, she is related to the Wilkens, Pickens, Jefferson, and other notable families of Virginia and South Carolina. She is a daughter of the American Revolution; the first woman chosen by the Cotton States and International Exposition in Atlanta to organize a Woman's Department, and was a member of the Executive Committee; she was Representative-at-Large and Chairman of Woman's Congress. It was through her efforts at the League Convention in Atlanta that the newspaper fraternity added so materially to the success of the Southern Exposition.

Mrs. Gordon is of a perfect type of Southron. Her pleasant and amiable civility has won her a large circle of admiring friends.

—o—

First Banker—What a breezy fellow your clerk is.

Second Banker—Yes; but he's not responsible for any of the drafts.

—o—

Mannikin Meek—My dear, you forgot to mend that rip in my coat this afternoon.

Mrs. Meek—No, John; I didn't forget. But my whole afternoon was taken up at the Lenten sewing circle.

—o—

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## STANDARD BOOKS GIVEN AWAY.

All those who receive this number as a sample copy may secure this paper for one whole year, and the following two books absolutely free of any further charge.

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Is a beautiful picture of art, and touches a responsive chord in the heart of everyone who sees it. It charmingly represents the beautiful thought expressed in the lines:

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Lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed."

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# The Bugle.

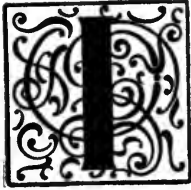
VOL. I.

DECEMBER, 1898.

NO. 3.

## AFTER MANY YEARS.

BY MARY W. JANVRIN.



It is the evening of a military ball at Trowchester, and the assembly rooms are brilliantly illuminated and decorated.

Outside there is the throng of carriages usual to such occasions, and the orthodox crowd of spectators collected to criticise the appearance of arriving guests.

Inside in the large ball room, the gay uniforms, the bright dresses, the sparkling jewels and no less sparkling smiles, the tiny, swift-moving feet, the glittering spurs, the profusion of light and color, and the sweet, rich odor of the flowers which line and conceal the many little tete-a-tete corners and recesses, combine to form a scene not easily forgotten, and two present will remember it to their lives' end.

The centre of a goodly group, mainly composed of gallant sons of Mars, is a slender, graceful girl, with dark hair and eyes, and lips red as a pomegranate blossom.

Glistening, dew tipped water-lilies nestle in her bosom, and fasten back her sea-green skirts.

She is Edith Wyndham, the only daughter of the richest mill-owner in the town, and the acknowledged belle of the evening.

With ready repartee and merry laugh she bears her part in the lively conversation going on, adroitly parrying all entreaties to join the dancers, or retire to the cooler atmosphere of the temporary conservatory with some favored cavalier.

Every now and then however, a weary inaudible sigh escapes her, and she watches the door with furtive anxiety. Suddenly the delicate bloom on her cheeks deepens, and the eyes, over which the lids so shyly droop, are shining like stars.

A gentleman who has just entered makes his way towards her. He is attired in civilian's evening-dress, and she quietly greets him as "Mr. Grantley."

"You have remembered your promise, I hope?" he says in a low tone.

"Yes," she answers, without looking up; "I have reserved two dances."

He stoops down to whisper his thanks, which are apparently very eloquent and expressive.

"This is our galop," she says, hurriedly rising from her seat.

In another moment they were float-away to the mad music of the "Royal Mail."

No wonder either, for their dancing is perfection, and their looks are undeniable. They are a well contrasted couple. She is of the pure dark type of beauty, and he is fair and Saxon in style. His figure is tall and stalwart; his face is frank and faithful, with a firm mouth, a rather blunt nose, and keen, blue eyes. His hair is closely cropped, but it asserts its independance nevertheless in many a willful twist and curl.

Presently, when the dance is over, he asks:

"Shall you be at home to-morrow afternoon?"

"Yes, I think so," she replies, nervously playing with her bouquet.

"That is well; for I want to see you I can never get you by yourself for even a scanty ten minutes, and I am growing quite desperate. You will be alone?" he adds, bending nearer.

"Perhaps; but I may have other callers, you know," she makes reply, with just a soupcon of mischief.

"But for once you can deny yourself to anyone else. I must see you alone; I can't say what I have to say in all this Babel and confusion. Promise me now that there shall be no one else there."

She hesitates; but catching sight of another partner bearing down upon them with the evident intention of claiming her, she gives the desired promise.

\* \* \* \* \*

A hushed and darkened chamber, the firelight flickering as though in sympathy with the human flame so near its expiring; the furniture handsome and costly, and the heavy, brocaded bed-hangings drawn back, for there propped up on many pillows, the master of the stately mansion lies

dying.

Listen! There is the muffled bustle of an arrival below, and on the stairs sound hasty approaching footsteps. The dim, sunken eyes, that for long hours have never ceased their weary watch of the door, lose their terribly strained expression, and from the parched lips come a murmured "Thank Heaven!"

"Father!"

"My boy—my boy!"

The doctor and the housekeeper have retired, and those two are left together. The father but yesterday hale and hearty, and bearing his years with dignity of health and strength, to-day stricken with death, and the son, summoned with all speed from a scene of festivity and mirth, worn with traveling and suspense.

The old man turns his head with a look of unspeakable anguish.

"Do you know all Ralph?" he asks almost in a whisper.

"Yes sir," is the concise reply. "Are not the papers full of the failure of the old-established house of Grantley and Company?"

"I have been so blind and credulous I trusted Curtis implicitly and he hoodwinked and deceived me. He has absconded, and I"—bitterly wails the weak voice—"I am dying, leaving the stain of ruin and disgrace on our name—our name, that has never been sullied before! Oh! if I might but have lived to wipe it away—to restore it to its untarnished integrity. But you are young, Ralph; you have years of life before you. Oh! my son—my son, will you do this work for me? will you make reparation in my stead? It is a hard heritage to leave you; but I cannot die happy unless you undertake it. I have been so proud of the



honor of my name, and I—oh! woe is me!—I have been the one to drag it down from its high place. I——”

In his excitement he had raised himself, his hand grasping his son's arm, his voice gathering power from intense emotion, and his face convulsed with wild entreaty. Suddenly the illusive strength deserts him and he falls back panting and breathless.

In dire alarm Ralph summons assistance and restoratives are promptly administered. They have the effect of restoring consciousness for a short time longer, and Ralph resumes his former place.

In obedience to a beseeching gesture he lowers his head to the level of the poor quivering mouth.

“Will you give me this promise, Ralph? Will—you—pay—all claims—I cannot—prepare to die—till my mind—is at rest.”

With infinite effort, and in short, choking gasps, comes the last appeal.

It is a solemn responsibility to undertake, and Ralph knows it. Time and opportunity may fail, or at least he must devote the choicest years of his manhood to a thankless task. For it he must relinquish many a golden dream, many a fair hope.

With the quick perception of a clear decided brain he has counted the cost, but hard must the heart be that can deny a death-bed request.

“Father, Heaven helping me, I will do as you wish.”

An expression of complete content and easement steals over the haggard features, and the fluttering clasp of the thin fingers speaks the thanks which speech is powerless now to do.

Four hours later and George Grantley has played out his part on the world's stage, and “finis” may be

written at the end of his life's drama. He has journeyed to

“The undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Eleven years have passed away. It is a warm, balmy evening in the beginning of May. The clock at the little lodge, is striking six as a gentleman enters the iron gates of The Court, a spacious, rambling old fashioned house, standing in extensive grounds on the outskirts of Trowchester.

As he walks quickly along the smoothly graveled drive, and the shifting light from the trees on either side falls upon him, it is not difficult to recognize Ralph Grantley.

