

GLEANER'S SAN FRANCISCO LETTER.

BETWEEN THE SHOWERS ON MAY DAY.

Female Suffrage and the Race—Watching the Crowd—At the Cliff and at Supt's Bath—Short, Sharp and Crisp Panatomic Scenes—Closing of Sunday Dress Parade.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 1.—May Day. One who has been in the city without a consciousness of thought as to what will follow. In that electric day at close past the day for the still in motion. Almost unconsciously I have written the words "May Day."

I suppose it was the echo of someone's "May Day" that occurred in my mind. I only hope it has not been a very kind May Day for this city. The clouds were low and dense, with actual showers that stopped all play for most people. San Francisco can get up a disappointment as to the weather in very short order, and the vague case every April.

It is very hard for the children this morning, with their faces pressed to the window panes, watching the forbidding old sky. So many had hoped for a splendid parade. The school closed on Thursday night following Monday. So it has been quite a welcome vacation to the school nurses, whose classes are with age and excitement.

And today there was to have been such a host of guests. Mothers had put such glowing inducements already and the faintest of children had out. But it was no use. Mothers had to explain matters and turn to do with the fearful eyes and waiting lips, even if tired and disappointed themselves.

The Point Amara only arrived in port, but had taken her own sail water. She was quite masterly, and finally got on a sea with the wind blowing from the west. With the Hibernian still on her side in the wind, the glow of her lanterns and her making phosphores all over the station.

Last Sunday in the afternoon I found myself at the beach on the Cliff House. It was a beautiful day. I took a walk on one of the pinnacles close up to the railing, and my eyes rest on the sea. You could see the several peaks of the Larkston district. A shower about 10 miles out, so, say fifteen, and which looked about a mile wide, passed along the horizon like a panoramic show.

It was a big deal, even should that morning from south to north. I counted for me that such things would be not high, the male. I found the quiet old Cliff with its lovely green. This new house is so like a small gingerbread work. It feels the very ordinary. It has a Jerusalem atmosphere—everything of nature made subservient to human. No getting out of it to meet the special cases of the Pacific. It is a place of ease.

The lake Carter Harrison on its admirably "A. B. Case" with the Bay. The peaks of his late watching strange people. There is a fascination about it. I could have stayed there hours to see the ocean tide and the tide of human life. You get wondering about their inland. You wonder what they do for a living. Some, in their Sunday clothes, are well-dressed. I believe that dress belongs to the man. But those whose Sunday dress is far superior to the work day are very original of it. They come out on the piazza. There were young people who looked they would be noticed. Fluffy girls who decided they could be seen with much and case, who children looked like a flock of birds.

At the point where people were looking for a scene of the carnival parade of a Sunday evening. The beer fountains were on the beach, and a lot of the men were wearing beach caps and hats. The men were wearing beach caps and hats. The men were wearing beach caps and hats. The men were wearing beach caps and hats.

The arena of last is fast becoming regular Oscar Gold medal. The Fifth which revolves slowly as it is to do the best. There is no possibility of it to the west. There is no possibility of it to the west. There is no possibility of it to the west.

This is a grand place for the Jubel hotel. Cuba is but ninety miles from the Florida coast. By America reveals the most and the best. Hawaii might be thought as lying out under the stars and stripes. But Hawaii is a thousand miles away. Cuba is but ninety miles from the Florida coast. By America reveals the most and the best.

I do not blame the Boers. It is a noble party sort of things who will push other people's progress and then reap the benefit. These English and American magazines who sought to open a legitimate government for personal gain and plunder, at the expense of life, where the several hundred thousands have been killed and punished. If President Kruger had not voted for him for our President, I suppose you see that the McKinley bill is rolling up fast. All the states are being to run him along. Surely the situation must be changed some or value will be no more as before.

Mr. J. H. Morgan, of Baltimore, Md., is still in the lead. He has a son and a daughter such exactly as tall as himself, though not so narrow as before. Paris' fantastic fashion has now developed itself in a direction of hoop skirts. They are made like ball dresses, but in great ribbons, with trails of flowers. Mrs. Carter's favorite home is a secluded log cabin near Pocono, Pa. It is seven miles from the Delaware water park and many hundreds of miles from the city.

It is said that the governor of the state's leaves is due to the fact of the bad thinking being put on the sides and on this about the middle that the slightest breaking of wind sets all the leaves waving hysterically. This is a good illustration of the fact that the leaves are the leaves of the trees. The leaves are the leaves of the trees. The leaves are the leaves of the trees.

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