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QUEER THINGS AT AUCTION.

Opening of the Sale of the Woodward's Gardens Relics.

A FEW INCIDENTS OF HISTORY.

Adolph Sutro Buying in the Stuffed Things and Bric-a-Brac—Boss Martin Kelly as an Art Connoisseur—Most of the Museum's Ancient Wonders Sold for Little More Than a Song.

At Woodward's Gardens yesterday afternoon the fadeless pelican yawned like a spring opening and blinked at the digestive cassowary just over the fence. The pelican was showing unusual interest for him, because his blinking is generally introspective rather than flirtatious.

"What new show is on at the old stand?" he mused. "There seems to be a great deal of monologue with few scenic effects."

Auctioneer Ludington had just opened proceedings and unloosed his tireless tongue in the effort to sell the accumulated birds, beasts, curios and moth-eaten stuffed

ADOLPH SUTRO GAZES FONDLY UPON AN OLD FRIEND.

"It was the ostrich who ate the carpenter's tacks. That scandal was lived down in '64."

"They piloted here the great ships of the desert, named after my friend Campbell here," continued the man of many words, dropping into a jocular vein.

At this Mr. Campbell, a small person with a peachblow nose and ever-tearful eye, dolorously and reproachfully droned:

"There's the rattler, who dwells in an alcohol jar,
And drinks all the time, with drinks free;
And knowing just what my capacities are
Why didn't they name him for me?
But the camel's so wry,
And so shy,
And so dry—
And they named this long thirst after me."

THE CANNIBALISTIC TWO-HEADED GOAT.

"But birds and beasts and fish were not enough," continued the talker, who has no soul for song. "The six-legged calf and the headless rooster did not fill Mr. Woodward's ambition."

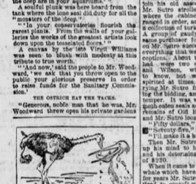
"Because the good head of the two-headed goat ate off its papier-mache counterpart," asthmatically wheezed the ancient cougar. "Ho, ho!" laughed the ha-ha-bird with one eye.

"Great giants and infinitesimal pigmies were placed on exhibition. Twisting tumblers, toppling equilibrists and daring gymnasts did soul-shuddering feats of strength and agility. 'The dancing girls of Samarcand floated in like mists from fairyland.' Golden-throated singers warbled their most inspiring melodies. Fountains plashed, streams burbled, and——"

"August Siegrist, the aerial velocipede-rider, fell into the tank," sneered the grizzly coon.

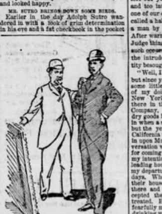
"And the band played. The people danced and made merry. Woodward became the 'Barnum of the West.' And to-day, gentlemen, you are to have the privi-

[...]



THE PELICAN SEEMS TEARS AT PARTING FROM THE OSTRICH.

[...]



MARTIN KELLY GIVES DRURY MELONE POINTS ON PICTURES.

[...]

Purchasers from Denver, Salt Lake and Los Angeles are here, and it is expected that there will be some lively bidding for the big brown bear who eats everything, including lighted cigars and broken glass, down to the ragged-looking camels and the savage female lion who spends her afternoons dozing in the warm sunshine when the days are pleasant.

COURT CALLS A SUDDEN HALT.

An Occurrence Which in Reality Might Some Time Come Home to Every Reader of the Daily Newspaper.

An item of news that was unintentionally left out yesterday, and which is too good and too interesting to let go, happened in one of our city courts. The Judge suddenly called a halt in proceedings and introduced a man by the name of E. J. McManamy. After warm congratulations of lawyers and Judge things assumed their usual tenor. As such occurrences do not happen every day the intruder was singled out and his identity besought.

"Well, I hardly expected this from you, but since you ask it, and as there might be some little good done by a brief recount of my doings, I will state that I am a New Yorker, and was for years while there in the employ of the H. B. Claflin Company, perhaps the largest general

[...]

"What prospects of work have you?"

"I have had two situations offered me already. I will get $5 a day as long as I am sober. I feel certain that my desire is strong enough to keep me from it. And I am cured by the treatment, not shattered and diseased as those are who take cures administered by hypodermic injections. There is no use of talking. This work going on in Stockton is attracting more attention than you would believe. The Sanitarium, its equipments and arrangement with the distinct points of the Tyson cure, is, in my humble opinion, worthy of a big newspaper article."