Time has dealt kindly with him, or rather time has but added to the gifts which nature had already bestowed upon him. His figure is as erect and well set-up as of yore, and his face has gained an expression of calm control and of gentle manliness that makes Ralph Grantley one to whom women and children instinctively turn for succor and protection, and never in vain. He has obeyed his father's dying behest. There is no shadow on the old name now, no taint of reproach can cling to it. The streaks of gray that are here and there discernible in the fair hair and curling beard tell how hard the struggle has been. He has sacrificed at the altar of stern, uncompromising duty; but to-day there is no memory of by-gone trials to cloud his brow. He dreams only of the possibilities of the near future.

“Is Miss Wyndham at home?” he inquires of the footman, who prompt-

(Continued on 9th page.)

# THE :- BUGLE.

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**BUGLE PUBLISHING CO.,**

PETALUMA, - CALIFORNIA.

PETALUMA, DECEMBER, 1898.

## THE FALL ELECTIONS.

**T**HE elections held in the various states on Nov. 8th, have in most cases resulted in Republican victories. This is the most serious proof available that the people are satisfied with the manner in which the present Republican administration is being conducted. The American people have been aroused from their despondent sleep, and have taken the advice of our greatest statesmen, and have discovered that "Protection to American industries" is not a mere confidant.

The Republican victories will add new strength to the present administration, and cheer our president to keep up the high standard he has already set.

## UNIVERSAL PEACE.

Such a theme sounds impossible when we hear it, and there is no doubt that it is an impossibility. Since man has fallen from his state of original perfection, when peace and happiness were one, there can never again come a time that even peace will be universal among individuals; not taking into consideration the nations.

Yet the Czar of Russia is making most laudable efforts to bring about peace among the nations. His efforts will, in

all probability, never rise to a higher level, than to merely mark the interest it will cause to transpire.

## PRICE TO BE RAISED.

In the near future, it has been proposed by the publishers, that the subscription price of the BUGLE will be raised to fifty cents a year. This new move will be made in accord with our policy to enlarge our range of influence. At the new price we may find it possible to bring the BUGLE upon news stands. In quality and quantity we will, of course, equally return the value we ask for. Subscriptions may now be sent in at the old price, until further notice.

We venture to express the hope that all those who receive this number as a sample copy may find it of sufficient interest to warrant them to send in their subscription.

Great men come and go like every other sort of human species. Their exalted position in the affairs of man earns them the mien of being vivacious characters of vindication. Often, however, vilification seems to be appropriately bestowed upon them by some person of subordinate intelligence. It is then not always sedulously true that "The evil men do lives after them."

In the 10th district of Illinois the Prohibitionists have succeeded in electing their candidate, Frank S. Reagan, to the next Legislature. Mr. Reagan is said to be a man of great ability.

The new Congress is to be called into an extra session on the 4th of March, to organize the colonies. It would be far better if these questions were not "on hand;" the country would save great money, cost of lives and trouble.

Subscribe for the BUGLE.

## WISDOM.

WISDOM is an attribute of the divine in universal nature. It is also a power inherent in man, by virtue of his near relationship with the divine, and because of the possible unfoldment of divine powers in his finite nature. Although as finite beings we do not and cannot at all times comprehend the whys and wherefores of its manifestation, owing to the fact that all human developments are subject to the laws of limitation and environment, yet all can in some degree discriminate between a wise and an unwise act.

But few have not at some period of life committed an act which proved to be a very grave mistake and caused much annoyance, trouble and sorrow. We find ourselves to often prone to err in our estimates and judgments of our surroundings, and others form and harbor thoughts which prejudice our minds, and in an unguarded moment we are apt to give expression to unwarrantable conclusions, which set in motion elements of evil. How often have individuals, families, societies and communities suffered because of unwise thoughts, actions and counsels of unwise persons? If these are promoters of trouble, misery, sorrow and all that tends to make us unhappy, what are we to do? What should we strive to attain? My answer is, wisdom. Is it obtainable? Yes! How? This is the question that should interest every member of this society. As each must have learned through some experience that the accomplishment of any task, the acquirement of any knowledge, or the attainment of our highest ideal of the purpose of life, ever must be the result of personal efforts; constant exercise of all the faculties of the mind, conjointly with a healthy body, harmonizing all the desires, objects, and aims in life, with the "all good" will undoubtedly culminate in a manifestation of wisdom.

There are many avenues which lead to wisdom; there is much that we must

learn, overcome and master, as we advance. We must become discreet, prudent, cautious and judicious. Our understandings must be opened up by the knowledge of the little things of life, and by growth and development advance into a general knowledge of the arts and sciences. Knowledge is probably the broadest avenue leading to human development. It enlightens, expands, refines, elevates, invigorates, and in all respects improves the individual. If directed and guided by wisdom, it does more than aught else to elevate men and women to positions of honor and distinction in society or nation. Do not misunderstand me; I said if guided by wisdom, knowledge will do this. For there are innumerable examples of persons having possessed knowledge, but lacking wisdom, because victims of dissipation and licentiousness, which seemed to prove an old adage, that "Much learning makes some men the greater rogues and villains." This naturally leads our minds to contemplate the great importance of gaining wisdom and power? By the adoption of the proper methods of education, beginning with the little things that lie at our feet; correcting whatever evil habits we may have acquired, and gaining a victory over our inclinations to do wrong. Then slowly but surely will we begin to tread the paths of industry and frugality, which lead to wealth and by wisdom systematically.

Divide each day, to find an equal proportion for work, recreation, rest and sleep. When we have done this, we have a good foundation for the physical structure—a grand edifice, a temple, fit for the indwelling of a spirit, an immortal soul, where it can grow and unfold its divine possibilities and manifest its wisdom.

Wisdom is defined as "a faculty of forming the fittest and truest judgment in any matter presented for consideration; a combination of discernment, discretion and sagacity; and is sometimes used in a sense synonymous with discretion or pru-

dence." Knowledge is not wisdom. Knowledge has several steps—such as the preception of facts, the accumulation of facts, but does not include action, nor the power of judging what methods are best to be pursued, or in means for attaining these ends. Prudence, discretion and other terms are sometimes used as synonymous with wisdom but are only particular phases of wisdom.

Wisdom is the highest expression of all the accumulated knowledge and experience of the ages. It is the outgrowth of a cultured mind—the development of the mental faculties, the unfoldment of divine possibilities, the power of preception by and through which we are enabled to comprehend the principles and problems of life. Possessed of this power we are able to direct our minds into the right channels of thought, to have control of all the bodily functions—so that we may do the right thing at the right time and in the right place. Then it will be impossible for greediness, envy, malice, selfishness, or injustice, to hold sway, or in any way dominate over human action.

Wisdom and Knowledge, far from being  
one,  
Have oftimes no connection. Knowledge  
dwells  
In heads replete with thoughts of other  
men ;  
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.  
Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass ;  
The mere materials with which wisdom  
builds,  
Till smoothed and squared and fitted to  
its place  
Does but encumber whom it seems to  
enrich.  
Knowledge is proud that he has learned  
so much ;  
Wisdom is humble that he knows no  
more.

—COWPER.

—W. T. Jones.

—o—

Subscribe for the BUGLE, only 20c per year in advance.

+++++  
+ THE :- STAGE. +  
+++++

THE surprising news comes that Joe Jefferson is to retire from the stage. He is known to all the theatre going world as the "Rip Van Winkle." The success he has achieved can no better be expressed than that the net receipts of "Rip Van Winkle" have reached the enormous total of \$5,000,000.

W. T. Burroughs, once a prominent actor, died lately from accidental gas asphyxiation in New York City. He appeared in "Hamlet," "Othello," and other Shakesperian plays.

The stock company at the Castle Square theater in Boston is preparing to present "Cyrano de Bergerac." Evidently its advent in the continuous show is imminent.

