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Monterey St., Morgan Hill

the blooming horse chestnuts on the east side of the academic hall, and I well remember his looking at that same watch while giving me a little rest.

The fall before the Gettysburg campaign he became colonel of the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, and some time in the winter of 1902-03 I received his wedding cards, and the bride's name was Bridget. Many a time since I have thought that this was his boyhood love to whom he had remained steadfast while honors were falling about him. However that may be, he was killed while standing on a large bowdler, his regiment immediately before him and fighting almost at the very muzzles of its guns on Round Top.

Meanwhile fame's trumpet has been pealing, but not over his grave. Ah, how fickle she is! Everybody knows of his classmate, Cushing; not one in a thousand of dear old Pat! Yet I am sure that the spirits of Bayard and Sidney reached out their hands from heaven to grasp the gallant boy and welcome him to the company of gentlemen of all ages.—Atlantic.

He Didn't Inject It

An elderly resident of Lynn, Mass., was talking about Mrs. Eddy, the head of the Christian Science church.

"When she lived here in Lynn," said the old man, "she conducted a temperance campaign for a time. She did a lot of good, though now and then she met with a rebuff. The story goes that a tramp once asked her for help.

"I'll help you, my friend," said Mrs. Eddy, "but first you must answer me one question. Do you or do you not drink beer?"

"Why, lady," he said, "ye surely don't think I ought to take me some with a spring?"

his business and his domestic affairs. The Cleveland married a young woman living in a town not far away. On the evening of the ceremony the prospective bridegroom, being detained by an unexpected and important matter of business, missed the train he had intended to take in order that he might reach the abode of his bride at 7 o'clock, the hour set for the wedding. True to his instincts, the careful Cleveland immediately repaired to the telegraph office, from which to dispatch a message to the lady. It read: "Don't marry till I come. Howard."—Harper's Weekly.

Acting Like a Man.

The curtain had just gone down on the second act, leaving the heroine in the villain's clutches. Up in the balcony a sentimental woman burst into tears.

"Don't cry, dear," said her husband. "Remember, it's only a play. Act like a man!"

"Very well, John," said the lady, smiling through her tears. "You'll excuse me for a moment, won't you? I must run out and send a telegram."—Bohemian.

The Trouble With Carr.

"I rather like your friend," Mrs. Page said graciously after Carr had gone home. "He is good looking and agreeable, but you can't call him a brilliant conversationalist. The Lawton girls talked all round him."

"Unfortunately," replied Mr. Page. "Carr cannot talk on a subject unless he knows something about it."

An Extraordinary Explanation.

"Why do you charge me 25 cents when your sign says 'First class hair cut, 10 cents?'" demanded the indignant customer. "The small French hair cut, 10 cents."