THE VANDERBILT MINES.

Another Ledge Bonded by W. S. Lyle for the Bonanza Firm.

W. S. Lyle, who is one of the partners of the Bonanza firm in the Vanderbilt mines and the Mining and Development Company, has secured a bond in his own name upon 3,000 feet of a ledge parallel to that upon which the Gold Bar, Rey del Oro and other claims recently bought by the firm are located. The bonded claims were the first locations in the district, and the ledge is called the Beatty lead after the original locator. It is a fifteen-foot ledge of promising formation and was preferred by Beatty to the Gold Bar ledge. Two or three shafts have been sunk to a depth of forty feet, showing a good width of pay ore with every indication of strength and continuity. Although Mr. Lyle holds the bond for himself, he probably will turn the prop-

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WOMEN'S WORK ON VIEW.

The Cozy California Headquarters at the World's Fair.

DRESS REHEARSAL AT MISS WEST'S

The Exhibit of Productions of Home Authors, Composers and Painters That Will Be Forwarded to Chicago.

The ladies of San Francisco are going to have the coziest and prettiest headquarters in all the Fair in Chicago for a lounging place.

It was on dress rehearsal yesterday and will be again to-day from 1 to 5 and in the evening at Miss West's school, 2014 Van Ness avenue.

The ladies in charge and the people who have done the work of decoration deserve a great deal of credit. Mrs. William Alvord, Mrs. John R. Jarboe, Mrs. John Vance Cheney, Miss West, Miss Beaver, Mrs. McNutt, Mrs. Charles P. Eels, Mrs. B. F. Norris, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. H. H. Bancroft and many other prominent ladies of the city had devoted a great deal of time and work toward getting the exhibition ready.

[...]

A CORNER IN THE SAN FRANCISCO WOMEN'S EXHIBIT AS IT NOW APPEARS AT MISS WEST'S SCHOOL, AND WILL APPEAR AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

[...]

way of fine etchings by Miss Lillian O'Hara are hung about the walls. There are portraits of Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller and Ina D. Coolbrith.

Around the room are very comfortable, cozy lounges, and in front lecterns decorated with leather. On the lecterns are placed books representative of our best writers, such as Mark Twain's "Roughing It," Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp" and Joaquin Miller's "Songs of the Sierras." The collection of the works of California authors is very full, and these, with the paintings by California women, and in fact all the exhibit, practically, are to be given to the city after the fair is over. The books will go to the Free Library probably and the pictures to the Art Association to be placed in the Mark Hopkins house.

A few of the things to go in the exhibit have not been sent in, but will go on to Chicago. Among them are Mrs. Vaux's statue of the "Emancipation of Women" from Paris.

Among the lady artists who have pictures hung are Miss Lou Wall, Miss Chamberlain, Miss Withrow, Miss O'Hara, Miss Livermore and Miss McGillivray.

LINE OF WHALEBACKS.

They Are to Be Put On Between Everett and San Francisco.

Henry Hewitt, a millionaire of Everett, Wash., who is one of the officials of the Pacific Whaleback and Barge Manufacturing Company of that city, and who is interested in many other manufactories there, is at the Palace. He has been at Santa Cruz, and has purchased interests in the bituminous rock mines there, and will send considerable material north for paving the streets of different Washington cities.

Mr. Hewitt says that in a few weeks a

[...]

JEFFERIS AND HIS WIFE.

They Point Out Defects in the Latest Olga Ayres Story.

COPY OF A MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

It May Prove an Important Factor in the Case—The Engineer's Wife Knew of the Dead Woman's Strange Infatuation.

"It is only another tissue of falsehoods," said George B. Jefferis, the railroad engineer, yesterday, referring to a long story printed by a morning paper, pretending to give a new version of the causes that led to the death of Miss Olga Ayers at Brighton, near Sacramento, last December. "There is not a particle of truth in all that talk about my being Miss Ayers' husband, as will be shown when the time comes. My little wife has been made to suffer enough, I should think. There is no reason for connecting her name with the matter. I have my theories, of course, but it is not for me to speak of all those things just now."