May Irwin is her own manager and has five men and sixteen women in her company.

At present the Dewey theater appears to be harboring the shocking shows in New York.

Blanche Walsh and Melbourne MacDowell have resumed their tour with "Cleopatria."

New theaters to be erected in Paris will hereafter have to be approachable from all sides.

Ada Reban is said to have become a bicycle expert during her summer vacation in England.

There is a project in Switzerland to build a special summer theater at Altorf, in the canton of Uri, for annual performances of Schiller's "William Tell."

## AFTER MANY YEARS.

(Continued from page 5)

ly appears in answer to his summons at the bell.

"Yes sir."

"Will you ask her to grant me the favor of a short interview?"

"What name sir?"

"No name."

The man is too well trained to express surprise, as he ushers the visitor across the wide paved hall into the morning room, a pleasant, flower scented apartment, with a home-like litter of books, and music, and work about it.

He is not kept long waiting. There is a rustle of silken garments without, the door it quietly opened, and the lady he desired to see is before him.

Overpowering agitation renders him silent and motionless. His thoughts fly back to a vision of long ago. A vision of a crowded ball-room, with music gayly playing, and whirling figures sweeping by, of a green robed maiden, with archly smiling lips, standing by his side—a maiden in the first flush of girlish beauty, and radiant with the joyousness of a youth that has known neither care nor sorrow.

Now he beholds a graceful woman, the promise of early loveliness brought to maturity, gracious in presence and self-possessed in manner, with tender, hopeful patience and sweet cheerfulness written in the curve of the sensitive mouth and shining out from the depths of the dark eyes. Such a one might the poet have had in mind when he wrote of

"A perfect woman nobly planned."

"You wish, I think——" she begins, courteously, and a little stiffly, for Ralph stands with his back to the window, and she imagines herself addressing a stranger.

He moves quickly towards her. With a subdued cry she recognizes him, and her cheeks grow ashen white. She essays to falter out some polite greeting, some common place welcome; but the

words die away ere her tongue can give them utterance.

He takes her hands in his, his own face very pale, and his voice rugged and broken.

"Do you remember the last time we met, and the request I made you then?"

She bows her head mutely.

"Did you guess? ah, surely you must, what I intended to ask you the next day?"

Again she signifies a mute assent.

"Am I too late? Oh! love—love, may I, dare I, ask that question now?"

The slender fingers lie passive in his clasp, the drooping head is raised, the steadfast eyes look bravely up, though every limb is trembling, as she answers:

"I have waited for you; I knew you would come some day."—*Good Stories.*

—o—

## THE HERO.

Say, John Sparks is home from war!  
My! he's thin and peaked, for  
Came a Spanish bullet, when  
He was leadin' on his men,  
Went through and through him, an'  
killed three

Others jus' behin' him. Gee!  
Think of that! But he'll get well  
After he's been nursed a spell.

I was over to his place,  
'Cause he knows my sister Grace;  
An' they let me see his sword,  
An' his unerform, all tired.  
An' that sword—'tween me an' you,  
It's all nicked an' bloody, too,  
Where he cut an' sticked an' slashod,  
As the en'mies' heads he smashed!

Then I saw him in his bed—  
"Hallo, Jim!"—that's what he said—  
Jus' as though he hadn't been  
Killin' Span-i-yards like sin.  
An' he promised that he might  
Tell me how the soljers fight.  
Then Grace came—I bet you, sir,  
That he's goin' to marry her.

—*Truth.*

## A GRIM ADVENTURE.

BY J. J. H.

IT was at one of the inns which dot the spurs of the Alleghany that I heard the following tale.

"My friends," said the narrator, a man of prepossessing appearance, "let me relate to you the narrowest escape I ever had. It was early in the '70's when I was traveling in Iowa that this episode took place. I had been riding hard all day and suddenly at dusk it began to rain heavily. Lightening flashed and the peals of thunder crashed like salvos of artillery. I was looking for shelter when I perceived an inn ahead of me. I knocked and was admitted by the inn-keeper, an evil-looking fellow. I was glad to get in however, as the storm increased.

The inn-keeper put my horse in the stable.—not however, before I had taken off the saddle bags, and returning, soon laid a good repast before me.

He did not have much to say, merely asking where my next stopping place was, and a few remarks about the weather. After supper he withdrew into the kitchen; not however, before informing me where I was to sleep, with a few sundry directions. I then opened the saddle-bags and placed them on the table in order to count the money which was in them. It happened that I had an unusually large sum, as the previous day I had cashed a draft of quite a little amount. You may be sure then that I was much concerned about it. Suddenly I heard a footstep behind me.

Quickly turning around, I perceived the inn-keeper with knife raised, ready to plunge it into me. Seeing this movement his face grew darker with malignant hate at thus seeing himself thwarted. Knowing that my life depended upon quick action. I leaped from the chair and quickly grasped his wrist, and none too soon, for a second later his knife would have pierced me.

With his free hand he tried to grasp

me by the throat, essaying to choke me.

However, devining his purpose and quickly thinking of a plan, I endeavored to trip him, using all my strength.

The plan succeeded. Quick as a flash he went down, I on top. The knife which became turned toward him in the struggle pierced his body. He died instantly.

When morning came I hurried on to the next town and told my story. An inquest followed. I was acquitted and never went near that vicinity again.—Magnolia.

—o—

The wife—I think we ought to have daughter's voice cultivated, John, if it doesn't cost too much.

The husband—It can't cost too much, my dear, if it will improve it any.—Puck.

—o—

"Did you go to the madam's afternoon tea party?" asked the china cup of its earthenware neighbor on the closet shelf.

"Dear, me, no," was the reply; "my mug's too common. I don't belong to that set."

—o—

In a Mexican home the sofa is the seat of honor and a guest does not take a seat upon it until requested to do so.

—o—

## CHRISTMAS SONG.

Why do bells for Christmas ring!  
Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely shining star  
Seen by shepherds from afar  
Gently moved until its light  
Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay  
Pillowed soft upon the hay,  
And its mother sang and smiled,  
"This is Christ, the holy child."

Therefore bells for Christmas ring;  
Therefore little children sing.

—Eugene Field.

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Send 20c silver quick for a package of my famous L. P. Will make you best girl mind and obey you. Full directions sent with each package. Address, FRANK HILLIGOSS, Box 82, Florida, Ind.

10c to \$1 a piece for names of your neighbors and friends. No soliciting. You send the names, we do the rest. 10c for blanks and agency.

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## RESTLESS WITH

Worms. No. 711 sure cure 50c. No. 777 for tape worm, head guaranteed, \$3.00. MARK M. KERR, M. D., Specialist, 604 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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The Publishers of the BUGLE have decided to hold an unique Photographic Prize Contest. Only amateurs may compete. The photographs will be used to illustrate the pages of the BUGLE. A committee of five will be appointed to decide which are the best of the photographs submitted. The contest will close May 30, 1899, thus allowing plenty of time for all to enter. It is advisable that photographs be sent in as soon as possible.

Each competitor must send 20c to pay for a year's subscription to this paper. If you are already a subscriber you can have your subscription advanced one year from date of expiration.

The Best Photographs will secure the following prizes:

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- SECOND PRIZE.....A Fine French Field Glass
- THIRD PRIZE.....Self-Inking Rubber Stamp with name on
- FOURTH PRIZE.....The next 100 best photographs will each receive a popular book

This is an honest offer. We are backed by sufficient capital to carry out any offer we make. If any person can prove to the contrary, that we will not carry out the above offer, we will deposit \$50 in his or her favor in any local bank. Send you photographs to

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# THE \* BUGLE.



MURAT HALSTED.

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You are aware of the fact that we soon intend to raise the subscription price of this paper to 50c a year. But before doing this we want as many people as possible to take advantage of our present low price. We want you to help us reach these people. Get all the subscribers you can at 20c a year. Keep half of the money and send us the other half with name of each subscriber. You can easily secure ten subscribers a day and make \$1.00. When you have sent us 50 subscribers we will make you a present of a **NEW PEARL TYPEWRITER**. It's no toy, but a regular machine that can be used in any business house. Over 25,000 have been sold. It writes 48 characters. Weighs about 5 pounds. With it you can write all your letters. Or we will give you the above machine for sending us 25 subscribers at 20c each. Start right now and send us the subscribers. We will keep count of them. When you have sent in the required number we will send you the typewriter at once. Address, **THE BUGLE**, Petaluma, Cal.

**SENCOWHOEA!** \$100 Reward for case we cannot cure. Send 10c postage on Free Trial Package. Responsible lady agents wanted in every town. **DR. F. P. MERTON**, Dept. H., 203 Locust St., Janesville, Wis.

**CALIFORNIA SOUVENIR PLAYING CARDS**—Fifty-two (52) beautiful half-tone engravings of world-famous California scenery. Backs carry design of State seal, surrounded by California poppies. Double enameled and highly finished. Large indexes in corner make them suitable for playing all card games. \$1 00 per pack to any address, post paid. **FRED S. GIFFORD**, Palo Alto, Cal.

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Worms, No. 711 sure cure 50c. No. 777 for tape worm, he guaranteed, \$3.00. **MARK M. KERR**, M. D., Specialist, 604 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

SEND two subscribers to this paper at 20 cents each and we will send you the Bugle one year free. **BUGLE PUB. CO.**, Petaluma, Cal.

A **SILVER DIME** will insert your name and address in my Mailing List, and you will receive lots of papers, samples, etc., free. Address, **J. A. PERKINS**, Box 1143, Seattle, Wash.

**AGENTS**—The Yankee polisher for gold, silver, &c., is new, novel and a necessity; just what the people want; men, women, boys, girls equally successful; 200 per cent. profit; sample 10c post-paid. **F. PEASLEE & Co.**, Mfrs., (8), Nashua, N. H.

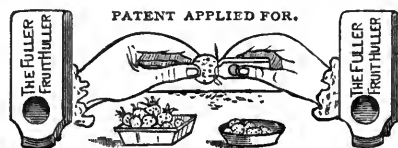
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It hulls Strawberries, Gooseberries, Black Currants, etc. Saves time, stained fingers, seeds under finger nails, crushed fruit, etc. Keeps berries intact for table use as shown above. Takes out soft spots. Has place for thumb and finger making it easy to hold. Will not slip out of hand. No cups or holes to clog up. One minutes use will convince you it is an article you need. Endorsed by all using them. Every dress maker and housewife needs one to pick out basting thread and stitches. Simple and perfect in operation. You can make a few dollars this year supplying your neighbors and friends. Will you? Send for sample or dozen at once. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sample mailed 10c. One dozen 60c. Stamps taken.

**SPECIAL OFFER**—We will send you the **BUGLE** for one year and give you a Fruit Huller free, if you will send 24c at once. Address, **BUGLE PUB. CO.**, Petaluma, Cal.

# The Bugle.

VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1899.

NO. 4.

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## IN THE WHITE HILLS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

**A**MONG the earliest settlers of Ossipee, New Hampshire, was a man by the name of Ruben Grey. Three years before we call the reader's attention to him and his, he had come from the settlement in Dover, and built a substantial cabin on the south shore of the lake which gave the name to the settlement and town. Here, for a couple of months, he lived alone, with the bare exception of three days when he had gone to the house of his nearest neighbor, three miles away, and engaged him to assist in building the walls of his cabin. This done he had returned, and Ruben Grey toiled on alone until the cabin was completed to his mind, and quite a little clearing had been made near the lake. Then he turned his back upon the labor of his hands and once more threaded the forest in the direction of the southern settlements; and when after a few days he again faced the northward on his return, his wife and son accompanied him. After two days of toil they were installed in their new home and had gone to work to make things snug and comfortable. The land upon the margin of the lake was fertile, and the result of their toil was that it brought forth abundantly, while from the beautiful sheet of water outspread

before them any quantity of the most delicious trout could be obtained, and for three years they enjoyed a season of peace and plenty unanoyed from danger from the red men who often came long distances, even from beyond the Notch in the White Hills, which reared their heads away to the northward, to fish in the waters of the lake, as their fathers had done for ages and ages before the foot of the white man had ever left its imprint on the sands of the shore.

One morning Ruben Grey left the cabin early, to be gone all day. It was his intention to visit a neighbor who lived three miles away, and southward from the lake. A few days before, this neighbor, whose name was Perkins, had worked for him, and this day had been appointed for an exchange of labor in settlement, Grey having agreed to perform some work for Perkins.

In these days the rumors which had been long rife, had augmented, and signs of savages had been seen about the lake.

In taking his departure that morning the settler felt ill at ease, and had it not been for disappointing his neighbor he would have remained at home. As he threw his ax over his shoulder he bade his wife and son—

now a youth of ten years—to remain close by the cabin, and to keep a good look out for any danger that might threaten them. His rifle, he left in the cabin for their greater protection, as he knew that in case of emergency his wife would use it in their defense. Repeating his caution as he crossed the brook which fell into the lake a little way from the door, he went over, and from the doorway the mother and son gazed after him until he had disappeared in the forest, when they went about the usual employment of the day.

The first thing to be done was to milk the one cow they possessed, and when Mrs. Grey had done this, the boy, Philip, drove her to the pasture but a short distance away, while his mother, mindful of the injunctions she had received from her husband, watched him until he had closed the bars and returned to the cabin.

The day was a long one to both Mrs. Grey and Philip—the latter missing his father's company very much, and perhaps more than he would have done had he been allowed to fish up the brook, as he was wont to do. Fearing that some harm might befall him in his father's absence, that the Indian might be lurking about the shores of the lake, she would not consent that he should for a moment leave her sight, and he, accustomed to obey, had borne his deprivation as best he could.

The sun was something less than an hour high above the tree tops, when Mrs. Grey came to the door of the cabin, and glancing at it, called to Philip, who was busy with his knife and some sticks, making a little dam across the brook. He at once obeyed the summons, and coming to her side asked what was wanted.

"You may drive up the cow Philip. It is rather early, but I don't care to have you go near the woods when the shadows begin to fall. If she is out of the pasture, do not try to find her. Let her go until morning when your father will hunt her up."

"But I am not afraid of the Indians mother," said the boy, proudly drawing himself up to his full height, as if he would have her see how much he had grown. "If she has got out where she did the other day, may I not go down as far as the great oak where father found her? The clover grows thick there and it would do you good to see her swallow it down. I know the way—and I don't think there is an Indian within a dozen miles of here."

"I think you had better not Philip, The woods down that way are thick and tangled, and danger might be near when you little thought. I hope she has not broken out, but if she has you had better let your father hunt her up in the morning. You know that he said we must keep close to the cabin to-day.

Philip did not entreat further, for he knew that his mother would not give her consent, so he turned away and went whistling down toward the pasture, and standing in the doorway his mother watched him take down the bars, and then run across the pasture toward a little grove of trees which had been left to afford a grateful shade for their cow during the hot days of summer. Here was a deep hollow, into which he disappeared, and as he did not immediately emerge into view on the opposite side, she concluded that he had seen the cow in the ravine further down, and so had gone in that direction.

At this moment some article of food

she was cooking for supper demanded her attention, and re-entering the cabin, she removed it from the fire. This detained her but a few moments, when she again went to the door, and bending her gaze down toward the pasture, listened intently for the sound of Philip's voice calling out to the cow.