Mrs. Jefferis was seen at her home in Oakland. "They are trying to add to my sufferings," she said, "by their cruel sto-

[...]

thing. I don't know whether the certificate was filed in Sacramento county or not. The preacher told me he had it recorded, and I supposed he was telling the truth. We were married at 1111 Eighth street, in a three-story house. The minister's name was A. L. Frost, not E. J. Frost as the sensational reporters are trying to make it. He said he was a Presbyterian minister, and I took his word for it. I did not stand and question him. Six years have passed, and I can't recall all the facts as if they had occurred only yesterday."

Mrs. Jefferis turned to the family Bible that was lying on the table and said:

"Here is the record of our marriage. My husband copied it into this book from the original. I saw him do it, and he remarked that it would be something for the children to look to in after years if anything should happen."

COPY OF THE CERTIFICATE.

The certificate is copied in a printed blank, and is as follows:

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

This is to certify that *George B. Jefferis* of Ohio and *Nellie L. Eby* of Pennsylvania were united together in

HOLY MATRIMONY

At Sacramento on the 27th day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and 86. By A. L. FROST
In presence of of Sacramento.
A. F. Robbins.

"I wish the public could be set right on another point," said Mrs. Jefferis, "and that is that I was not named as co-respondent in the complaint made by the first Mrs. Jefferis when she sued for a divorce. The woman's name was Annie Owens and she was in the East at the time of which my husband's former wife made complaint. There

[...]

PAYNE IS NOT TO PAY.

Those Owl's Nest Drinks Were Not at His Expense.

SO JUSTICE WILLETT HAS DECIDED.

Even the Sparkling Champagne With Which the Corner-Stone Mortar Was Mixed Was in Reality Free as Water.

The dry-throated members of the Owl's Nest Club did not drink with Theodore Payne on that stormy night when they went down to San Carlos with red fire and redder revelry and laid the corner-stone of the clubhouse which was to be but is not. So Justice Willett has decided, and his decision is law up to date.

Those Owl's Nesters drank long and deep and hard. The club's corner-stone was in fact conviviality, and they did their best to build upon it a fitting superstructure. The mere block of hewn stone which symbolized the organization's central idea was laid in mortar mixed with dry and sparkling Ruinart. The wine in fact flowed like water. Under Justice Willett's decision it seems also to have been free as air.

[...]

and of long bills were painted upon the shadowy panels of his dreams. Then he reached a conclusion.

Yesterday he decided that Payne had not directly agreed to pay, and so he could not be held responsible for the consumptions of his friends and fellow clubmen. He may now walk the earth without the haunting shadow of that bill.

But the liquor is gone. The great thirst has returned. Carroll & Carroll have learned a lesson. Upon their escutcheon they have emblazoned the legend: "Hereafter him as drinks must pay." The device is a broken bottle sinister on a field gules.

Cures Others

Will cure You, is a true statement of the action of AYER'S Sarsaparilla, when taken for diseases originating in impure blood; but, while this assertion is true of AYER'S Sarsaparilla, as thousands can attest, it cannot be truthfully applied to other preparations, which unprincipled dealers will recommend, and try to impose upon you, as "just as good as Ayer's." Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's only, if you need a blood-purifier and would be benefited permanently. This medicine, for nearly fifty years, has enjoyed a reputation, and made a record for cures, that has never been equaled by other preparations. AYER'S Sarsaparilla eradicates the taint of hereditary scrofula and other blood dis-

[...]

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Will Cure You

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THE MAZE

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS
—IN—
Ladies' Underwear.

We offer to-day several lines of Ladies' Lisle, Wool, Ribbed and Camel's-Hair Underwear. Our list comprises only high grade of goods and such as are seldom advertised. We purchased very largely in the East, consequently the low prices we quote. It will be impossible for you to judge the articles by the prices we name. It requires a personal inspection, and you are sure to pronounce them the best values you have ever seen.

LADIES' JERSEY-RIBBED NATURAL-WOOL VESTS, 98c each. We have about forty dozen shirts and drawers to match. They are very fine, and we consider them as good as any sold at $1 50 each; special value at .... 98c Each.

LADIES' WOOL SHIRTS AND DRAWERS. These are splendid garments, medium and heavy weights, made of the finest lambs' wool, high necks and long sleeves, Jersey Swiss-ribbed, and compare favorably with what are sold at ... $1.25

[...]

THE MAZE,
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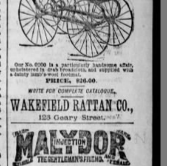
WAKEFIELD'S.



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