All was so silent about the place that she could hear the tiny ripples of the lake upon the shore and the chirping of the crickets in the grass close by, but no sound of her son's voice reached her ear. The pasture was small, and he had had plenty of time to have gone over it by this time, and she began to fear that he had disobeyed her, and gone in search of the cow, which must have broken from its inclosure. She waited a few moments longer and then threw her apron over her head and set out in pursuit of him.

She had reached a point about half-way between the cabin and the bars, when a wild, piercing shriek in the well-known voice of her child fell upon her ears, and which for a moment seemed to turn her blood to ice, her heart to stone, and to deprive her of the power of motion.

Again it was repeated, and this time the words came distinctly upon her ear.

"Mother! mother! the Indians have got me!" and then there was the same breathless silence as before.

"O-Father in Heaven spare my child from the heathen foes," burst from the pale lips of the mother, as she strove to rouse herself from the great fear that oppressed her heart, and to burst the bonds which had deprived her of motion.

By a violent effort she was success-

ful and took a few steps forward in the direction whence the sound had come.

"What can my feeble hands do to save my child?" she said, despairingly. "How can I strive to wrest him from the terrible savages? O Ruben, Ruben! that you were here to save our Philip!"

For a moment only did she give way to despair, and then a look of determination took its place, and turning she ran swiftly to the cabin, never pausing as the faint cry of Philip, apparently at a greater distance than he had called before, broke upon her ear.

For a moment she disappeared within, and when she emerged from the cabin she bore her husband's rifle in her hands while about her waist was his belt to which his hunting knife was attached, as well as powder-horn and bullet-punch.

Leaving the door standing wide open, she set out at her utmost speed in the direction of the spot where she had last seen her child.

The bars of the pasture were down as she had seen him leave them, and passing through she soon gained the spot where he had disappeared into the hollow. A quick glance up and down revealed nothing, nor did a sound break the silence save the warbling of a robin on a bush close beside her. Going into the hollow she beheld near its upper extremity, by the fence that there crossed it their cow, and passing rapidly along in that direction she traced in the moist earth the footprints of her child, and about half way up, close by a clump of bushes she beheld the imprints of moccasins, and at once realized that Philip's captors had here been concealed and had unexpectedly sprung upon him. A trail which the savages had taken no pains to conceal was easily traced in the moist earth, and the mother almost frenzied by the loss of her child, hurried along the hollow, urged on by the hope of coming up with them, and in some way by her unaided

(Continued on 6th Page.)

# THE :- BUGLE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

Devoted to Science, Literature and Art.

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 Subscription, Six Months, 10 cents

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Advertising Rates, 3 cents per line.  
 Advertising Rates, \$5.00 per page.

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Address letters to

**BUGLE PUBLISHING CO.,**

PETALUMA, - - CALIFORNIA.

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PETALUMA, JANUARY, 1899.

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## Explanation and Apology.

THOSE who have answered our advertisements in various papers, and after waiting over time for a reply, we take this method of explanation. On Oct. 21, we sent copy and cash for printing the November issue to the Star Press Co., Twinsburg, Ohio. After waiting about a month we began making inquiries from them. However, our efforts were of no avail, and have not brought an explanation to this date. We deeply regret the delay that was thus caused and hope our readers will look at it in a light that was beyond our control.

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## New Year.

ONCE more we find ourselves entering upon a new year. The one whose portals have just closed beyond us, has been especially noted for the marked dissemination of culture, enmity and science. In every walk of these broad fields, research, and prosecution of purpose, has brought stimulating results. The very condition of nature's gratitude has materialized many unforsought conditions. Harmonious zeal has been instrumental in making 1898 a year of progress.

The United States has safely sailed over rough and endangering seas of war, the result of intellectual foresight and consistency of purpose. Congruously

1898 can stand beside 1783, 1812 and 1861-5.

Notwithstanding these facts there are innumerable people who find cause to infer unlogical conditions on others, aside from themselves. They do not find time to stop and consider that which has been influential in bringing either mental, physical or financial distress upon them. Instead of resorting to this measure they find some vehement reason and ascribe it to some individual whose success has come through the earnest application of vital energies. Is this logical?

No, let us work harmoniously, and strive to better our condition in 1899, by sounding the trumpet of reason.

---

## "Cyrano de Begerac."

THE great popularity this play has achieved has caused a great demand for it in translated form. Miss Gertrude Hall has translated it into literary English. Her translation from the French is very complete, reserving, unlike others, only a few French words.

---

WE have the pleasure of adding the name of Fred S. Gifford, Palo Alto, Cal., to our advertising columns. He advertises the "California Souvenir Playing Cards," which are just the thing to send to the loved ones in the East.

---

"IPH there are seen a phew mistakes in this paper, and we phail to spell all names right, do not blame us, phor it is the best we can do."

---

WE desire literary contributions of all kinds. They must be high grade in character and thoroughly interesting. Send in your contributions. If not satisfactory we will return at our expense.

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Tommy—What do the papers mean when they say, "Comment is superfluous?"

Papa—It means that the writer of the article doesn't know what to say.

+++++

PEOPLE OF THE HOUR.

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**Murat Halsted.**

MURAT HALSTED is a typical American who won his fame with the pen. Like other famous Americans he began his work at seven dollars a week. He did his own cooking and lived in a garret. After working on the staff of several prominent journals he became proprietor of the Cincinnati *Commercial*. It was through the *Commercial* that Mr. Halsted made his mark. He has become a national character, especially through the late war in which he went to the Philippine Islands. He has written a book on the war, in which he makes many bold assertions.

In politics he was always a Blaine man. In 1896 he supported Bryan. He is no doubt the ablest journalist in the country, although he is never permanently employed on any journal. A striking likeness of him appears on the cover of this issue.

-----

**Russell Sage.**

THE name of Russell Sage commends itself to the broad firmament of New York millionaires. His fortune swings somewhere between forty to fifty million dollars. He started life with little, perseverance and thrift alone conquered. His advice to young men, who would appreciate to follow in his footsteps, is to work and save the money earned. To invest it in perfectly safe bank or railroad stock and constantly keep adding to the principal. Mr. Sage says that he knew once what it was to be without money, and that is the reason he is not making a show with it now.

-----

**Emile Zola.**

THE famous French novelist, Emile Zola, is to visit America in the near

future. It will be remembered that he attained great prominence through the Dreyfus case. His writings are known in nearly every part of the world, and have been of great consequence to establish his reputation.

-----

**Dreyfus.**

THE dramatic cloud of political darkness continues throwing shadows over sunny France. The Dreyfus affair has not yet come to an end. The French Government is about overturned through the matter and the entire world is eagerly awaiting the results.

Albert Dreyfus is by birth an Alsatian Jew. While detailed for services at the Information Bureau of the Minister of War he was accused of having sold secrets of the French Government to Germany. As a consequence of this he was arrested on October 15, 1894. He was tried and degraded from his rank and sentenced to life imprisonment on Devil's Island, a penal settlement off the coast of French Guiana. He lives in a little hut surrounded by an iron cage. It is almost impossible to describe the rigorous manner in which he is guarded.

From the very beginning Dreyfus has asserted that he is innocent. Whether he is or not has as yet not been discovered.

-----

**Joseph Leiter.**

JOSEPH LEITER has recently purchased the Rhode Island Locomotive Works. After the enormous wheat deal, in which he lost millions, one would suppose that his energy was about extinct.

Young Leiter is not yet thirty years old, yet he has become a most notable factor in the commercial world. He does everything on a big scale, makes either a phenomenal success or an appalling failure.

## IN THE WHITE HILLS.

(Continued from 3rd page.)

arm, securing him from his captors.

From the impression made in the muddy earth she judged that the savages were three in number, and, after going on a few rods she could see no signs of her child's footsteps. She came to the conclusion that they had borne him away in their arms, he not being able to keep up to the pace they desired. This conclusion urged her on to greater exertion, and she followed with all the speed she could command, determined to save her child or share his fate. In a few moments the extremity of the hollow was reached, or rather that portion of it which was inclosed in the pasture. Here by the fence the cow was feeding quietly. The animal raised her head and seeing her mistress at once started off for the cabin while Mrs. Grey continued in the opposite direction.

The sun went steadily down, and at last it was hidden beneath the tree-tops, and the gloom of night began to creep into the forest. Night was fast coming, and in the darkness how could she follow the trail, which even now cost her many precious moments, as she paused in uncertainty at a point where it was rendered obscure by the rocky nature of the ground? but much to her satisfaction, the trail turned abruptly toward the lake, and as the forest grew thinner more light from the rosy west was thrown on the scene, and the trail was again plainly discernable. On the shore of the lake was a narrow beach of white sand and upon this the trail struck; and so plain were the footsteps that there was no difficulty in following even after the light had died out of the west. With her husband's rifle firmly clutched, she hurried on, seeing nothing before or around her save the trail, and thinking of nothing save her child.

The moments lengthened into hours, and at last midnight came. The moon had risen and the trail upon the sand was

as easily followed as in broad daylight, and still she toiled on, unmindful of fatigue or the dangers of her situation; but the way which had been so easy was now about to change. A huge cliff thrust itself far out into the lake, and the sandy beach led no further in this direction.

At the foot of the cliff she paused for a moment and then began the weary ascent of the hill whence the rock thrust itself out. It was of considerable height, and several times she was obliged to rest through sheer exhaustion, but at last she stood upon the summit and gazed down the steep declivity before her.

Fully ten minutes had elapsed before she reached the foot of the hill and found herself but a short distance from the camp-fire, which now shone through the trees in a manner that showed it was being augmented by the keeping of a quantity of dry fuel upon it. The flames shot upward, throwing out a red glow into the forest, and from the spot where she stood she could see the dark forms of the savages as they flitted about the fire preparing some food before they continued on their course.

That they would not remain so near the settlement through the night, after the outrage they had committed, she was well convinced; and if she would rescue her child it must be done at once, or at least before they were prepared to resume their way, so with a caution which would not have disgraced a scout long used to such warfare, she approached the camp and was soon so close upon them that she could behold all that transpired, while she was shielded from sight by the darkness and the trunk of a large tree, behind which she had taken refuge.

One of the savages was seated upon the ground a little apart from the fire, and close beside him was Philip, placed in such a position that his slightest movement could not escape the eyes of his captor, and the mother's heart sank within her as she saw his danger, from which there was but her feeble arm to rescue him. The bullet slumbered in the barrel



of her husband's rifle would do for one of the savages, but would not the other two be upon her before she could reload? The one guarding her boy should have that bullet, for if one of the others fell, he might at once avenge his death by that of Philip's. Nothing would be gained by waiting; and with a prayer upon her lips for success and strength in this her great hour of trial, she brought the rifle to her shoulder, and taking deliberate aim, fired.

Loudly the report rang through the forest, and the savage, springing from the ground, stood erect upon his feet, and the next moment fell headlong upon his face a corpse, while Philip, with a half-frightened cry, sprang to his feet, and looked eagerly about, as if debating in his mind in which direction the shot had come, and whither to flee for safety.

For a moment the two surviving savages seemed stricken with astonishment at this unlooked for assault and death of their companion; and then one of them sprang toward Philip with uplifted tomahawk, while the other turned toward the point whence the report of the rifle had come. Not a movement of the savages had escaped the attention of Mrs. Grey, though she was striving with all the haste possible to reload the rifle. A handful of powder had been poured into the barrel and she was driving down the wadding upon it, when she saw the savage springing toward Philip. With a cry she bounded forward, missing the tomahawk sent at her head by one of the savages, and the next moment stood revealed in the firelight to the gaze of them both. The one close to her and Philip suddenly faced her with his tomahawk circling above his head, preparatory to giving it the fatal throw.

With a sudden thought, which to her seemed like inspiration, she presented the rifle with the ramrod, still remaining in the barrel, and pulled the trigger. A loud report followed, and the recoil was so great that the intrepid woman was thrown violently backward, while the

savage, with a howl of pain, fell to the earth with the ramrod driven completely through his body, while the force of the fall impaled him to the ground, where he remained howling most horribly.

Only for a moment was Mrs. Grey confused by the recoil of the rifle and the injury she received in falling. Springing to her feet just as the other savage, coming to avenge the fate of his companions, springing toward her with uplifted tomahawk, completely at his mercy, as she had no weapon of defense, she expected every moment the fatal blow; but before the tomahawk could descend the report of a rifle rang out loud and clear close at hand, and the savage fell to the earth with a bullet through his heart, and the next moment, with a shout of triumph, Ruben Grey, followed by the son of the neighbor for whom he had been at work, quickly emerged from the gloom of the forest and clasped her in his arms, which were opened wide that they might include the little figure of Philip, who was hanging about his mother's neck.

In a little time Mrs. Grey told him of what had occurred, and in return learned that her husband had come home with the youth who was to help him the next day, and, finding the cabin deserted, had sought the trail and followed on just in time to strike the last blow in the battle which she had so valiantly sustained against such fearful odds.—*Good Stories.*

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#### Personal Chats.

Charles Dewey, a brother of the admiral, says that the family name was always what it is and was never changed from Tuohy.

The death of D. D. Sinclair of Adrain, Mich., leaves C. B. Turner of Cassopolis, the only surviving member of the first Michigan legislature.

The Duchess of Aosta, a daughter of the late prince Jerome Napoleon, is an enthusiastic balloonist, and considers aeronautism the most suitable high society sport.

## Micky Flannigan. He sees the President.

BY H. M. K.

Say, fellers, wot dyiz tink o' dis war enyway? Ain't it er bloomin shame ter fite such er measly nashun like Spain? Wy it's downrite murder nearly, dats wot 'tis. But den, didn' der Dons deliberately dermolish "Main" an' we'll "remember der Main" hey?

Did ysz know, I erplied fer er persition as en officer on der volunteer army? Cert! I went ter see Mackinly—he's der feller wots runnin' der war, 'cept w'en der Board o' Strategy is aroun'. Wel', enyhow, I kum up to der President—he's der same feller, dis is one of his oder names, anuder one is Bill.

Enyhow, I kum up an' a goozer wid brass buttings on 'is coat, wuz at der door, I asked him cud I see der President.

He sez, "Card."

I sed, Wat, 'ell.

He ansurs, "Your card, please."

I then caught on, en feels in me pockets, like ez if I hed sum, an' sez, I ain't got one, just tell der President, Micky Flannigan, from der Bowry, New York, wants ter see him.

Der blackey went away an' in a few seconds kums back an' tells me ter "walk in." Wich I did.

I wuz brot before der President an' he asted me, wuz I Mr. Flannigan, I sed, yes sir, real nice like.

He thin asked me wot he could do for me, an I sez

Mr. Macksnley, I wuz selected by der "Bowry Push" to ripresent dot famous an' patriotic neighborhood on der volunteer army; an Mac, I wants ter be er lutenant er captin.

He thin asted me, me age, me faders name an' who wuz his fader—which same I did'nt 'no—an' lots of oder tings.

He den astd me do I 'no der rules?

I sey: Cert.

He Sez: "Wich?"

I sez: Queensbury.

He sez: "They aint ben used by us in dis war, as de Spanyards wont accept dem. Eny how we's good to dem mugs, fer aint we fitin dem wictot a recurd? De department has new rules."

Mac den astd me, wot would I do, if wile on g'ard duty. a Spanyard shud kum up. I replies: Offer im out ruff an' tumble.

Mac laughs an' says: "Good, I'll make you a corpral."

Then he sez: "Suppose er Spanyard surprises ye, wot would yez do?"

I ansirs: Call a fowl on im. Mac laffs an' sez: "I'll make yer a lutenant."

Then he astd me did I drink.

I sez: Everytime. He smiles an' sez: "Yez kin be er captin."

Then I tells him I hes frends wot I wants in me company. An' he asted me erbout dem.

I tell him erbout Rochinsky, der best puller in der kuntry, an' Patsy der rooster wot kin lick enybody, an' lots o' oders.

Jist den der goozer wot wuz at de do'r kums in an' sez: "Who Bart?"

I sez, real mad: Gwan, ef I ru yer had er record I'd offer yez out. Me name's Micky. Dots good enuf fer me.

He didn' sey er word; guess he got scared. Der President sez: "Well, old boy, I'll let yez no wen ter report fer duty." An' of I gos.—*Review.*

### Personal Chats.

Mr. Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister to this country, is an accomplished dancer.

The late Nathan B. Warren of Troy bequeathed \$240,000 to the Episcopal Church of the Holy Cross in that city.

Captain Charles A. Scaplan of Port Jefferson, N. Y., is the man who signaled the order to fire on Fort Sumter.

Governor Roger Wolcott's revisit to Rutland, Mass., was the first visit a governor of the Bay State had ever paid to that town.

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# Photographic Prize Contest

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PRIZES IN PRESENTS.

The Publishers of the BUGLE have decided to hold an unique Photographic Prize Contest. Only amateurs may compete. The photographs will be used to illustrate the pages of the BUGLE. A committee of five will be appointed to decide which are the best of the photographs submitted. The contest will close May 30, 1899, thus allowing plenty of time for all to enter. It is advisable that photographs be sent in as soon as possible.

Each competitor must send 20c to pay for a year's subscription to this paper. If you are already a subscriber you can have your subscription advanced one year from date of expiration.

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# THE BUGLE.

VOL. I.

PETALUMA, CAL., APRIL 1899.

NO. 7.

## How a Pirate Vessel Was Brought to Justice.

By MARK LANDERS.

The passenger steamer "Eldorina," bound for Liverpool, was on its sixth days journey from New York. The sea was rough and the vessel had a constant battling with the waves. Sometimes she was thrown entirely on her sides, while the foaming water came rushing on her deck.

It was midnight at the time this story opens—a great storm was raging upon the Atlantic. Huge waves towered themselves up mountain-high, and then ran down into the flumes of the sea at a ferocious speed. The passengers on board the "Eldorina" were horror-stricken with fright, and given to despair. The climax was yet to come, the storm had not yet reached its highest degree.

Presently two antagonistic waves meet—a clashing of the water, a moaning of the wind, and the "Eldorina" is tossed up into the sky like a boy tosses a rubber-ball. Then the waves recoil, switch themselves in whimsical circlings around the weather-beaten vessel, and retreat into their primitive state. The "Eldorina" has lost both her masts. all her life-boats, exclusive of

two, and many minor things have been swept from the deck. Numerous leaks are discovered in the hull of the vessel. The water is fast entering into the bow and the ship slowly begins to sink. The crew stow all the provisions they possibly can into the boats, and after raising a signal of distress, both crew and passengers take to the life-boats.

Their signal has been in vain, no one but they themselves has noticed it. The calmness of the sea is only temporary, a gale is again springing up. A melancholic grief manifests itself among the ill-fated passengers, as the spontaneous waves swerve the tiny boats at their mercy. But what could they do? They knew that when the crisis should come, help would arise from some source. They were contented with this cheering thought, and in it placed all their hopes.

Meanwhile the sea began rolling heavier and heavier; at intervals a deep melodious sound was heard. But the intimates of the life-boats were not superstitious, they did not believe in sea-gods. They trusted to one central power, the power that controls the universe. They had the true

Anglo-Saxon blood in them, and believed in the ocean.

Morning now begins to dawn, and the sullen darkness of the night gives place to the more inspiring light of day. The morning sun casts its golden rays upon the ocean, and causes the sea to become calm. The ocean is now as level as a floor and is disturbed by nothing, save that a slight breeze travels smoothly over its surface. The boats glide well along their course, but are bound for no particular destination.

"Ship ahoy!"

"Starboard the helm."

A ship has been sighted in the fading distance by the crew in one of the "Eldorina's" life-boats. A signal is raised, to which the vessel replies. Both the sighted vessel and the two life-boats now turn their course and are rapidly approaching each other. The name of the approaching vessel is "Decateur." Now mind you this story did not take place fifty, or perhaps a hundred years ago, but still holds a place as an exciting episode in the minds of those who were connected with it.

"She's a daisy," exclaimed one of the jolly sailors as the "Decateur" and the two life-boats approached each other.

"Hold my breath, but she's a lubber," exclaimed another.

"Yes, and I'll be hanged if she won't bounce the waves like a rubber-ball," put in a third.

"Wait'll we man her."

"Yes, and here she is."

By this time the engines on the "Decateur" had been stopped, and the vessel was brought to a standstill. Her davits were turned seawards and the two life-boats, together with their occupants, were hoisted on deck.

"What iz ze making in dis rof wheether un de ocun wit two leetle boats," queried the captain of the "Decateur," as the passengers of the "Eldorina" came on deck. The captain of the unlucky vessel told him the story in plain and intelligent words. But the uncultured and rough sea-captain, who himself spoke broken English, could not understand.

"Vat did ze say?"

The story was again told him.

"Oh, ze went un a pleasure trip and den got chased out 'o sea."

"No, no," replied his seamen.

At this he became angry and turned them back with a fierce rebuke.

"Has he gone mad?" exclaimed one seaman with great calmness. Upon hearing this he became indignant and ordered the utterer of the words be thrown over-board. However, the crew refused to obey his command, and, as he feared they might overpower him, he said no more about it.

At this time the ship-wrecked passengers and crew asked the brutal captain of the "Decateur" that they might be allowed an apartment

"Pooh!" that's all he said.

The next instant he muttered

something in a foreign tongue. Unexpectedly, without the slightest hesitation, and with unprecedented familiarity, twenty corpulent and rough seamen jumped on the astonished passengers and crew of the sunken "Eldorina," tied them their hands, and dragged them down the stairs and threw them in the ship's prison. Here they were searched and robbed of their valuables, and the prison door was closed behind them. They were prisoners on sea. "The Decateur" was a pirate vessel and was always cruising on the high seas, watching its chance to fall upon some unknown craft, or the like. She never touched land but once a year, and then under false colors. All the provisions she required within a year were secured through piracy. The captain was of cruel Turkish blood and had no respect for either justice or mercy.

The day was now beginning to slowly close its gray portals and the sun crept behind the distant dark-blue water, and darkness threw its gloomy shadows over the ocean. The calmness and solitude of evening resembled that which marks the close of day in an Alpine valley.

At about mid-night, just twenty-four hours, or a little less, since the "Eldorina" had undergone its fate, someone passed up and down the stair-way, with unceasing regularity. Every time he passed by the prison he cast a hasty glance into it, and then again passed on. The inmates of the ship's prison noticed him, and, to get at the bottom of

things, asked him what time it happened to be.

"I'll see," he replied very cheerfully.

Then he struck a match, pulled out his watch, and said, "its exactly 12.15. At half-past the captain retires and the ship drops anchor for the night. The first-mate with a few assistants then takes charge of the vessel."

"Who are you?" asked the imprisoned captain of the sunken "Eldorina."

"My name is Wittles," replied the young man, who, by the way, was only twenty-three.

"How did you happen to come on board this pirate vessel?"

"O I was smuggled on."

"Have you ever regretted it?"

"To be sure I have, and there are a great many more on board this ship who would gladly quit it."

"Why don't you get off this ship?"

"Can't," was the quick reply.

"If you will give us a little aid, we can put you free," said the imprisoned captain in confident tones.

The plans by which they intended to escape were told the youth, and the sole thing Wittles was to do, was to secure the keys with which the prison door had been locked, and which were in the possession of the captain. Wittles agreed to get the keys. He went off and lounged away the time as best he could, until the clock struck one. Then he silently crept up the companion-way, which led to the captain's cabin.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6.

# The Bugle.

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PETALUMA, CALIFORNIA.

PETALUMA, APRIL, 1899.

## A New Editorial Policy.

Commencing with the May issue "The Bugle" will be instituted under a new editorial supervision. Its pages will be more carefully scrutinized than heretofore, and only the best of literary matter will be allowed to enter its columns. Several interesting and charming departments will be added, and miscellaneous articles of equal interest for young and old will be published with respect to variety. In the line of stories we will aim to give the best obtainable, representing the actions of real life and portraying the charms of vivid imagination. Those who appreciate the elements of success and progress, will find in our columns biographical and historical articles written in an entertaining style.

We do not promise to fulfill all the above at one stride, but will



H. M. KONWISER.

Harry M. Konwiser, whose likeness appears above, entered the realm of amateur journalism some four years ago, and immediately took an active part in it. He has edited several papers, and is now regularly editing and issuing "The Bomb"—a paper known for its independence. He has been one of the hardest workers for the U. A. P. A., having secured some sixty members. Mr. Konwiser is an active writer, and writes all sorts of matter, including humorous matter, essays, and rhymes. He is now a candidate for the Presidency of the U. A. P. A., and as he is a young man with ideas of business, the association ought to prosper under him. Mr. K. resides in Newark, N. J. An article from his pen appears on the opposite page.

gain the desired end step by step, until the real personality is clearly discernable.



Wisdom can be acquired only through intelligence.



## Prominent Members of the United Amateur Press Association.

By H. M. KONWISER.

### INTRODUCTORY.

A prominent person is one whose name is often met with, therefore a prominent member of the U. A. P. A. is one whose name is often met with in the amateur press. Prominence in amateurism has resulted from active participation in its political affairs, or from actively contributing to the press. My readers will please bear in mind "my prominent" are not in any so-called "order of prominence."

Harris Reed, Jr.

As the active leader of the Philadelphia amateurs, he is known best. Mr Reed has been worshipping at amateurism's shrine for a good many years. In '95, during the exciting campaign of that year, he joined the U. A. P. A. and defeated William Greenfield for the secretaryship. In '96 he was re-elected. As secretary he was not noted for rapidness in attending to applications. What little writing he does is political. In the next election he seeks the Presidency. Mr. Reed is connected with a large department store as an advertising writer. "Publico" is edited by him.

Jas. C. Bresnahan.

James C. Bresnahan is "an old time amateur," but not a very active one. In '96 he was elected Official Editor and served his position satisfactorily. In '98 he was elected President. Mr. Bresnahan is a thorough-

ly consistent young man, with advanced ideas as to how the association should be conducted. As the executive officer he will undoubtedly do his share toward making the association an ideal of its kind. Mr. B. is co-editor of "The Bomb."

James Frederic Crosson.

This young man has just retired as President of the U. A. P. A. He became connected with it in '95; issued the "Courier," which was the Official Organ for awhile, and has done very little writing—most of the little amounts to nothing. "Genial Freddy," as he likes to hear himself called, is not a Philadelphia "clique" man, and is therefore "a sort of under dog." As President he was slow, very slow.

Donald Cyrus Wilson.

Of the western members Don C. Wilson is probably the most widely known, he having written a great many stories. His composition is interesting and original. Mr. Wilson is a student of the Nebraska State College, and has twice been elected Manager of the Western Mss. Bureau.

William Henry Greenfield.

For some reason it is generally believed this young gentleman is younger than the average Uapaian—a mistaken idea for "Billy" Greenfield is all of eighteen. Mr. Greenfield is one of our excellent original writers. He at one time sought politica-

honors, but his Philadelphia freinds—the gang—went back on him. Mr. Greenfield is the founder of the U. A. P. A., at whose hands he has been shabily treated. "The Senator" is being issued by him.

the ship's prison, which they, themselves, had left only a short time since.

"What are you about?" cried the first-mate, as he was grasped around the body and dragged down the stairs.

### HOW A PIRATE VESSEL WAS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.

• CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.

Here he knocked at the door and was admitted. He told the captain, in a rather trembling modulation of the voice, that the first-mate desired the keys to the ship's prison. When the half-asleep captain asked him why the first mate wanted the keys, he said; "the prisoners have attempted to escape and he wants to deliver justice upon them."

"Dat wuz one big lie," said the drowsy captain confusedly.

Wittles assured him that it was not, and the keys were at length given him. He went straight-forward to the prison and unlocked the door. The inmates filed out of their narrow quarters in solemn procession. When they came on deck no one was visible.

The captain of the sunken "Eldorina" now took command of the "Decateur," ordered the anchor raised, and soon put the vessel under way. The first-mate and his assistants, who were taking a nap, contrary to the ship's regulation, were awakened by the noise and hurried to the deck. Here they were confronted by the equal bold seamen from the "Eldorina," who jumped on them and placed them securely in

"We're about our business, we're not 'so green' you see."

In a brief time the first-mate and his subordinates were safely lodged in prison and the vessel was plying smoothly along her course.

All the doors leading into the steerage where the sailors slept had been locked, making it impossible for them to escape and reach the deck.

"What'll we do to make the captain safe from doing any mischief?" questioned several sailors.

"Bind him!"

"That's the go."

Five minutes later five of the boldest sailors from the "Eldorina" filed up the companion-way and broke into the captain's apartment. They found him sound asleep and began to encircle him with heavy ropes.

"Ha! ha! ha!" giggled the sleeping captain, as he felt himself tickled and a smile flowed over his rough face.

The captain was next pulled out of bed and transferred to the prison. As nothing could now hinder the "Decateur" in her progress, she reached Liverpool in four days. Here the temporary captain turned her over to the government officials, who inflicted punishment upon the pirates.



## He Made the Wires Pay.

IN Germany the telegraphic lines are under the control of the Government, and are operated in connection with the Post-Office Department. Money-Orders are frequently sent by telegraph, and the following is a true incident, which took place some time ago.

One day a telegraphic Money-Order, for an unusually large sum, and dated at Berlin, was received at Leipsic, and was immediately paid to the addressee. The officials, of course, had no suspicion of a swindle, and thought that everything was correct.

No further attention was paid to it until some months after. It was then discovered that the order was false and had not been dispatched from Berlin, nor from any other office. The question naturally arose as to how the order had been obtained and forwarded to Leipsic. For many weeks the mystery remained unsolved. At length the perpetrator was caught, and brought into court. Upon severe questioning he yielded to his guilt, and openly explained in court how he had so successfully swindled the Government. Here comes the strange part.

This is how he managed it: Along a place where the wire ran through a forest, he had cut the wire in two and had connected one end to a transmitter and the other end to a receiver. He was thus perfectly safe, as the connection was not broken. Having satisfied himself

that the wires were not in immediate use, he carefully opened his key and transmitted the order. This finished he again connected the wires, and went to the nearest rail-road station and took the train for Leipsic. In the meantime his comrade had received the cash. When they met on the depot platform at Leipsic, they congratulated themselves on their success. The next day they left Leipsic and sought the distance.

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## A SCHOOL GIRL'S LATIN.

Boyibus kissibus  
Sweeti girlorum;  
Girlibus likibus  
Wanti somorum.  
Selected.

---

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